

America's Smart Screen Magazine

SCREENLAND

January

25c

12-13



Loretta
Young

HELP
PICK
THE NEW
STARS!

ANOTHER
CHANCE FOR
CLARA BOW?

Is BUDDY ROGERS IN REVOLT?



TASTE SENSATION
OF A NATION

The
Candy
Mint
with
the
HOLE

MINT LEAVES

...that Cooling Taste

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MARJORIE WHITE

JOHN GARRICK
FRANK ALBERTSON

Dances staged by Seymour Felix
Directed by DAVID BUTLER

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SCREENLAND

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Frank J. Carroll, *Art Director*

January, 1931

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Vol. XXII, No. 3

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Revelations of the Stars!

You have seen portraits, and read many interviews about your favorites, but wouldn't you like to be present in person while your Big Star Moment's character, temperament, and life are being analyzed and explained by one of the foremost psychologists and character analysts?

Of course you would! SCREENLAND has arranged with Clifford Cheasley of London and New York, the leading authority upon Practical Numerology since 1914, to give our readers an interpretation of the letters and numbers appearing in the names and birth dates of the stars on our covers.

Mr. Cheasley will give revealing analyses of the true nature, the ambitions, the likes and dislikes, the strength and weakness of their characters. He will uncover the processes of thought and action which have figured in their success. And he will take a glance at their future, predict the outstanding events in their private and professional lives, selecting their fortunate and difficult years. It makes thrilling reading!

You'll know your favorite stars as never before! The first of this series will be in next month's SCREENLAND—the February issue; and the star will be Ann Harding. Don't miss it!

Keep Up with the New Films!

The picture producing companies announce, each month in SCREENLAND, new pictures and stars to be seen in the theaters throughout the country. Watch these announcements. This month they will be found on the following pages: Fox Films, Page 3; Paramount, Page 5; Warner Brothers, Page 7; First National, Page 9; Howard Hughes-Caddo, Pages 10-11; Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, Page 13.

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"MOROCCO"

Reckless soldier of fortune, Gary Cooper. Adolphe Menjou, sophisticated, man of the world. A flaming cafe beauty, Marlene Dietrich...mysterious, alluring, dangerous as the Sahara. "Morocco," the turbulent story of these three.

with
GARY COOPER ° MARLENE DIETRICH ° ADOLPHE MENJOU

Directed by
JOSEF VON STERNBERG
*Adapted by Jules Furthman. From the play
"Amy Jolly" by Benno Vigny.*

In "Morocco" Paramount presents the continental star, Marlene Dietrich, whose ravishing beauty and exotic personality will electrify all who come under her spell. A not-to-be-missed Paramount Picture, "best show in town."

Paramount  *Pictures*

PARAMOUNT PUBLIX CORPORATION, ADOLPH ZUKOR, PRES., PARAMOUNT BLDG., NEW YORK

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REVUETTES

Screenland's Tabloid Guide to the Current Pictures

Class A:

Kismet. *First National.* Otis Skinner, outstanding figure on the stage makes an outstanding picture for the screen. Loretta Young and Mary Duncan are the femme appeal.*

A Lady's Morals. *Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.* The life of Jenny Lind, the Swedish nightingale, charmingly portrayed by Grace Moore, with Reginald Denny and Wallace Beery.*

Little Caesar. *First National.* A racketeer picture that is different—believe it or not. Edward Robinson gives a sterling performance.*

Check and Double Check. *Radio.* Amos 'n' Andy score in their movie debut. The Fresh Air Taxi Cab owners get mixed up in a haunted house which results in hilarious happenings. Sue Carol, Irene Rich and Charles Morton are in the cast, too.*

The Big Trail. *Fox.* Personal triumph for John Wayne, a new boy. Good picture, too, with Marguerite Churchill, Tyrone Power, and Tully Marshall.*

Feet First. *Paramount.* Harold Lloyd comes through with a thriller this time. Fun for everybody. Barbara Kent is the girl.*

Outward Bound. *Warner Brothers.* A worthwhile film with an interesting angle and a fine cast including Beryl Mercer, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., Leslie Howard and Helen Chandler.*

Her Man. *Pathé.* Big time picture with Helen Twelvetrees as an interesting heroine. Phillips Holmes and Ricardo Cortez stage a grand fight over Helen. See it.*

Abraham Lincoln. *United Artists.* A great picture ably acted by Walter Huston and directed by D. W. Griffith. Una Merkel is a lovely Ann Rutledge.*

Hell's Angels. *Caddo.* Marvelous air spectacle but poor story. Ben Lyon, Jean Harlow, and James Hall in the cast.*

Old English. *Warner Brothers.* Mark up another winner for George Arliss. This film is a treat. A screen version of the John Galsworthy play.*

What a Widow. *United Artists.* Gloria Swanson as a merry widow does a high-class Mack Sennett. Good fun.*



Try this on your risibles! Andy Clyde, Lincoln Stedman, Gaylord Pendleton, and Patsy O'Leary in "The Bluffer," a color comedy.

Just Imagine. *Fox.* Corking comedy with an imaginative plot. Marjorie White and El Brendel hand out the laughs and Maureen O'Sullivan and John Garrick provide the romance.

* Reviewed in this Issue.

These pictures have been selected by Delight Evans as worthy of SCREENLAND'S seal of approval.

Sinner's Holiday. *Warner Brothers.* Life in the raw with an amusement park background. Good cast including Lucille La Verne, Warren Hymer and Grant Withers.*

Billy the Kid. *Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.* If you like westerns you'll enjoy this. With Johnny Mack Brown, Kay Johnson and Wallace Beery.*

The Silver Horde. *Radio.* Rex Beach's virile novel of Alaskan fisheries. Evelyn Brent gives a splendid characterization.*

Up the River. *Fox.* Burlesque of prison life with hilarious comedy supplied by Spencer Tracy and Warren Hymer. Claire Luce and Humphrey Bogart supply the love interest.*

Scotland Yard. *Fox.* Eddie Lowe plays a dual rôle in this talker. And he's crooked again but Joan Bennett reforms him. Fair entertainment.*

War Nurse. *Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.* Woman's part in the world war. It's grim and gruesome, with Anita Page, Robert Montgomery, June Walker and Robert Ames in the cast.*

Maybe It's Love. *Warner Brothers.* An unimportant but funny comedy with the All-American football team, Joan Bennett, James Hall and Joe E. Brown.*
(Continued on page 107)

Class B:

The Virtuous Sin. *Paramount.* Kay Francis and Walter Huston at their best in a story not worthy of their talents but their trouping makes up for the lack of plot.*

Du Barry, Woman of Passion. *United Artists.* Norma Talmadge is splendid as Du Barry. William Farnum makes his come-back in this film.

Lady of the Lake. *Fitzpatrick.* Silent version of Scott's ballad nicely acted by Benita Hume and Percy Marmont. Beautiful scenery and sound effects.*

Way For a Sailor. *Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.* Jack Gilbert plays a gob and makes the most of a poor story. Leila Hyams plays his girl-friend.*

Half Shot at Sunrise. *Radio.* Bert Wheeler and Bob Woolsey hit the bull's eye again with their cuckoo comedy.*



WARNER BROS. presents

VIENNESE NIGHTS

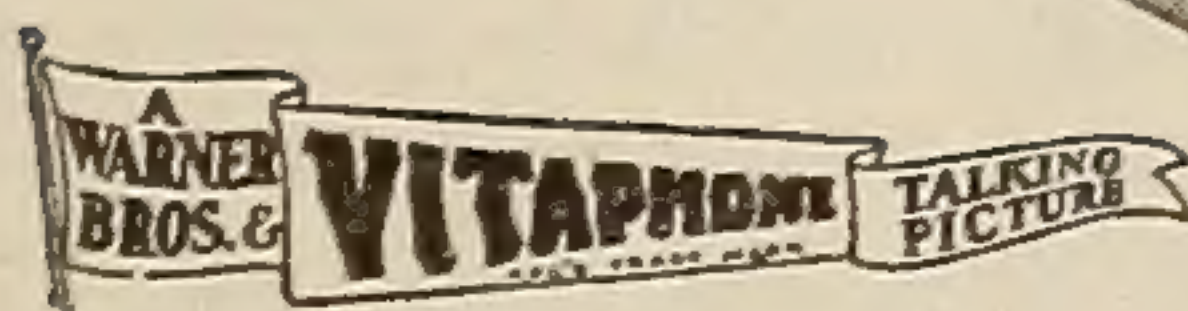
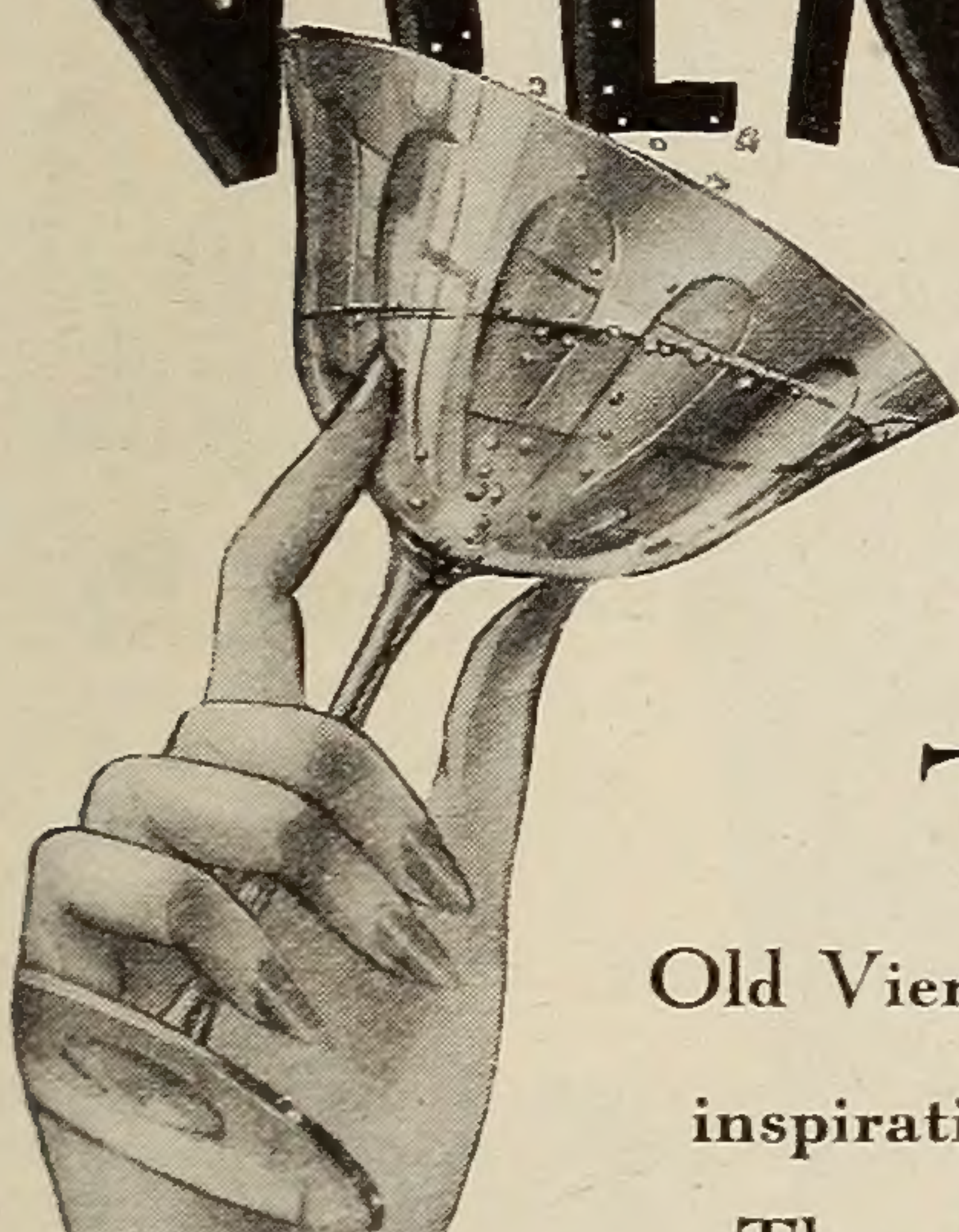
THE GREATEST LOVE STORY EVER TOLD!

Old Vienna—gay, charming—capital of glorious romance; the inspiration of artists and the home of love and youth!

Through its eventful years echoes the story of a great love that enriches each generation with its enduring beauty.

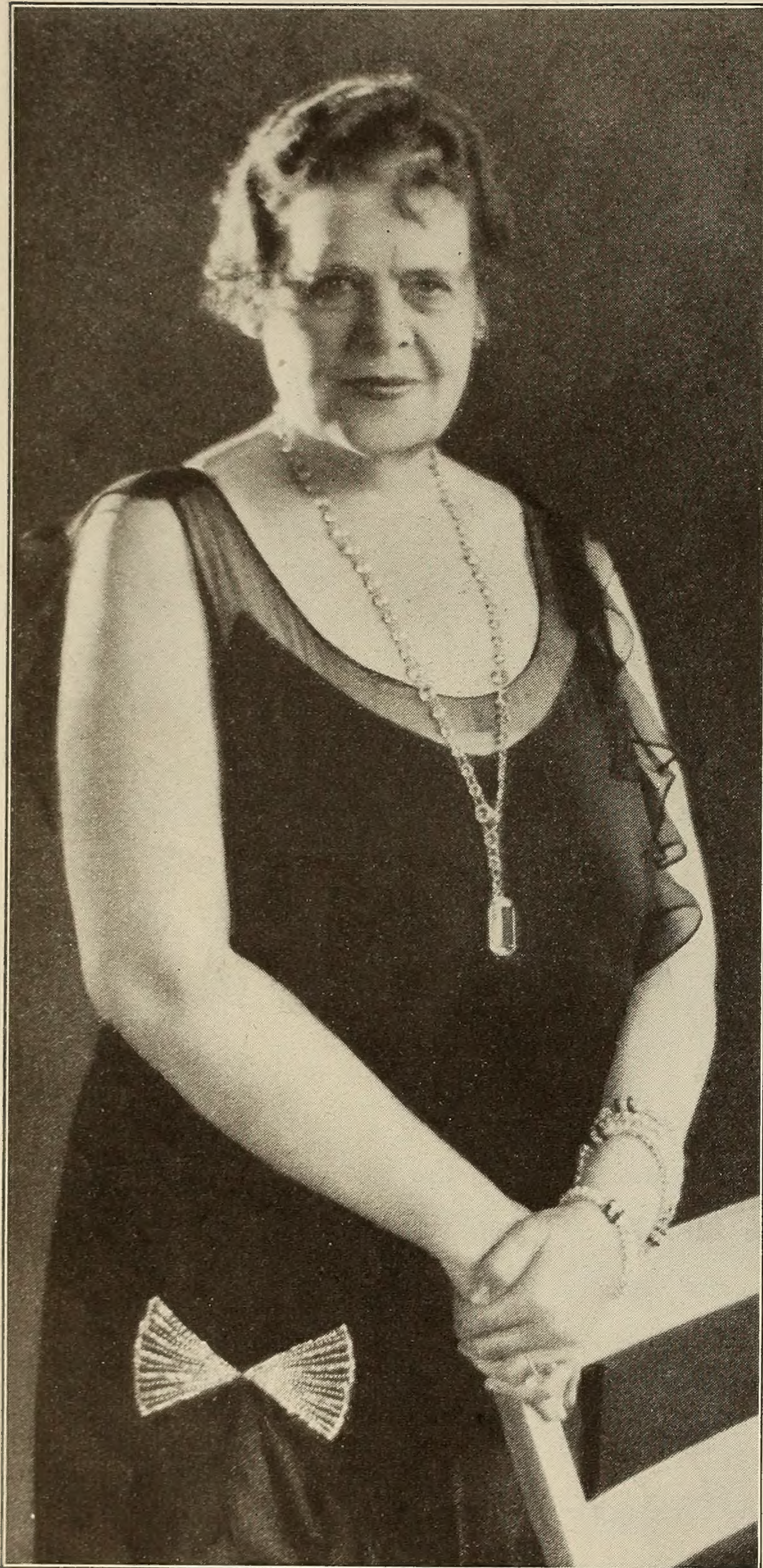
Old times, rich with remembrance... mirrored again in the new life of today. Beauty that never dies; love that lives on forever, each growing more beautiful as the long years pass.

"Viennese Nights" is the original creation of Sigmund Romberg and Oscar Hammerstein II. It was written especially for the Vitaphone and is filmed entirely in Technicolor.



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A WARNER BROS. & VITAPHONE Picture



Marie Dressler headlines the January Picture Parade.

FIRST PRIZE LETTER \$20.00

I have enjoyed reading your "Letters from the Audience" so much that I want to write in myself to tell you just why I like talking pictures. It's because I am so awfully tired after a hard day at work that I could cry. And often do—in the dark theater!

At a talking picture, I feel I can cry without apology. Really, it's a compliment because it shows how much a good film moves me. Then after I have cried, my nerves are all rested and I can go home and sleep. Otherwise, insomnia troubles me.

All the best enjoyments of life have come to me, but recently I have lost my dearest and best. And now have to keep up my home and care for my baby alone. Talking pictures help me, particularly when I see players who carry depth into their

acting. They make movies seem absolutely real. They bring the tragedies of the screen as close to me as the tragedies I rub elbows with every day in my work as a nurse. But I like good comedies, too. And I saw one last week—a dog picture—which made me forget all my troubles.

Ann G. Donahue, R. N.,
4 Florence Avenue,
Brookline, Mass.

SECOND PRIZE LETTER \$15.00

Recently, we got mother and dad to attend their first movie, a talkie. It was as great an event in the lives of us persistent kids as the winning of a war by a courageous general.

And now mother and dad are regular picture fans. Dad seldom misses an opportunity to see Nancy Carroll in her latest pictures, for she recalls to his mind the

Miss Dressler isn't only a brilliant clown. She also has that underlying pathos which all great comedien nes possess.

LETTERS *from the* AUDIENCE

Send us your slams and salvos!

Let's have a race in this department every month! The most constructive letter, not exceeding two hundred words, on pictures and players will receive the prize-winning blue ribbon of \$20.00. Second prize, \$15.00. Third prize, \$10.00. And to give everybody a chance, there's a fourth prize of \$5.00. All winning letters will be printed. SCREENLAND'S race meet closes the tenth of each month. Send your contributions to Letters from the Audience Department, SCREENLAND, 45 West 45th Street, New York City.

THE EDITOR.

sweet young thing mother was when Nancy's age.

Mother is particularly fond of Gary Cooper in his western portrayals. He reminds her so much of the big, strong, silent man who came a-wooing her one day and is now the father of her four children.

Dad doesn't lecture us now. When we express our intention of going to the show, he only says: "Have a good time. Maybe mother and I will see you there later."

C. Lois Thomas,
32 Green Street,
Cumberland, Md.

THIRD PRIZE LETTER \$10.00

Since the death of that greatest of character actors, Lon Chaney, I have decided to write about something I've had in mind a long time:

What becomes of our best films after they have been shown all over the world? Are they put away some place where they will be preserved for future generations, or are they laid aside as worthless?

The words of celebrated artists, musicians and authors are carefully preserved and highly prized. The moving picture, in my opinion, is an art as well. Other artists of today have the opportunity of studying the works of their predecessors. The actor-artist of tomorrow should have the same advantage.

Supposing the works of our best authors had been destroyed after everyone in that age had read them! It is just as serious a sacrilege to consign to oblivion the best work of our most worthy screen stars.

I have heard that Harvard preserves in special vaults a number of films each year, but why cannot (Continued on page 105)



JENNY, timid, home-loving, married to a man old enough to be her father.



DANNY, blacksheep of the family, gangster, killer of his own sister.



ARTIE, architect, builder, pride of the family, yet he left her in the end.



BEATTY, beautiful, clever, with her own distorted ideas about love and marriage.

Helplessly MOTHERS CRY—

"Why are my children so different?—All different from each other—all different from ME!"

A mother dreams about her children. She plans... but destiny disposes. Four children, four lives—one a builder—one a destroyer—one a wife—one an unwed mother. Hers the pain—and the joy. Yours the opportunity to see the most daring, true-to-life story of the talking screen. It might be the life story of your neighbor, your dearest friend, your mother... or perhaps—even your own!



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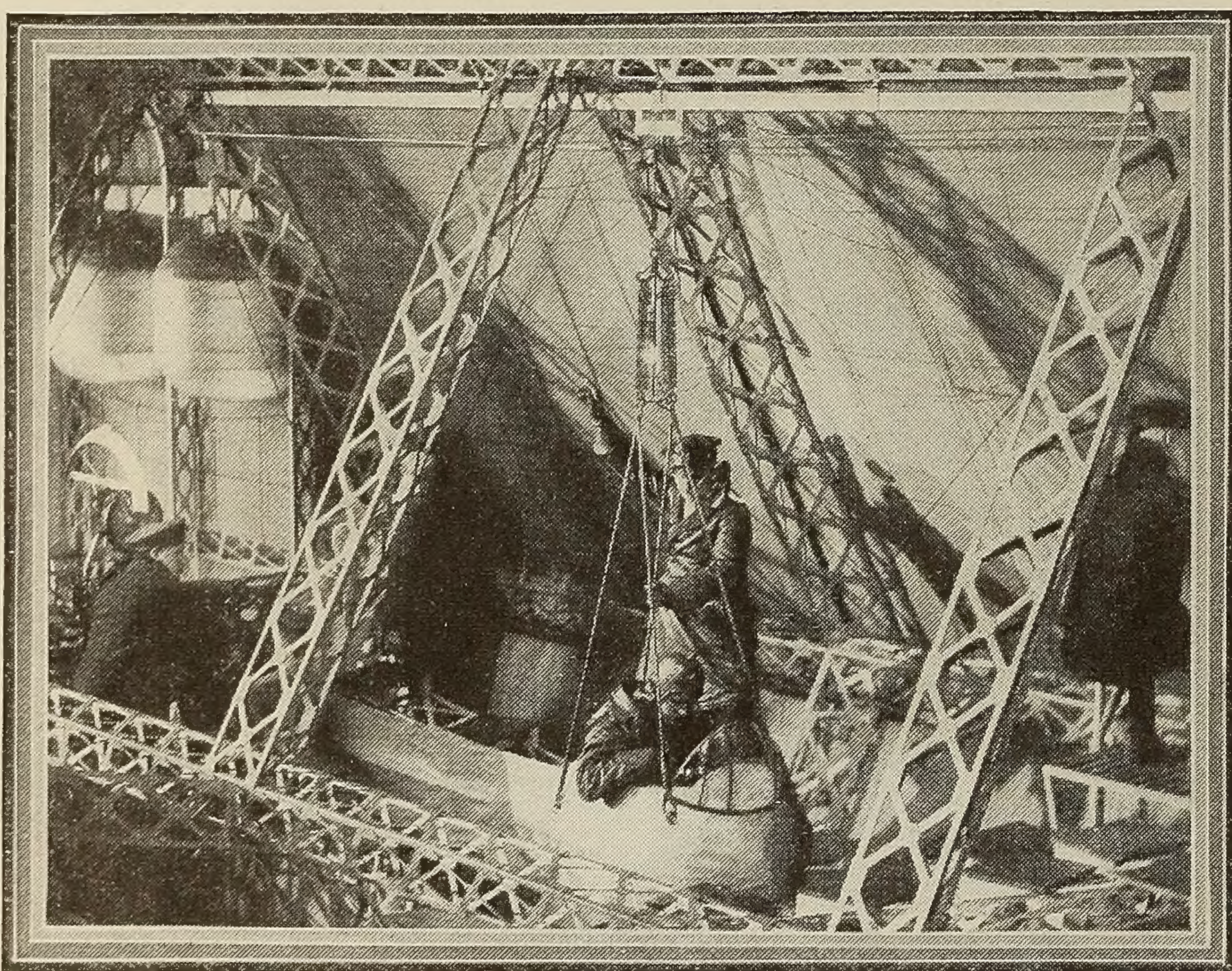
**A FIRST NATIONAL
& VITAPHONE Picture**

HELL'S

"Outstrips anything that has

"The talkies' first great spectacle!"—Motion Picture Magazine

"Deserves to be witnessed and applauded in



*A dramatic scene during the now-historical
Zeppelin sequence of "Hell's Angels"*

NEW YORK TELEGRAM:

"Howard Hughes has produced an aviation spectacle the like of which has not previously been seen on the screen ... breath-taking and thrilling beyond description."

BOSTON POST: **"It is a masterly achievement, the greatest spectacle the screen has yet seen. All other air-films would be anti-climaxes. You will be enthralled by the magnificent photography and held spell-bound by the sensational stunts of the flying circus."**

LOS ANGELES EXPRESS: **"An achievement in picture drama that will stand for a long time to come as a model to aim at in the realm of spectacle."**

ANGELS

come before!" —Detroit Times

"Surpasses anything else that has been done!" —New York Evening Post

every picture-house in the world" —Theatre Magazine

CINCINNATI COMMERCIAL-TRIBUNE: "Iron nerves went to smash and strong hearts become of no use at all during the Cincinnati screening of 'Hell's Angels'. More power to Howard Hughes, who directed the picture and who spent millions of dollars in making this amazing epic of the air."



Actual scene from "Hell's Angels" showing giant Zeppelin featured in the picture

DETROIT NEWS: "All aerial accomplishments of past movies fade away by comparison with 'Hell's Angels'. Everyone who sat and stood three deep in the rear of the house got the thrill of his and her movie life-time."

SEATTLE STAR: "A production which can never be duplicated. Stands alone as the greatest of air pictures."

MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC: "The most stupendous thing of its kind ever filmed. Tops them all."

ASK ME

By

Miss Vee Dee

If you wish to write the stars direct, turn to Page 104 where you will find their addresses. Also, on page 109 you will find complete casts of current pictures. Consult this before asking questions.

If you wish an answer in the Magazine, please be patient and await your turn; but if you prefer a personal reply, please enclose a stamped addressed envelope. Address: Miss Vee Dee, SCREENLAND, 45 West 45th Street, New York City.



Dorothy Mackaill, fresh from a European vacation, is making two pictures for Fox; and January first she starts work on her new First National contract.

JOAN K. You'd rather go without your spinach, tomato juice and hot tamales than be deprived of SCREENLAND—there are others that diet for no good reason. The addresses you asked for will be found elsewhere in the magazine. Joan Crawford, whose real name is Lucille LeSuer before her marriage to Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., on June 3, 1929, was born March 23, 1908, in San Antonio, Texas. She has dark blue eyes, brown hair of reddish tinge, is 5 feet 4 inches tall and weighs 110 pounds. Her latest pictures are "Our Blushing Brides" with Anita Page, Dorothy Sebastian, Robert Montgomery and Raymond Hackett; and "Within the Law."

Little Girl, Pine Row Farm, Mich. Who's my favorite actor? That *would* be telling. Clive Brook looks in real life very much as he does on the screen. He has brown hair, gray eyes, is 5 feet 11 inches tall and weighs 149 pounds. He was born June 1, 1891, in London, England. He is an excellent tennis player but his hobbies are music and literature. His latest release is "Anybody's Woman" with Ruth Chatterton.

F. L. P., Montreal. The real life history of Maurice Chevalier reads like a fairy tale of 'from rags to riches.' He was born near Paris a little more than 30 years ago. At the age of 11 years he was forced to earn his own living. He became an en-

tertainer and soon was a favorite. While he was dancing in the Folies Bergere in Paris, came the World War. He carried on for his country, winning the French Cross. After the war, he began his stage work again. Jesse L. Lasky saw his work while on a visit to France and insisted that he come to America and the screen. "Innocents of Paris" and "The Love Parade" were his first pictures. Maurice is 5 feet 11 inches tall, weighs 160 pounds and has medium brown hair, blue eyes and is married to his former dancing partner, Yvonne Vallee. No, you're wrong, she's no relation to Rudy Vallee.

Winnie Lee. Your most recent heart-throb is Arthur Lake and you don't care who knows it. Hurrah for something or other! Of pleasing personality, Arthur is one of the most popular youngsters in pictures. He was born in Corbin, Ky., in 1905. He is 6 feet tall and has light brown hair and blue eyes. He is not married but lives with his mother and sister Florence in Hollywood. His latest picture is "She's My Weakness," with Sue Carol.

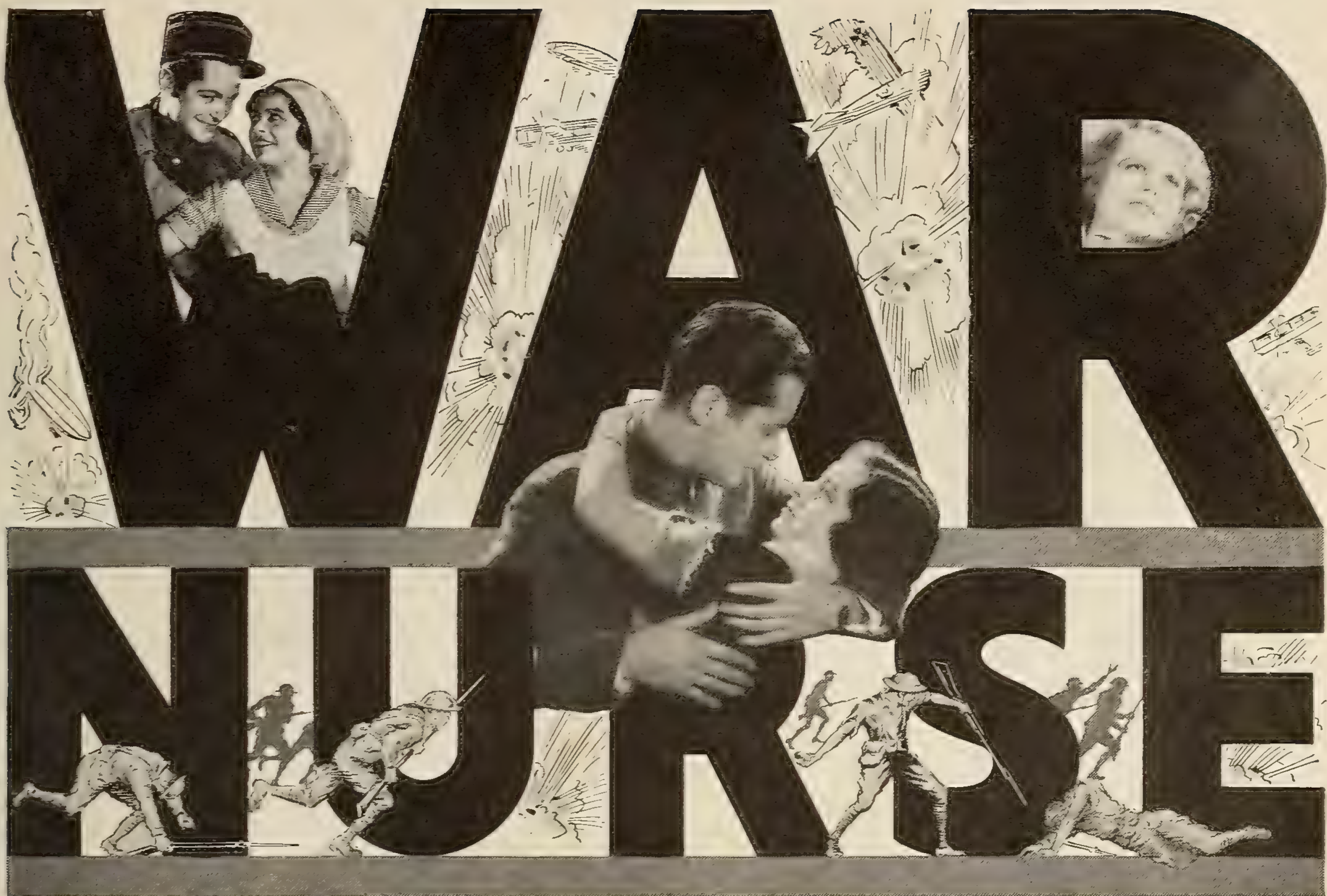
Brown-Eyed Kitty. If you address your letters to the screen stars correctly, the Little Answer Lady or the Big Answer Man will not get them first but they will be carried by Uncle Sam to the proper persons. Your favorite, Evelyn Brent, was born in Tampa, Fla., in 1899. Her real name is Betty Riggs. It is said she has a

perfect screen voice. She is 5 feet 4 inches tall, weighs 112 pounds and has brown hair and eyes. Gilbert Roland was born Dec. 11, 1905, in Chihuahua, Mexico. He is 5 feet 11 inches tall and weighs 160 pounds. Not married.

Phyllis of Coney Island. The home of the 'merry-go-round,' hot dogs and fresh salt-water taffy! Charles Farrell was born Aug. 9, 1905 in Walpole, Mass. He earned his way through two years at Boston University by working in a restaurant and selling real estate. His first screen work was as an extra in a mob scene and his first leading rôle was in "Wings of Youth." Then followed some time with Mack Sennett comedies, when a small part in "Sandy" brought him a Fox contract.

Mary G. My influence with the picture stars would be nil in asking them to write to you. Are they busy? My word! They even have the edge on me and believe me that's some edge. Robert Montgomery was born May 21, 1904, in Beacon, N. Y. Before he was 20 years old, he had played in seventy-five different parts on the stage. His first film appearance was in "So This Is College" and then in "Untamed" with Joan Crawford, and in "Their Own Desire" with Norma Shearer. He is 6 feet tall and has brown hair and blue eyes. His new picture is "War Nurse" with Anita Page.

(Continued on page 101)



The World War as Seen Through the Eyes of our Girls Who Lived, Loved and Suffered on the Western Front!



For the first time! The frank, daring, adventurous story of our girls at the front! The wonder and beauty of love that blossoms even in the carnage of war! Here is Drama, stark, gripping, spectacular. Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, producers of "The Big Parade," have again pioneered into a hitherto untouched phase of human relationship in the World War. Based on the famous anonymous novel of that name.

with

ROBERT MONTGOMERY
ROBERT AMES **JUNE WALKER**
ANITA PAGE **MARIE PREVOST** **ZASU PITTS**

Directed by

Edgar Selwyn Becky Gardiner and Joe Farnham

Continuity by
 Becky Gardiner

Dialogue by



THE NEW BOY IN TOWN!



John Wayne, a real find, earns your applause for his part in "The Big Trail," his very first picture.

SCREENLAND

HONOR PAGE

Won *by* JOHN WAYNE



A new year—
A new boy—
A big new picture!
These spell Success
in Hollywood!



You can read all about John elsewhere in this issue. You'll find that he's a nice boy who deserves his big break and remains calm, cool, and collected in the midst of opening night enthusiasm, personal appearance tours, and fan mail. And the moral of our little tale is: be ready for your big chance when it comes, then it won't knock you off your feet and your head-size will stay the same!



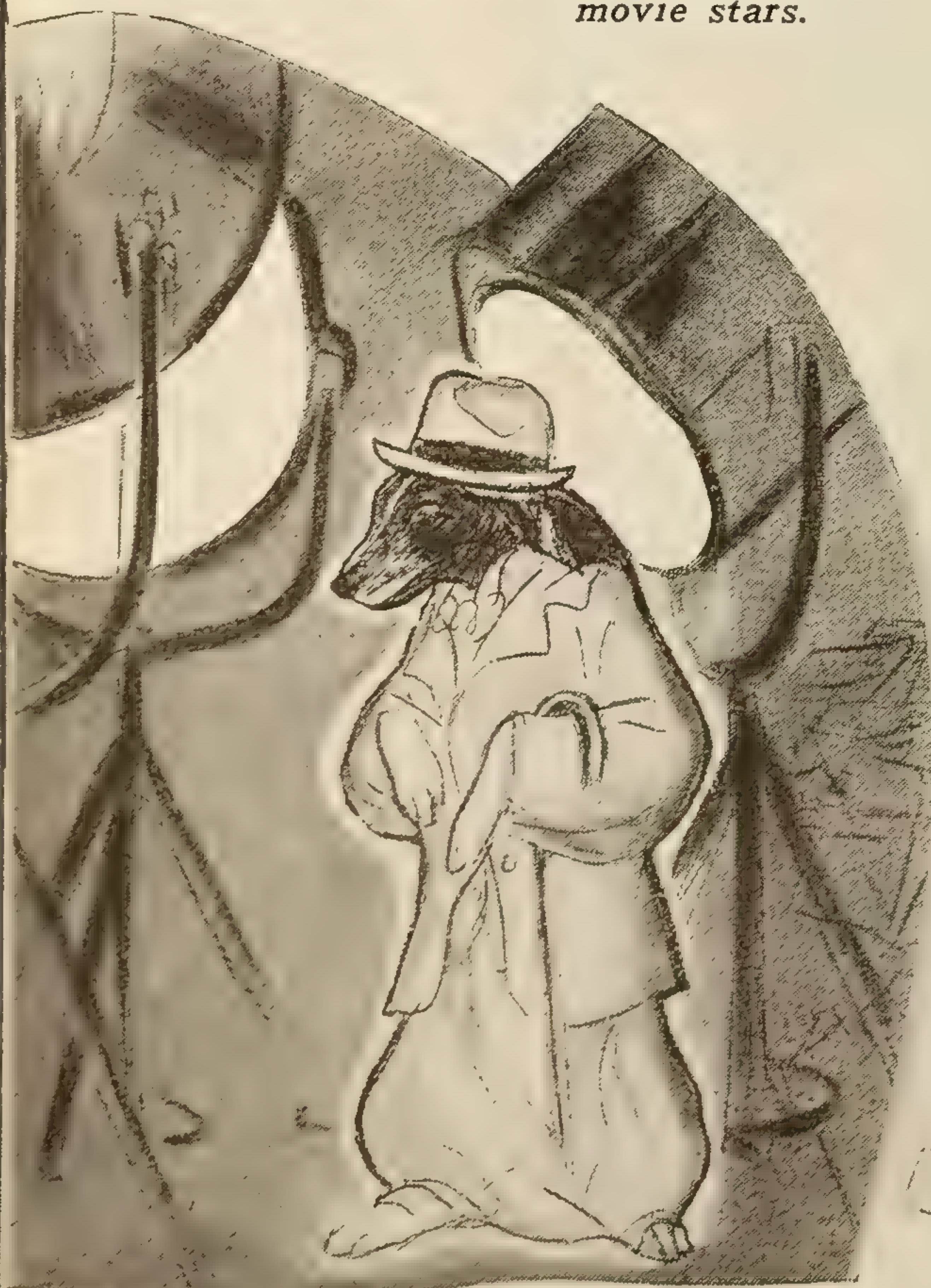
He looks like a new idol from here! He's wholesome and natural and what he lacks in technique he makes up for in determination. He may not be a good actor—we're not saying he is—but his boyish eagerness, his lithe grace, his naive strength are refreshing. He's new! Left, you see John with Marguerite Churchill in a scene from the pioneer picture, "The Big Trail."

SCREEN SLANTS

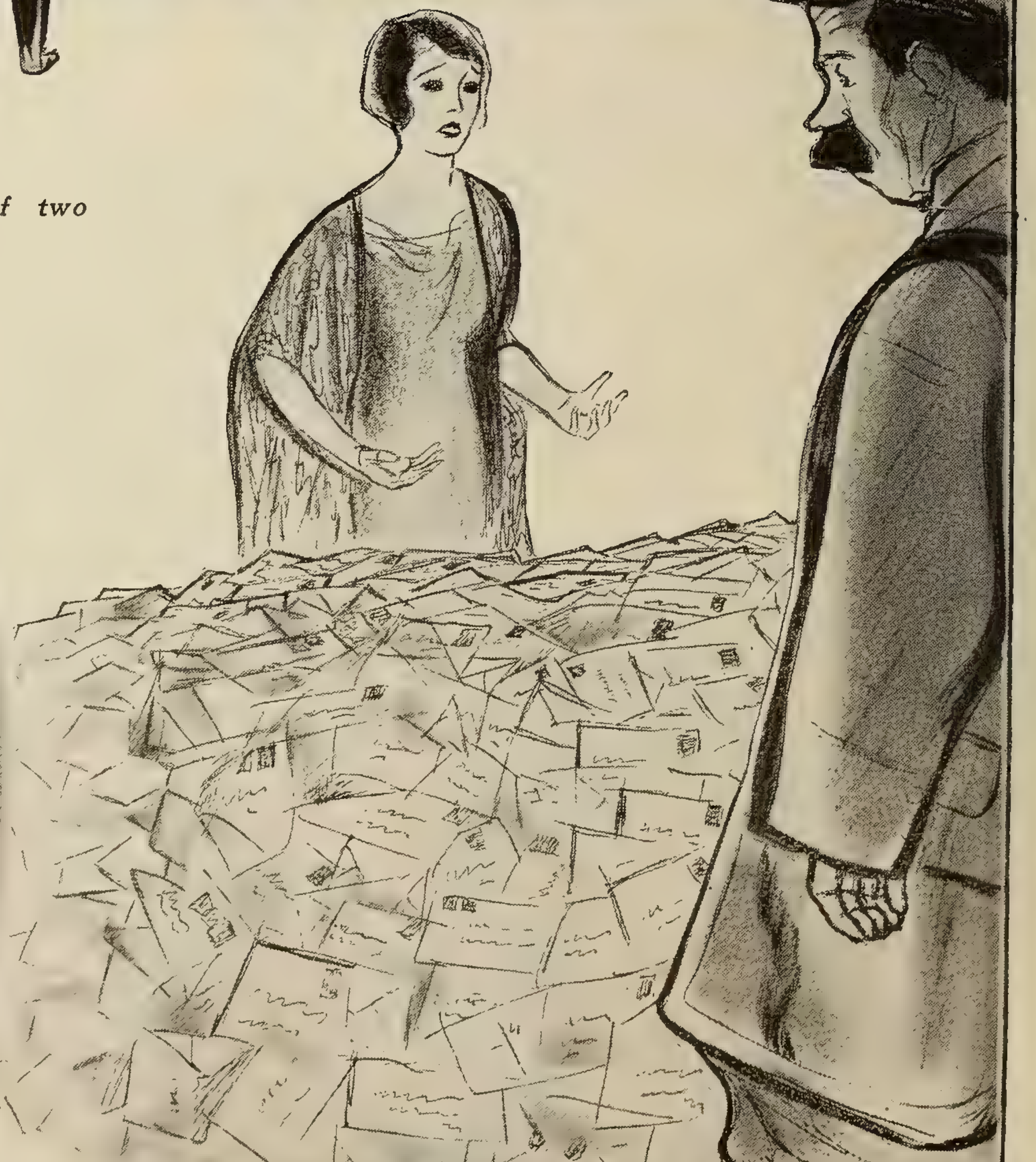
By
Victor De Pauw



*First wedding anniversary of two
movie stars.*



A popular 'leading man.'



*Distraught movie actress: "But postman, is this
all the fan mail I got?"*

THE EDITOR'S PAGE

SCREENLAND

THE latest in Hollywood high life: Life Guards for swimming pools!



BROADWAY characters are returning to New York from Califilmia by the carload these days—but they all bring Hollywood back with them. “Good old New York!” they say, looking around at the half-finished skyscrapers, the careening taxicabs, and the hard-working street cleaners. “How I missed it! Wouldn’t go back west for anything.” They can keep this up for quite a while—and then a wistful look begins to steal over their famous features and they sigh a little. “Yep—New York’s the only place for real ideas—I wonder how Sam Slug is getting along out there? He rented my house—has a swimming pool and everything—” And then they’re off. Hollywood, my Hollywood!

Take Walter O’Keefe, for instance. Walter and his partner, Bobby Dolan, just returned from a season of music-and-lyrics on the Camera Coast. They are entertaining Manhattan’s smart Bohemian crowd these crisp nights at Barney’s down in Greenwich Village. Walter’s definition:

“Hollywood is just Bridgeport, (Conn.) with palm trees.”

You can’t get away from it. It’s the Hollywood success who takes it big on Broadway these days. Joe E. Brown, on his vacation in town, held a reception in the Astor Hotel, greeting friends of the old days when he was merely a Broadway comedian. Chico Marx, Gus Edwards, Bert Kalmar and Harry Ruby, the song writers, came up to say hello.

“Say, Joe,” said Kalmar, “I’d like to get to-

gether with you sometime while you’re in town.”

“Fine and dandy,” returned Mr. Brown, advertising Joe Cook. “Come on up to the hotel and have dinner.”

“Where are you stopping?” asked Kalmar.

“At the Sherry Netherland.” Joe blushed and dropped his eyes when he mentioned the swank Fifth Avenue hotel.

“My God!” Kalmar gasped. “I’d be afraid to go in there.”

“I’ll fix it for you,” said Joe, “so’s you can come up in the freight elevator with the trunks.”

Joe Brown is the kind of trouper you read about. Broad grin, bright green suit, background of years in all kinds of shows—and the proverbial heart of gold.

He passed up a matinée to call on a girl. She’s a little girl he’d never seen before who wrote him once and asked him for his autographed picture. He sent it and then she wrote again. She was in a hospital and told Joe the nurse had hung his picture where she could see it and it made her happy. So Joe went over and cheered her up some more.

He used to take beatings when he was a kid with a circus because he didn’t take his falls right. He’s played in burlesque and vaudeville. And yet Buddy Rogers is a hard-boiled man of the world, compared with Joe E. Brown.

Did you hear about the movie magnate who saw “Once in a Lifetime,” the play that pans Hollywood, and when asked how he liked it, shrugged and said: “I dunno—it kinda rubs me the wrong way!”

—Delight Evans.



Clara Bow as we like to see her—warm, laughing, lovable. Impulsive? Well, yes!

"SHALL we spank Clara or kiss her?" is the question agitating the screen world today. Public, bosses, newspapers are all shaking their heads over this misguided little film girl who steamed into Manhattan the other morning on the Century, a pleasant colorful little tail on the kite of a lot of lurid, unpleasant publicity which preceded her into town.

In a simple black dress and hat, a dark coat with a white astrakhan collar against which her orange hair flamed like no saint's aureole ever did, Clara Bow stood in Grand Central Station, patiently giving the tabloid photographers a break. Around her stood a battalion of red caps, looking like the cheering section at a football game—except that there wasn't any band!

With Dixie Lee on one side of her and Stuart Erwin on the other, both of whom are to be in her new gambling picture, tentatively titled "No



Exit school—enter screen! Clara as the shy Brooklyn girl who gave up her high school books for the movies' bright lights.

Another

Is Clara headed for a burst of glory or the box-office gate?

By
Rosa Reilly

Limit," Clara posed for photographs, one foot thrust coquettishly in the foreground and a decided wink in her devilish right eye. But when the flashlights faded and Clara dropped 'out of character,' instead of a fast, flaming baby, who, it is alleged, recently refused to honor a thirteen thousand nine hundred dollar gambling debt; who in seven screen years has had her name linked with ten men; has been definitely referred to in two alienation of affection suits, and delicately referred to in a third—instead of the wild person we have been led to believe Clara is, she looked like a naive girl. Tired, a little bewildered with it all.

"I've gotta scram," she said, starting for a taxicab. "I didn't sleep all night, and I'm a little nervous about all these newspaper people who don't seem to get me right," she added wanly.

The interview was continued a few nights later at the Ritz. Clara was in an easy chair in her sitting room, having been out on location all day. Her supper tray was before her. It held a vegetable salad, a glass of milk, and a baked apple. She was trying to rest. To get herself ready for the next morning's work. Around her were a couple of dizzy looking girls. Cigarette



Gilbert Roland and Donald Keith, who played with Clara in "The Plastic Age," competed for her affections off-screen as well as on.

Chance for CLARA BOW?



Clara has backed her father, Robert Bow, in business ventures and been an all-around good little daughter to him.

smoke filled the room. The phone rang unceasingly. Turmoil, uneasiness filtered through the place, in the center of which Clara sat, looking lovely, but underneath she seemed terribly tired and terribly discouraged.

Poor Clara! Her bosses have scolded her, the newspapers have haunted her, her men friends have proved as staunch as lemon ice. There doesn't seem to be any one person in the world who loves her enough to shield her from herself.

For this great bubble of publicity which has broken over Clara's spunky head has been caused by no fact except that Clara Bow is her own worst enemy. She is a victim of her own emotional impulses. She's too generous, both with men and women. What she ought to do is clean house. She ought to take a quick airplane trip to the land of Beginning-Over-Again. She ought to team up with some kindly, considerate person who would stand by her, not to cramp her style, but to direct her emotional *largesse* into the channels which will best boost her career—not blast it!

Clara Bow is a good kid. She's regular. But the same swell, lusty spirit which has made her the 'It' girl of the world, has led her into some deucedly ugly

situations. But with it all, she's certainly worth salvaging. It's no secret around Broadway's main-stem that this is apt to be Clara's last chance. Her producers are fed up with this unpleasant publicity. They have warned her. But believe me, if Clara will only calm down a little, she'll have plenty of future chances. A sentimentalist? Not I! Clara will have plenty of chances if she'll only put on the soft pedal—and for good business reasons, too.

For what few people realize is this: despite the fact that Miss Bow has been in more scrapes than almost any girl in screen history, people love her. Men, women, boys, girls. And to this day she receives consistently thirty-five thousand fan letters every month—a record never hung up before by any screen star. Laugh that one off!

To go over this cinema Kiki's past is a job I don't like. Because it's so hard to make people understand. People expect a screen actress to play every sort of rôle in films—from a queen to a woman of the streets. But if it is even hinted that the said actress isn't a sweet, simple young thing, immediately they get off her. It isn't fair. For it's my firm belief that a person has to live before they can portray, realistically, emotional rôles.

Clara came into pictures via the contest route. She was poor, discouraged. Her mother was dying. Her father out of work. In her first picture, her entire part was cut out. Broken-hearted, thinking it was all over, Clara went to a business school, tried to forget. Three months later, Elmer Clifton gave her a part in "Down to the Sea in Ships," and she
(Continued on page 126)



Elinor Glyn, who first christened Miss Bow the 'It' girl, pours tea for Clara and Lord Elmsley.



Clara and Gary Cooper, one of her gay and gallant 'boy friends' in her early film days.

Help Pick the

Here's your chance to help select the big star bets for 1931!

GET set. We're going to look over the new stars and what's more, pick them for the producers.

You may not realize it, but this is a market, right here, for producers to look over the promising youngsters and select those who will be eligible

for stardom or grooming next year. We select the outstanding bets—sometimes we remind producers and directors of kids who are right under their noses who haven't been given their big chances yet. Producers are busy men. We'll be their little helpers!

You've been going to the movies and watching the players. When you see a sweet new face you feel like shouting, don't you, "There's a comer!" Here's your chance. If you don't see your favorite candidate among these mentioned, let us know and we'll look her or him up. That's part of the fun of going to pictures—picking your winners.

Look them over. It may be that bright-haired youngster in the café scene, sitting at the table on

the right, almost lost among the other extras and bit players. It may be the boy who plays the hero's third assistant college classmate—but he has a swing and a dash to him, and he looks like good stuff. It may be that stage star from Broadway lost in the Hollywood shuffle. All right—pass it on to us and we'll tell the producers about it.

And now let's get down to faces and cases. There's a long, long list and we don't want to overlook anyone if we can help it. Some of these players have already been given their first opportunities—



Claudia Dell.



Fredric March.



Frances Dee.



Jean Harlow.



Marguerite Churchill.



Phillips Holmes.



Carol Lombard.



Lewis Ayres.



Barbara Stanwyck.

New Stars! ~

others are still waiting for it; still others may have grown tired of waiting and are about to go back to the old home town. Well, SCREENLAND wants to give every promising youngster his chance, and this is a good way to do it.

All ready? All right!

But first, let us remind you of just one of the many winners this magazine has picked. In SCREENLAND for December, 1929, we had a story about the new boy in talkie town—Lew Ayres. We said: "Lew is selected as a coming star. Watch him!" Sure enough, young Ayres caught on. And now we want to reiterate that prophecy. You'll find Lew's picture among the many on these four pages and this time, we're telling you, definitely, his name will rate stellar billing before very long, and no 'ifs,' 'buts,' or 'maybes,' either.

Let's just skip around. There's Claudia Dell, who came from the stage—Ziegfeld's Follies—and can sing and dance. "Sweet Kitty Bellairs" and "River's End" were her first. Watch for her in "Fifty Million Frenchmen." Not married—yet. Warners.

Marlene Dietrich—read all about her on Page 54 of this issue. Also John Wayne—Page 55.

Then there's Marguerite Churchill, of "The Big Trail." She was born in Kansas City, Missouri, one Christmas day about twenty years ago. Youngest leading lady during the New York stage season of 1927-1928. You saw her in "The Valiant." She's one of their biggest bets. Russell Gleason is the boy friend. Fox.

Consider Phillips Holmes, only call him 'Phil.' He's the son of Taylor Holmes, and

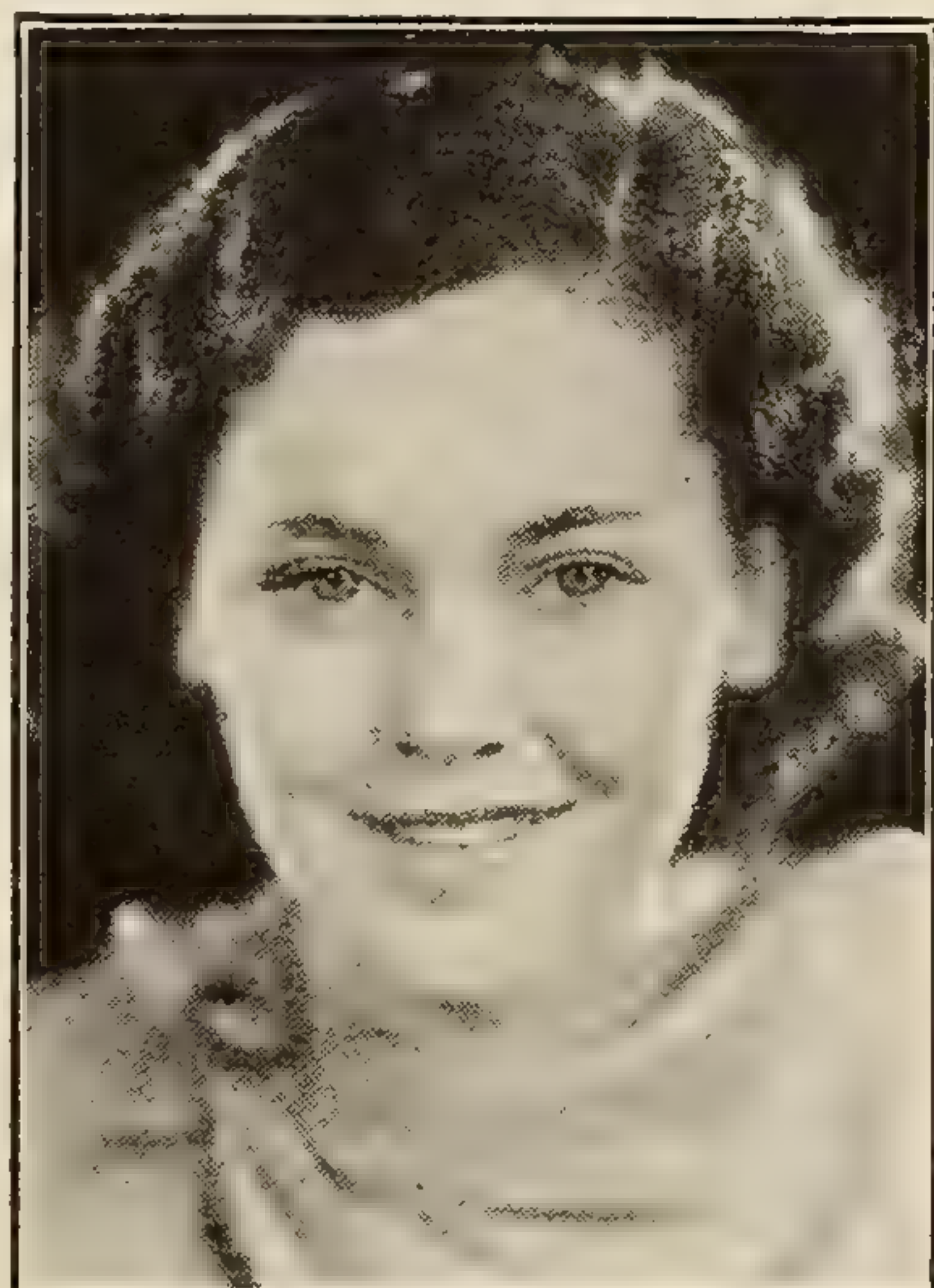
Get in on
this!



June MacCloy.



Stanley Smith.



Maureen O'Sullivan.



Evelyn Knapp.



Ginger Rogers.



Richard Cromwell.



Claire Luce.



Frank Albertson.

Joan Marsh.



Prove you're a prophet!



William Bakewell.



Evelyn Laye.



Barbara Weeks.



Miriam Hopkins.

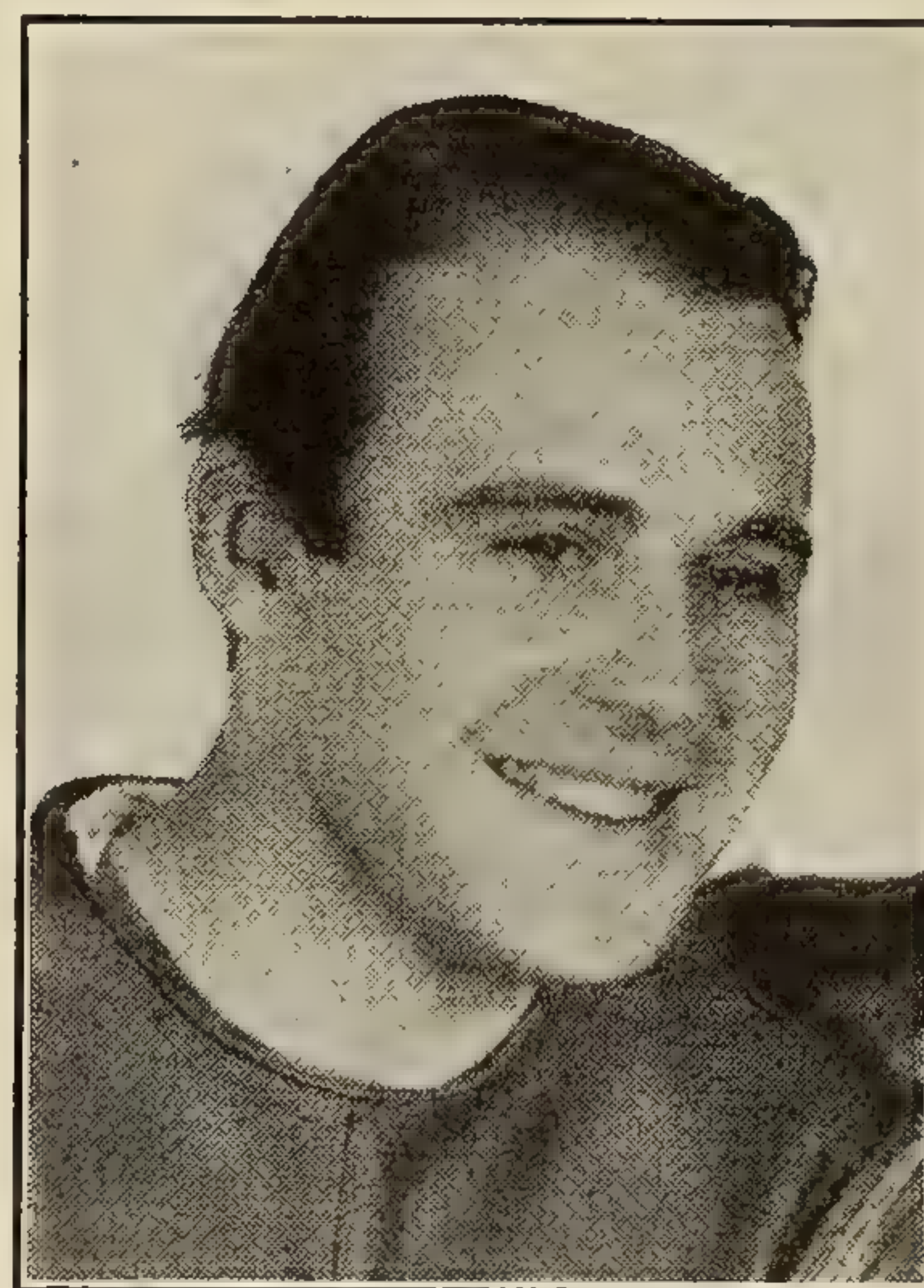
made his film debut with Buddy Rogers in "Varsity" while he was still at Princeton. He scored in "Devil's Holiday" and "Her Man." His next, "Confession of a Co-ed." Not married, but he likes Mary Brian and Mary Lawlor—step up if your name is Mary. *Paramount.*

Speaking of Lew Ayres, as we were a spell back, he was born December 28, 1908, in Minneapolis, Minnesota. Went to the University of Arizona for awhile, then left and played in an orchestra. Left that for pictures. Remember him with Garbo in "The Kiss," with Connie Bennett in "Common Clay," with a lot of other actors in "All Quiet on the Western Front?" Of course you do. Lately in "East is West" and "Many a Slip." *Universal.*

Fredric March brought to films a reputation from the 'legitimate' where he played in "The Royal Family." Now, having made a hit on the screen, he's playing in



David Manners.



John Garrick.

the picture version with Ina Claire. See him in "Laughter" and you'll be hailing a grand new star. Married to Florence Eldridge. *Paramount.*

Frances Dee, a Los Angeles girl, has her big chance in Maurice Chevalier's comedy, "Playboy of Paris." Next picture, "Along Came Youth," with Charles Rogers. You'll like Frances. Unengaged. *Paramount.*

Carol Lombard is the girl whose blonde beauty was nearly marred by an automobile accident shortly after she entered pictures. Off the screen almost a year, she came back in Sennett comedies. Then, prettier than ever, blossomed forth as a dramatic actress in Pathé pictures. After "Safety in Numbers" she was signed by Paramount. Look for her in "The Royal Family." She was born in Fort Wayne, Indiana, October 6, 1909. No—not married. *Paramount.*

Jean Harlow is that dynamic blonde of "Hell's



Barbara Leonard.



Una Merkel.



Rosita Moreno.



Dorothy Lee.

Pick your winner!



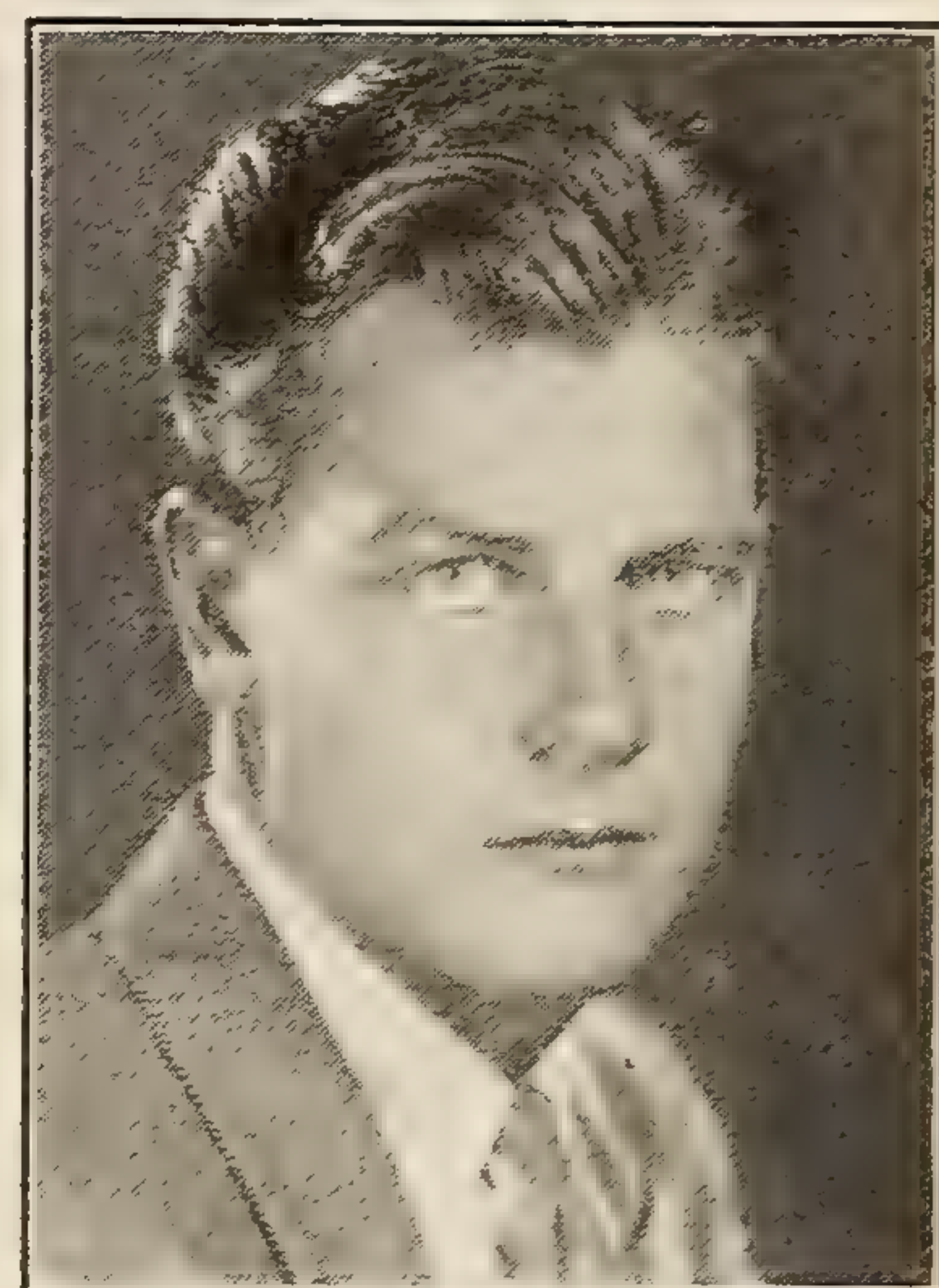
Irene Delroy.



Edwina Booth.



Leni Stengel.



Joel McCrea.

Angels." Whether you like her in that Howard Hughes air epic or not you'll admit she's something new and vital on the screen. From Chicago, Jean has been married but isn't now. Next in "The Front Page." *United Artists.*

A brand new answer to the *femme* fan's prayer is Stanley Smith. Played opposite Lenore Ulric in "Kiki." Born in Kansas City, Mo. Next film, "Follow the Leader"—talker version of "Manhattan Mary," with Ed Wynn. Awfully intrigued by that snappy Ginger Rogers. *Paramount.*

And Ginger herself, who's playing with Stan in the same Ed Wynn picture, has been a vaudeville and musical comedy personality since she was *so* high. She's featured on Broadway right now in "Girl Crazy," and doubling at the Paramount Long Island studio. She sort of likes Stanley, too. *Paramount.*

You haven't met June MacCloy in pictures yet, but



Regis Toomey.



Arthur Lake.

watch out for her in "Reaching for the Moon," the Douglas Fairbanks (Senior) film. She's an ex-Vanities girl, with no previous film appearance. Edmund Goulding discovered her. She looks great. *United Artists.*

Frank Albertson, the boy from Fergus Falls, Minnesota, who has made good in Hollywood, started as a 'prop' boy and extra. Since "Prep and Pep," he has been on the way up. His latest is "Just Imagine."

No current crush that we know of, but give the boy a little time! *Fox.*

Claire Luce didn't have much opportunity to shine in "Up the River," but wait until you see her in "The Painted Woman"—what a title!—in which her well-known talents for wearing lovely clothes will have full play. She used to be in the Follies but graduated to drama. Married to Cliff Smith, young Manhattan millionaire. Luce—but not fast. *Fox.* (Continued on page 129)



Irene Dunne.



Juliette Compton.



Mary Lawlor.



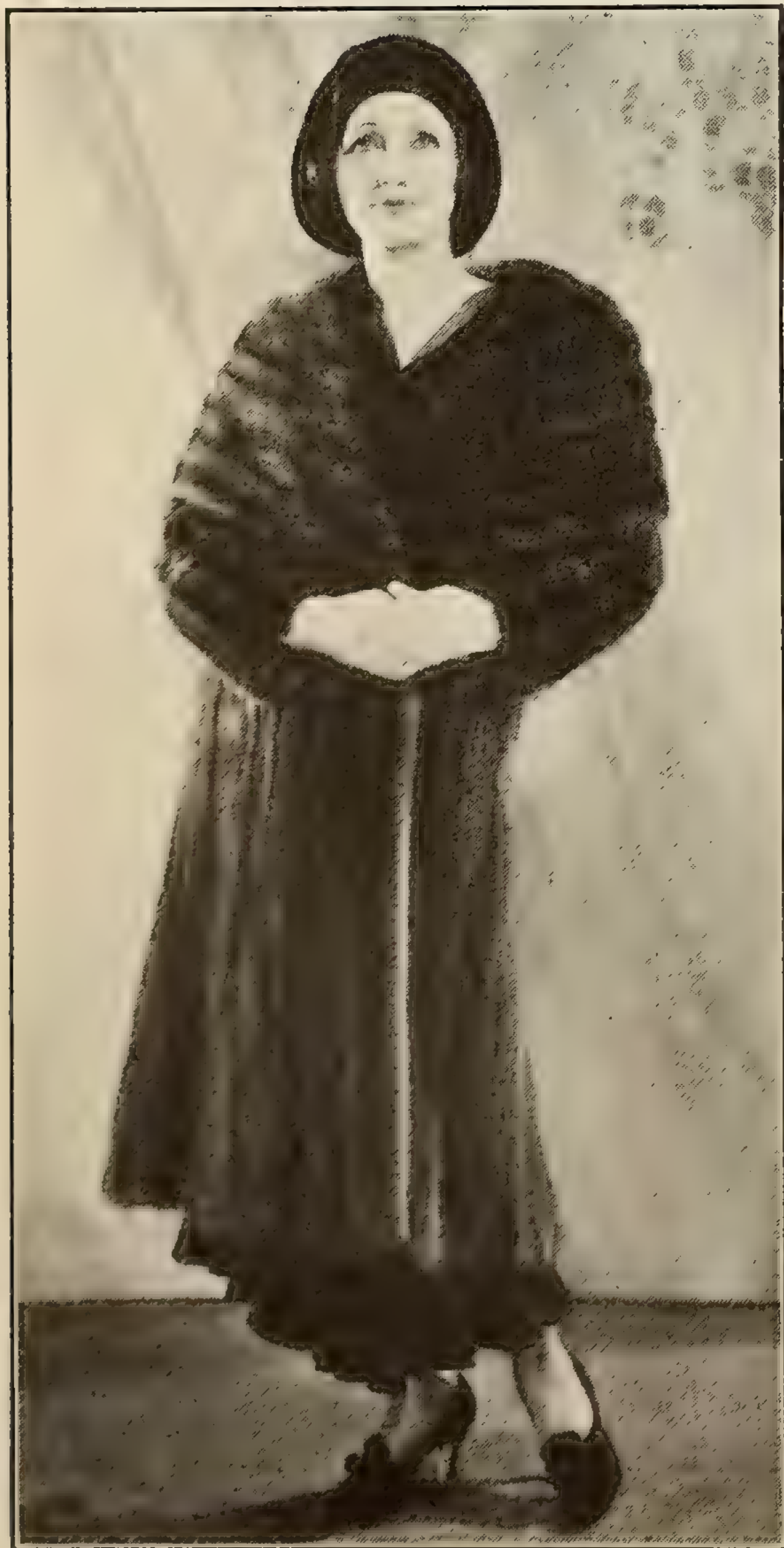
Ona Munson.



*A close-up of Dorothy Mac-
kaill in her favorite day-time
fur coat. It is suitable for
sports or town wear. Dorothy's
hat is a brimmed black felt.
And don't overlook that saucy
little muff!*

*Left, above, a full-length
glimpse of La Mackaill in
her goatskin coat, made for
her by Bergdorf Goodman.
The coat is finished with a
trim scarf which may be
worn open or tied, and
a buckle at the belt.*

*Phyllis Crane has a two-in-one
coat this winter. Below, her
sealskin wrap trimmed with
ermine, all set for a formal
evening.*



*Mink coats are made for
such ladies as Hedda
Hopper! Her new model
is made with a deep
cape which can be worn
close to the face or hug-
ging the shoulders.
Either way, it is very,
very luxurious!*



FUR

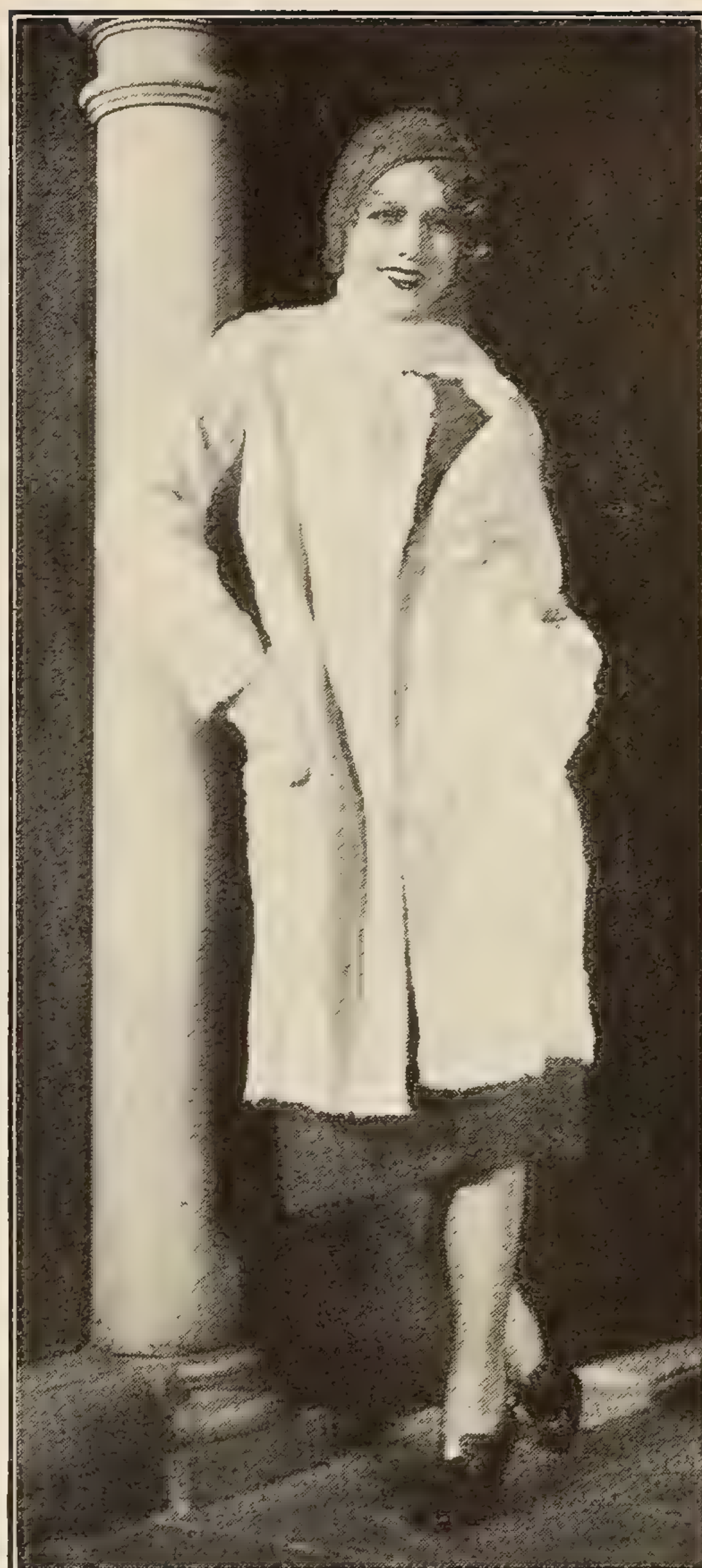
Leila Hyams snuggles up in one of the richest evening wraps of the season—rich ermine with huge collar and border of silver fox. Just the coat for a lovely blonde movie star.



Presto! Phyllis' adaptable coat becomes a smart afternoon model, which she tops with a smart turban of French inspiration.



Right, Anita Page in a swagger coat of pure white kidskin, with a raglan sleeve line, scarf, and roomy patch pockets. Hold that line!



A good, all-round coat! Look, right, at Ona Munson wearing a muskrat model in two shades of brown. Smart—and not too expensive.



FASHIONS



Dorothy Mackaill inherited a knock-out comedy sense from her 'ma.'

Mrs. Belzer never cramped the style of her famous movie daughter, Loretta Young, nor of her other two little 'starlets,' Polly Young and Sally Blane.

Where did Billie Dove get that dove-like look? I give you one guess.



"I WISH I had been hatched out in an incubator—like an ordinary hen egg," a pretty, clever, movie star said to me quite unexpectedly a week ago, as we were lunching at the Ritz. "Mother never wakes up to the fact that I am twenty-four, not fourteen," this red-head ended almost viciously, digging her dessert spoon deep into a rapidly vanishing *peche melba*.

That floored me, for this particular star and her mother are regarded as one of Hollywood's prize 'mama and daughter' exhibits. To hide my surprise, I glanced around the big dining room. The splendid orchestra

Is a MOVIE

That depends! Read this inside story of the part played by mothers in certain screen careers

*By
Gray Strider*



Mrs. Charlotte Smith helped her daughter to transform herself from the status of Gladys Smith, unknown, into Mary Pickford, perhaps the world's best loved movie player.

was softly playing Leoncavallo's *Matinatti*. Our slim waiter, who resembled an archduke, was beginning the intricate and solemn rite of preparing Turkish coffee. Clusters of deb daughters were gathered in various corners. Knots of tense mothers were fortifying themselves for an afternoon of shopping for Florida or Riviera clothes. Elderly industrialists were lunching not wisely but swell. However, at no table could I find any pair who remotely resembled mother and daughter.

"It looks to me," I remarked casually, "as if movie stars aren't the only ones who find mothers a bit of a handicap. There doesn't seem to be a single mother and daughter here today—at least, not at the same table."

"Of course not," my hostess answered a little crossly. "We've got to get off to ourselves sometime. Too much mother is a problem every girl runs up against," she continued, "if you could only get them to tell the truth. I'm not a highbrow, or anything like that, but I've just

'Ray for that little Gallic 'somesing' Madam Colbert gave to daughter Claudette.



Lois Moran and her mother go over everything together. Even the bills!

"The best scout in America," say Norma and Constance of their mother, 'Peg' Talmadge—and the rest of Hollywood agrees.



MOTHER a HELP or a HANDICAP?

fully now. "I'm young but I never was one of these sweet girl graduate types. And mama is trying to force me to be one. If the company casts me in a real part—something not perfectly ladylike, you should see what a perfectly unladylike row my perfectly ladylike mother can kick up. It's gotten so now the director hates to see me come on the set in the morning—for mama comes, too! I've got to expand or get out of pictures altogether. I can't do a little Eva on the ice all my life.

"That's why the company (Continued on page 119)

been reading a book which puts the whole subject in a nutshell. A friend gave me Floyd Dell's book, 'Love in the Machine Age,' and Dell says that in the old days when they had the patriarchal system, the head of the family ruled everything. For that reason, the fathers didn't dare allow the children to grow up to complete adulthood for fear it would upset the régime. And my mother evidently is playing that system. Honestly, I can hardly wipe my nose without asking mama's permission. And if I raise a fuss, she pulls that 'pained look,' and is so sweet and patient that I have to give up. But she's positively ruining my career."

"Aren't you taking it a little too seriously?" I asked. "I always understood your mother had done a lot to get you started."

"Of course she has. That's the damnable part. In the early days, mama washed, scrubbed, cooked, sewed—did everything. That's why I'd be an ingrate now to turn against her. But she's actually ruining my chances!

"Here's how things stand," she spoke a little fear-



Pals from infancy! "I taught June her way around when she was little," says June Collyer's mother, Mrs. Heermance, "and now my daughter must rise or fall on her own."



The Inspiration!

I

THEY called her Greta—
Greta of the Bronx—
And smiled.

Tall and pasty pale, with tired eyes,
Her hair a Swedish blonde,
She stood behind a counter all day long—
Selling—selling—selling
Knives and forks and potato-mashers:
Selling—selling—selling
All day long.

II

In schooldays, they had dubbed her Gret, for
short—
Skinny Gret, Swedish Gret, Greta Longlegs.
The boys had passed her by. She was too tall
For comfortable necking; her elbows over-sharp
For easy snuggle-pupping.
Her foreign voice rang strange to ears
Trained to the good old
Bronx-Americana.
Greta was left to sit on her own doorstep—alone.
She stared at the stars—alone.

III

In the store—a sales-girl—
Her long arms reached for
Knives and forks and potato-mashers,
While her heart wanted to reach for love.
But it did not know which way to go.
She had never seen love in the regular stock.
She was certain love had not been given
A window display.

GRETA

By

She had never heard the handsome floor-manager
say:

"Love? Why certainly, Madam—Four aisles over,
Then three to your left and five to the right."
Greta's long arms grew thinner, reaching for
Knives and forks and potato-mashers
While she waited for the handsome floor-manager
To locate love.

IV

Greta Garbo became famous
And Greta of the Bronx thrilled
To the new importance of her name,
Flashing from theater fronts—
Blazing from billboards—
Greta—Greta—Greta everywhere:
Newspapers, magazines—
Greta hats and Greta bobs—
Greta lotions and Greta notions—
Two aisles over; one to your left.
Greta of the Bronx
Selling—selling—selling,
Knives and forks and potato-mashers,
Groped for love with her long, thin arms;
Looked for love
Like Greta Garbo—
Looked for love as her eyelids drooped;
Listened for love in the voice of the manager—
And still she walked alone.

V

She studied Garbo pictures.
She knew them all.
She knew each trick of hand and nervous fingers,
Each flowing movement of a body,
No finer than her own.
She knew the Garbo pallor—cheek and brow—
The drowsy passion in her eye,
And then—
When talkies came—the voice,
So deeply different.
Greta of the Bronx
Selling—selling—selling
Knives and forks and potato-mashers,
Flashed a Garbo make-up—
Pasty pallor, close-cut hat and all.
Her long, thin arms,
White as a swan's neck,
Stretched out and out for love.
Her fingers touched a tray
Of knives and forks and potato-mashers.
The manager caught her eye
And passed her by.

VI

They called her Greta—
Greta of the Bronx—
And smiled.
She snubbed them all.

of the BRONX

Lynde Denig

She snubbed the handsome manager
When he strutted by her counter;
Day by day, she Ritzed him plenty.
A chill veil hid the longing in her eyes.
A cryptic smile washed the hunger from her lips.
With long, thin arms, she reached
For knives and forks and potato-mashers;
But not for love.
The manager caught her eye
And Greta passed him by.
She wrapped herself in mystery.
She looked as content as a bride on her honey-
moon—

As wise as a widow—
As cool as a virgin saint.
From the shelter of the linen counter,
One aisle to the left,
The handsome manager stroked his cute mustache
And watched Greta of the Bronx.
He watched and wondered—
Wondered what had changed her.

VII

One night, a crisp fall night,
She stopped in front the store,
Before the windows, piled high with books—
A pyramid of books in yellow jackets.
She read the name in heavy black:
"The Mystery of Love."
There came a voice from out the home-bound
crowd.

There stepped a man from out the crowd.
He stroked his cute mustache and smiled.
He looked into her eyes and smiled.
She thought she heard him locate love:
"Certainly, Madam, you want love—
Yes, Madam—just keep on walking—
Five aisles to the right, six to the left—
Keep on walking.
Don't tell what you want—
Walk to the basement; ride to the roof—
Don't let on what you are after.
Certainly, Madam,
Love will find you."

VIII

Arm in arm, they strolled away—
The sales-girl and the manager.
Greta of the Screen—Greta of the Bronx;
So unlike and yet the same.
They know full well—
These Gretas do—that
Lovers love a mystery—
The mystery of drooping lids,
Like half-drawn shades before
A room in which a fire burns—
The half-drawn shades before a lady's boudoir.

How the magic of Garbo
molded the life of an
east-side siren nearer her
heart's desire



Drawing by V. Cherkoff

Greta of the Bronx! She wrapped herself in
mystery behind the counter. Wise as a widow—
cool as a virgin saint!



Our Chief Executive before the microphone. At the right is shown Arthur de Titta, Washington, D. C., representative of the Fox Hearst Corporation, author of this story.

Covering *the*

What happens behind the White House scenes when the newsreel cameramen 'shoot' the world's most eminent personalities!

By
Arthur de Titta

FROM Theodore Roosevelt to Herbert Hoover the succession of Presidential interest in motion pictures is unbroken.

One of President Hoover's first official moves was to have a sound projection machine installed in the White House. Prior to sound there was always a silent motion picture projector in the Executive Mansion.

The most interesting fact in connection with our Chief Executives' relation to the screen, however, is not their interest in pictures, but the interest of pictures in them.

Since Woodrow Wilson's tenure in the White House, the presidents of the United States have been the first persons of the screen, by reason of being the most photographed persons.

There isn't a star in all Hollywood who gets into as many motion picture frames as does President Hoover. Hardly a day passes that the President doesn't pose for motion pictures. With this committee, or that committee; with this dignitary or that dignitary; with this delegation or that delegation; with this politician, or that politician, and so on *ad infinitum*.

It is almost impossible for anyone to attend a motion-picture theatre without seeing and hearing the man we elected to the First Office of the Land.

The place the articulate motion picture plays in the President's scheme of things is daily becoming more important. So cognizant is President Hoover of the power of the talking picture that it has become one of his main avenues of communication with the public.

Recently, President Hoover set Washington by the ear when he made news writers and 'still' photographers hold their peace and wait until the talkies had finished picturing an important event.

President Hoover, in rebuilding the White House office building after the fire, set aside a special room for the motion picture and 'still' cameramen.

Open the family album for this one—a shot of the White House cameramen of ten years ago!



Four of America's most distinguished citizens: President and Mrs. Hoover, Colonel and Mrs. Lindbergh, in a close-up on the most popular motion picture lot in screen history.



White House for the NEWSREELS

Formerly these men shared the cramped Press Room with the reporters. The Press Room has also been enlarged. The news gatherers at the White House certainly have been shown every consideration by this Administration. As everyone knows, these improvements were suggested by Mr. George Akerson, the President's secretary, in charge of press relations. Mr. Akerson is a former newspaperman and knows the problems of news gatherers, and in every way looks after their interests and comforts.

Covering the President for the newsreels is naturally a most interesting and exciting job. An editor in Washington for Fox Hearst Corporation, producers of two newsreels, Fox Movietone News and Hearst Metro-tone News, may be viewed as a director with the seat of Government as a set, and the great of the world, his performers.

To this set come the leaders in all walks of life from all over the world, and the extras are the tide of humanity washed here by a normal curiosity as to the headquarters of the government.

There are two real motion picture sets within the White House grounds. One is on an outside location; the other is an interior. The sets were built at the direction of Mr. Akerson when the still photographers complained that since the advent of sound pictures all they got in their shots was a lot of microphones.

The exterior set is on the rear lawn of the White House and has a beautiful background of exquisite shrubs and foliage in the summer, with enough evergreens to retain its beauty during the winter. I helped Mr. Akerson select this location, he having kindly asked my advice in the matter. The set is simply a large frame which was built by the White House carpenter. From the top of the frame the microphones are suspended where they can pick up everything that is said, and yet do not appear in the pictures.

The other set, used only in the event of bad weather, is in the Executive Mansion.

In the shadow of the Capitol, two news-reel outfits get together with Calvin Coolidge.

When Calvin Coolidge was President, he became a skilled camera operator and used to like to turn a crank now and then for the newsreel boys.



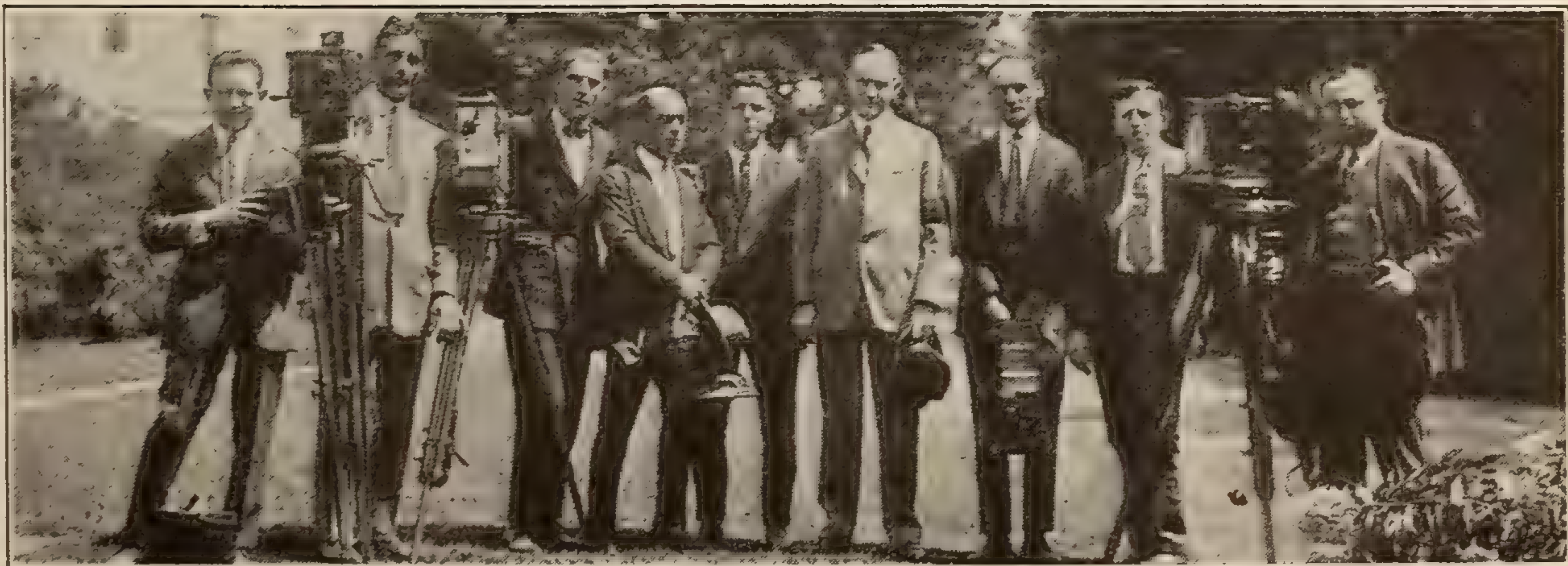
Here we have a room fifty by twenty-five feet, where we can set up our lights, which consist of eight 1000-watt incandescents.

If the group to be photographed is very large, such as the one which witnessed the President signing the London Naval Treaty, Mr. Akerson always arranges that we have the immense East Room of the White House, one of the most beautiful rooms in this mansion of beautiful rooms. So, if we wanted to stretch matters, we might say we have three sets and a location on the White House grounds.

These locations and sets are probably more used than any in existence. It is safe to say that more talkies, silent, and still pictures have been made here than in any other place. Here the most imposing array of cameras of all sorts are set up. What a whale of a production it would be to warrant six sound cameras, as many silent, and a score of still outfits shooting at one time. This happens almost every day on the White House sets.

After working around any place long enough you begin to feel, as New Englanders say, 'to home.' The White House is truly American in this respect. We all feel we are part of the official family, and 'Howdy' is the password here as well as any other place in the land.

Next to President Hoover and Mr. Akerson, the motion picture cameramen are more closely connected, by virtue of their work, to Richard Jarvis, head of the Secret Service Detail at the White House. 'Dick,' as he is known to everyone from (Continued on page 121)





Left: A tip on top knots from a beauty of long ago! She's wearing, no, not a rose, but a frigate in her hair. Page Admiral Nelson!

Right: A lady of the old French Court in full hirsute battle array. The latest style in 1805, when fighting was hot around Trafalgar.



Hair-Raising Hollywood!

Follow the stars' hair-lines and you'll keep up with the new coiffures

By
Virginia Vincent

WHAT Paris is to fashion, Hollywood is to hair. The Garbo hairdress is better known than a Patou frock, a Worth coat and far more recognizable than *Narcisse Noir*. While the screen stars have really grown their hair, the rest of the world—impatient of the fact that despite all efforts, six inches is the year's linear measure, buys corkscrew curls, a transformation, a gross of hair pins and starts imitation.

There's no doubt about it, the bob has grown so long

it? It presents a problem every morning because it must be 'done.' For years all one had to do with a bob was to shake it. Now comes the technique of fancy figure-

and so wide that it is a flop. A very unruly flop behind the ears and in the nape of the neck—permanently waving in the wind. No one can tell to what length it will go, given time and encouragement. Hair, you see, has gone on the loose.

And with hair getting longer every day what is one to do with



Ann Harding's no 'bottle' blonde. Her hair is naturally long, naturally blonde, naturally straight and supernaturally beautiful.



Below: Ruth Chatterton's 'over-the-sides' bob is an excellent model to follow as it has a tendency to soften the face.



Above: Janet Gaynor's hair-loose and fancy-free coiffure is the débutante's delight. But have a care, it's only for a coquettish face.

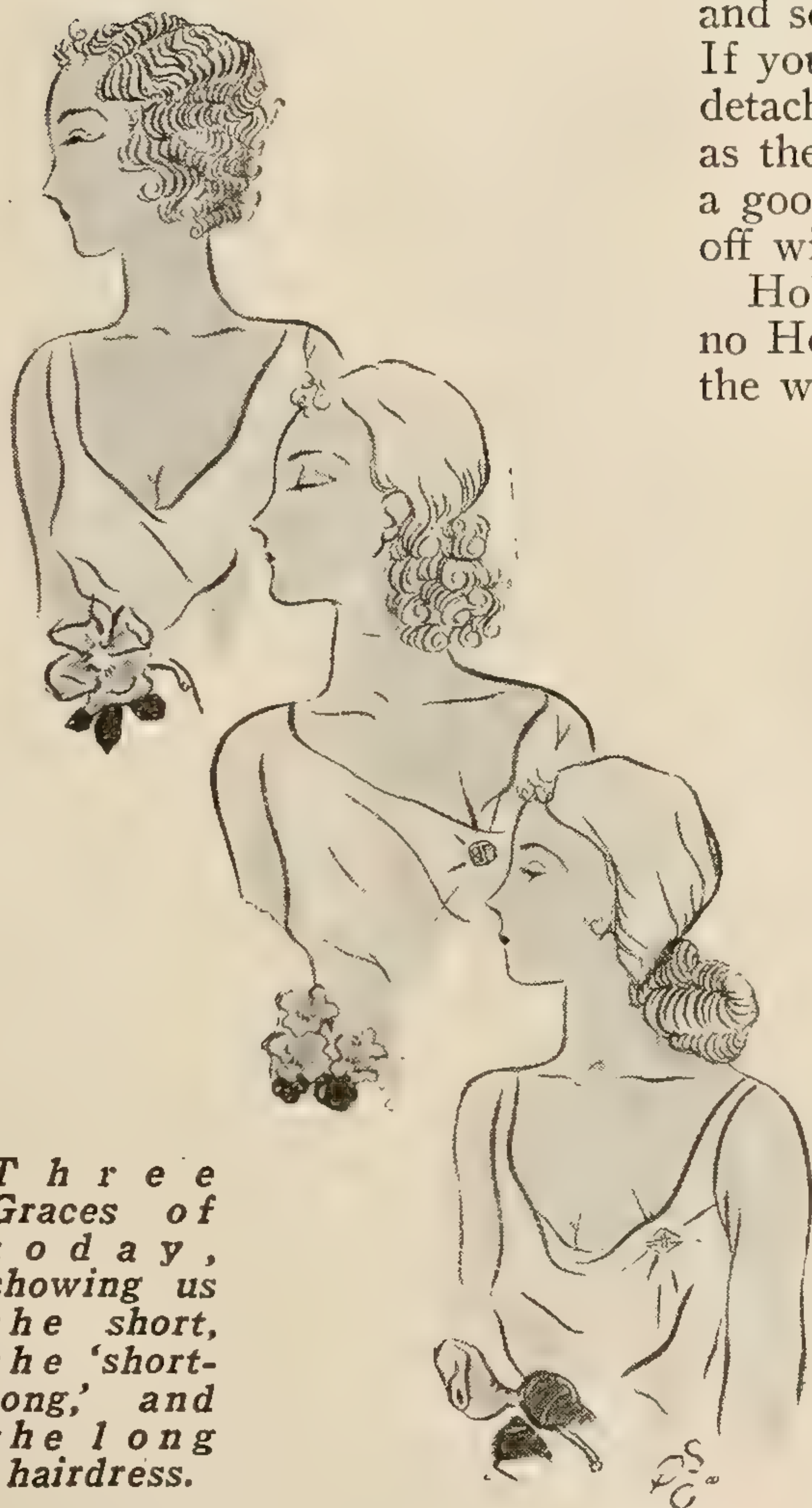


Left: Be sure your nose is right, then try a hair-cut à la Kay Francis. But you must have a finely-molded head to get away with this one.



eights, ear wraps of coiled braids and all sorts of rolls and buns. All fashion has gone to elaboration and so has the coiffure. If some one does not think of something new, we may go back to something old. For instance, we might imitate the delicate ladies of the French court who carried frigates on the top of their heads in full sail, poised atop detachable 'rats' and what nots. If one of our screen stars takes it into her head to appear with a neatly planned Tom Thumb golf course over one ear, no doubt the rest of the world will do likewise, for every one follows Hollywood.

It was the Garbo who started all this hair-raising mode!



Three Graces of today, showing us the short, the 'short-long,' and the long hairdress.

Drawings by Quinnett Summers

The Garbo with her little beret that, worn at the back of her head, exposed so much of the front of it. Short hair might still be in vogue unless this star had decided to have a cluster of curls behind her ears. It was a small change, too, since her bob was always fairly long. Paris had been trying for years to make women grow their hair but in a few months Hollywood accomplished all that Paris had been whispering about for seasons.

In the past a coiffure used to mean something. A Roman matron wore her hair in a certain fashion denoting her years and her position. A Japanese lady who is married wears a different coiffure from a Japanese who is unmarried. In Egypt in the B. Cs. only the young girls could wear the guinea hen headdress. Today all sorts of hair arrangements are used to change one's type. We are individualists and the class is not a matter of social prominence. Hair parted in the middle may mean that the young lady would like to be considered a madonna type, severity might indicate the sportswoman, fluffiness goes with the feminine, sleekness with the vamp, and so on. Try it on your own head and watch results. If you are limited in quantity of hair, buy some. These detachable accessories should be worn only in the evening as the tight hats don't allow room for a label, let alone a good firm hairpin. It is not smart to take your hair off with your hat—yet!

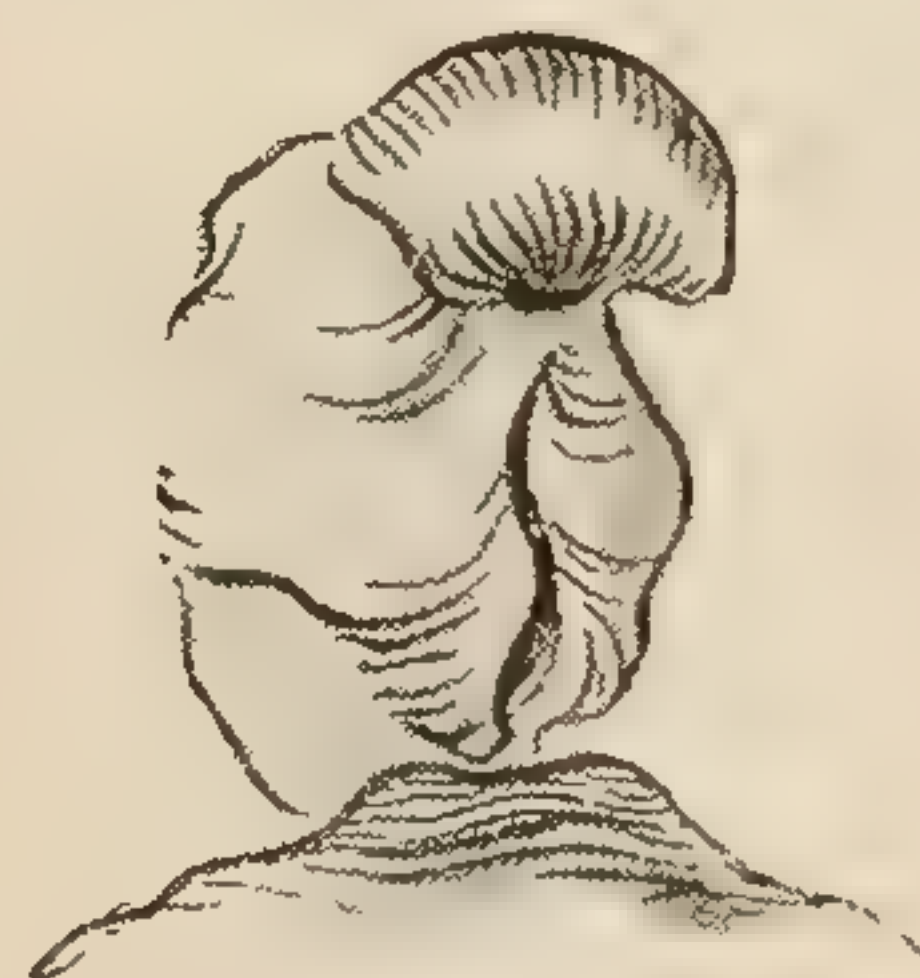
Hollywood sighs for variety—and gets it. However, no Hollywood heroine will ever be able to compete with the wife of Marcus Aurelius who had some three hundred coiffures in wigs ready for her instant choice and each matched up with a special costume. At a moment's notice she could turn from blonde to brunette and back again!

And did you know that in the beginning, well, at least hundreds of years ago, it was not the gentlemen who preferred blondes, but the ladies? When the Gauls invaded Rome every one marvelled and particularly the ladies who were attached to the swarthy Roman men folks—at their blond beauty. Some very ingenious man saved the day and no doubt his happy home by inventing a blond hair dye and that's how 'bottle' blondes were made.

Which somehow brings up the picture of Ann Harding because she isn't. Her hair is naturally long, naturally blonde, naturally straight and supernaturally beautiful. It fits her face and loosely knotted in the neck shows a lovely contour. There is only one Ann Harding and if any one can imitate her blonde coiffure even half successfully they should be greatly pleased with the effect. Her hair is long enough for her to sit on which means she might have been (Continued on page 112)



Left: The coiffure for 1931 must be fluffy—not fuzzy. Notice how well Helen Twelvetrees 'models' the fluffy 'short-long' bob.



Right: Our own Garbo with her inimitable hairdress which started all this hair-raising business.



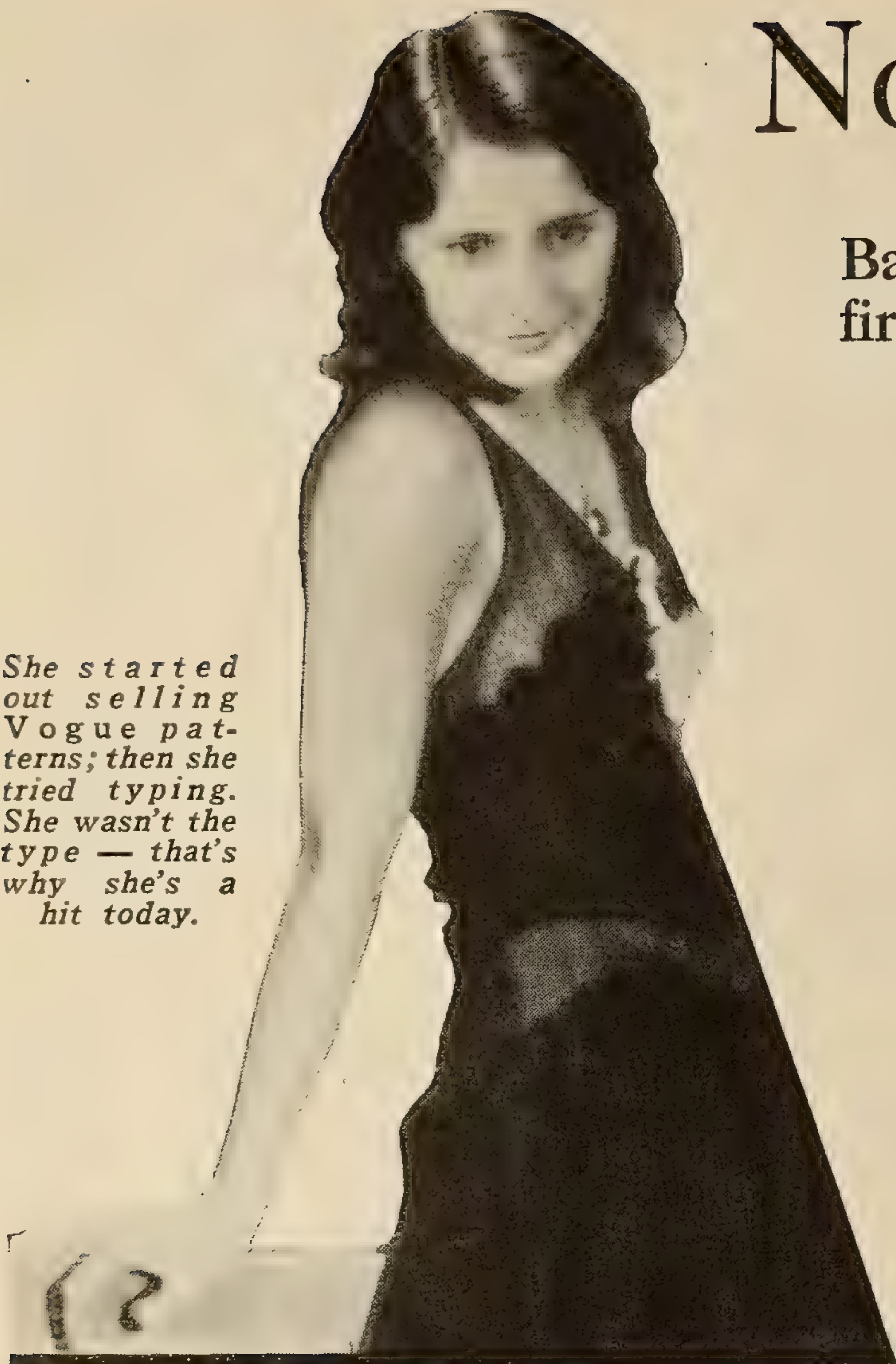
Not a Pattern Girl

Barbara Stanwyck was fired from her first job selling patterns, so she's never been a pattern girl since!

By

Myrene Wentworth

She started out selling Vogue patterns; then she tried typing. She wasn't the type — that's why she's a hit today.



THE stampede is over. Recruits from the stage have come—and, well, gone, too. But Hollywood goes on talking forever!

Well, we *did* have fun looking them over. Maybe we were a bit rude, growling and muttering about our own pet movie stars the way we did. Then came that "Lady of Leisure" with Lowell Sherman and Barbara Stanwyck, remember? *Hmffffff!* We scoffed. Not beautiful. Not gorgeous, not even glamorous. We got out our purple lorgnettes. We put on the glossy high hat. We 'tushed' and we 'poohed.' It didn't make a bit of difference. We had to uncross our fingers and take it all back. And that. And that. Here was something cut from a different pattern! Remember?

It's true. Barbara *isn't* a pattern girl. That's why it all happened. That's why the name is spelled in bright lights. That's why she isn't just another voice with a smile, another wrong number. For she started out on a career as a 'hello' girl (honest) and then was fired from her first job selling patterns!

Fate, the sly thing, got in her work because she didn't know her patterns. No, not Fate's patterns. But *Vogue* patterns; Paris lines and *Rue de la Paix* fashions. But even then Barbara didn't care about such things as—patterns.

"Before I ever thought of the stage," confesses Barbara, "just about the first job I ever had was with Conde Nast selling *Vogue* patterns. Not that I knew anything about them. I was in a little box of an office up on the fourteenth floor and I was supposed to demonstrate how the patterns were used. Well, it didn't last long. Of course, Conde Nast wouldn't be so plebeian as to come right out and fire anyone! They told me they were cutting down expenses and I would have to go. Isn't that a

kick? Imagine Conde Nast getting economical. I knew I was being fired, but I took it gracefully." That's Barbara.

See how Fate sneaks up on us? She crooked her lean brown forefinger and the next thing Barbara knew she was with the Remick Music Publishing Company, also in New York, as combination typist and switchboard operator. Oh, she knew her wrong numbers, no doubt of that, but not her *asdfg;lkjh*. Still, she got the job. That's Barbara, too.

While plugging in on the switchboard Barbara heard the song writers, Broadway's little gifts to the muses, singing their wares. She, too, got a yen for the footlights. She begged to try out as song plugger, but after her first B-flat they sent her back to her busy signals. Slightly damp, but not entirely squelched by this wet blanket, she decided she'd show them a step or two. She did.

For, here it must be confessed, Barbara is a native of Flatbush, which as everyone knows is a large slice of Brooklyn. Left an orphan at the age of two she was brought up by her three older sisters, and practically her first step was a two-step. Many's the ten and fifteen dollars she brought into the family exchequer dancing for Masonic and other benefits, while the sisters, unlike Cinderella's, went along and held the dancing shoes. So she knew her mazurkas, her waltzes and her glides.

It wasn't long before Earl Lindsay, who had a school of stage dancing and often put on revues on the Strand Roof, gave her her first chance. She was sixteen when she first appeared there in the chorus of "Keep Cool."

While keeping cool on the Strand Roof, Barbara got off some hot numbers and received her first official *Croix de Theater* when she and five other chorines were chosen to do imitations. Barbara was to do Louis Wolheim in "The Hairy Ape." She aped the rugged Louis so well that when Ziegfeld bought the show, as eventually he did, she did this as her bit for the following two seasons.

Four or five years rolled by of one chorus after another. Barbara with Mae Clark, who has also been heard of in the talkies, and another member of the chorus, had an apartment together and did the town. She danced in a number of New York cabarets, including Club Anatole, and finally was featured in the Shubert production of "Gay Marie."

Then gossip sped along Broadway that Willard Mack was looking for some girls to do bits as chorines in "The Noose." Barbara applied, and again she got the job. The part was just a small bit at first but was built up until on the opening night she found herself the featured lady. Being in the front row (Continued on page 100)

Those LITTLE GAY HOMES *in the WEST*

It may be only
a fifteen-room
mansion in Bev-
erly Hills, but it's
Home to these
Hollywood boys
and girls, just
the same!

*Who wouldn't be tempted to call on
Marlene Dietrich, Germany's gift to
American films, as she stands so invit-
ingly in the doorway of her Spanish
home in the California hills?*



. Richee

*Just as Marlene, pronounced Mar-la-na, wears only
lace ruffles on her velvet gowns, just so she allows
only real objets d'art in her drawing room.
Note the lovely old, porcelain vase on the table
beside her.*



ROBERT MONTGOMERY RECEIVES!

At the *Maison* Montgomery, there seems to be everything a man could wish: gymnasium, card room, library, music room. But say, Bob, why don't you give us a glimpse of your wife, Betty, and that pretty new baby of yours?

At last we've cornered that slightly naughty Bob Montgomery in his library. His grin doesn't look a bit bookish. But then perhaps he's been reading Boccaccio!

Bob's so popular people keep calling him up even after he's gone to bed. But maybe we're wrong. Maybe it's only an early call to the studio.



Two portraits of a pleasant young man-about-town. One hangs over the living room fireplace and the other is apt to hang around wherever the company's wittiest.



Bull.



2815 is the number of Robert Montgomery's house. Sorry! We're not allowed to give you the name of the street!



"I like to be lazy," broadcasts Bob from the big gray sofa in the corner of his library, where he feels he can take his ease now, since "War Nurse" is finished.



Keeping fit in one lesson—by Robert Montgomery. Bob's rigged up a special rowing shell under the south window in his bedroom. "Five minutes a day keeps the waistline away," is his recipe.

Mr. Montgomery looking for a night cap. No, not alcoholic. Just a nice little murder story to lull him to sleep.

Bob not only has a pleasant singing voice but, believe it or not, he can even tap out his own accompaniment.





CALLING ON KAY

One of the best-groomed women in pictures, Kay Francis prefers comfort to swank in her house. "I'd rather have one good easy chair in my home," says Kay, "than fifty of those little rickety *Louis Quinze* affairs."

Left: Kay at her desk, preparing a photograph for one of her fans.

English.



On a rainy day, and it does rain sometimes, even in Beverly Hills, Kay curls up with a book near the open fire.



Regardez! Kay has a book. Many, in fact. But she can't be quite satisfied until she sends East for her complete library.

The entrance hall of Kay Francis' home is almost always filled with flowers. On a carved oak table before an old oriental mirror, the beauty of the blossoms is reflected.



Although Kay has this fascinating little sun parlor, she rarely uses it, choosing to enjoy her ultra-violet rays on the beach.



"A home to be home must be unpretentious," Miss Francis declares. "That's why I try to keep mine as simple as this doorway."



Standing at the door of her dining room, Kay Francis calls the guests in to 'hot bread and butter.'

Kay stresses her belief that "Happiness for man—the hungry sinner, since Eve ate apples, much depends on dinner."



English.

“MISTER ROGERS”
HERE!

At his Beverly Hills Castle, Buddy, pardon us, Charles Rogers is king. If you don't believe it, look at the escutcheon, or what have you, just over Buddy's head



Somehow, Buddy's knickers and sweater just don't seem to fit in with this formal commode, as the French call a fancy chest of drawers. But Buddy's one of those boys who can get away with anything.

Of all the musical instruments that Buddy plays, he thinks his piano is 'grandest.'



Except for the silk spread and the carved chest, Buddy's room looks almost monastic. Do I hear regrets?

What's the matter with this picture? Just one little detail. There ought to be a pretty girl sitting at Buddy's side. Any offers? I thought so!



CHEZ CLIVE BROOK

Let's peek in on Gentleman Clive Brook at his comfortable Hollywood home, which is a bit of dear old Briton transported across the seas

When English gentlemen receive company they don't usually lounge on the 'Chesterfield' as they call their lounges. But since Clive doesn't know we're dropping in on him, what's the odds?

Home! That's the aroma this drawing room breathes. Notice the Morris chintzes, the deep, soft rug, the brass fire screen, and the 'head' of Clive's child on the mantel.



Just a little snack, topped off by a 'sweet' and a 'savory,' typical English dishes without which no British person considers his dinner complete.



English



A HERO AT HOME, TOO!

Johnny Mack Brown kicked one of the longest goals in football history—from way down in Alabam' to Hollywood. When Johnny came from the University of Alabama to play the University of Southern California, pictures nabbed him!

Hurrell



"Don't you think she looks like me?" the proud father asks. Johnny Mack Brown at his hearthside, holding a picture of his daughter, Harriet.

This is the house that Johnny Mack's jack built.

"Music hath charms" for Johnny Mack Brown, all right. He's apt to snap into a musical moment at any moment.





A MASTER OF COMEDY TAKES A DAY OFF!

Harold Lloyd in one of his lovely gardens, formed by a series of terraced pools.

Harold Lloyd surveys his kingdom and seems to find it good.

*The Master's in the library!
Don't you need your specs,
Harold?*



*Harold and Gloria Lloyd
warm up for a little swim.*



*The music room of the Lloyd
mansion with the master at the
organ keyboard.*

Harold Lloyd, famous film comedian, enjoys life best of all when he has a few hours at home with his family

"Now the day is over." It's Gloria's bed time but she begs for one more song from mummie Mildred before Daddy carries her off.

Harold Lloyd puts on a million dollar act for an audience of one.



Mr. Lloyd—a dog fancier—not only of flesh and blood canines, but he even goes in for porcelain models.



With Gloria on the green! Harold does tricks with his putter to the delight of his most appreciative audience.



A character study of one of filmland's best loved humorists and one of his best antique candlesticks!

BACK HOME AND SOBER!

In "Gentlemen of the Press" and "Young Man of Manhattan," Charlie Ruggles amused us with his inebriated rôles. But he does all his drinking in the studio—and then it's ginger ale



Charlie Ruggles, brother of Wesley Ruggles, the director, will provide part of the fun for Claudette Colbert's picture, "Strictly Business."



English

Here we see Charlie Ruggles engaged in a serious struggle. No, not fistic—pianistic.



Above we have Ruggles, big man of the seas, getting his fill of the outdoors in general and of the Pacific Ocean in particular.



On the screen, Charlie Ruggles is apt to be a reckless lad. But just see how quiet and domesticated he looks at his home in Malibu Beach!



Dorothy Mackaill, the girl from Hull, Yorkshire, England, who has made good in a big way in American movies, is utterly without inhibitions. A sense of humor is the most important thing in life to Dorothy. She has a grand one in perfect working order. This new camera study of Miss Mackaill by Foka was made on her recent visit to New York and shows her as she really is—without make-up, democratic, tolerant, perpetually amused.

YORKSHIRE SAUCE!

A close-up—without make-up—of a grand little English girl who became a great, big American screen star

By
Brian Herbert

DOROTHY MACKAILL was born in Hull, Yorkshire, England, but when you ask her the date of her birth she will say, "Why bring that up?"

She is utterly without inhibitions and is one of the frankest, most outspoken ladies of the cinema. She forms her likes and dislikes quickly, but she is tolerant of a person whom she dislikes. She declares he, or she, can't help it for being that way. If you have a sense of humor she will like you.

She is friendly and willing to meet people more than half way. She will put herself out to make an impression with a second-string motion picture critic or interviewer and send him away raving about her. She will pose for pictures in a portrait studio until she is ready to drop and she never tries to tell a photographer his business.

The people at the studio swear by her and call her Dot and Dorothy and not Miss Mackaill. Directors like to have her in their pictures. She manages to get along with the most temperamental of leading men that play opposite her and wins them completely in an amazingly short time. The studio crew, from the stage carpenters to the electrical staff, like her and she often can be found swapping stories with them between scenes. She is democratic and has no high-flown illusions about the grandeur which is supposed to go with the legendary make-up of a popular screen star.

She has no rules for beauty and health. And she has laid down no dietary laws which are often troublesome to obey. When she is working on a picture she tries to get the necessary amount of sleep, but sometimes a party will interfere. Her favorite party refreshment is champagne, but she does not spurn less ceremonial liquids. When a picture is finished she plays. Tennis is her favorite sport and then comes swimming. For a vacation spot for outdoor relaxation, she prefers Honolulu and has made numerous trips there. When you meet her you are impressed by her physical fitness and her energy and (Continued on page 100)

IS BUDDY ROGERS *in* REVOLT?



'My Buddy' is the theme song of several million American girls. What will they do if their idol ever grows up, goes serious, or gets married?

Is 'Ex-Buddy,' America's
Boy Friend, growing up?

By
Sydney Valentine

which wasn't so fascinating, at that—and smiled his way to Hollywood. He was a novelty out there. Quite the youngest and the smilingest boy Hollywood had seen in a long time. He smiled at everybody and everybody smiled back. But particularly Claire Windsor. Claire was one of the most beautiful blondes in a city full of them. She had been married, and the mother of a sweet little son. She had been divorced from her first husband a long time ago. She was the heroine of a location romance. Claire, the leading lady of the Edwin Carewe troupe, went to Algiers on location for a film. Bert Lytell was the hero. That Algerian sun, not to mention the moon, got in its work. Claire and Bert came back to Hollywood madly in love, and married. But love's old sweet song turned sour and the Lytells agreed that Hollywood wasn't Algiers and that they could be happier apart.

And then along came youth! In the person of Charles 'Buddy' Rogers, the boy from Kansas. Buddy with his flashing smile, his nice brown eyes, his broad, athletic shoulders. And his shy, deferential manner with women. Is it

EX-BUDDY!

Call him Charles Rogers, now. He's not a kid any longer. He's growing up.

Will he step out and show us that he is more than just a grand juvenile with wide, flashing smile and wide lapels?

Is Buddy, the Good Boy of Hollywood, going to live his own life?

A girl who once worked with him called him 'the yes-boy.' I wonder if she was right. Come to think of it, Buddy has always done pretty much as he's been told. He has minded his mama and his picture papa, Paramount. His reward has been a steady popularity, tons of fan mail, a new contract calling for something like \$1500 a week, and the good will of his bosses and his public. He's one of the Paramount School children—one of the three who made good.

He smiled his way through "Fascinating Youth"—



Charles Rogers and his mother, Mrs. Bert Rogers, who accompanied him on a recent trip to Europe.



Left: That Rogers-Brian team, so redolent of sweet young love. Mary is one of Buddy's ideal girls.



Right: June Collyer having her hand respectfully kissed by Mr. Rogers. June and Buddy are good friends

any wonder that the lovely Claire liked him? And first thing we knew, Hollywood had them engaged.

It was 'Claire and Buddy.' They went places together. All the world heard they were in love—the willowy, beautiful blonde and the new boy in town. Claire is a charming creature. Fragile—feminine—like a Fragonard. She should sit on a cushion and sew a fine seam—and has been known to. She likes to sew—to make her own underwear on a baby Singer. Nothing of the stage siren and little of the actress about Miss Windsor. A home body who happened to be born beautiful and transplanted to Hollywood. A sweet girl—and a sweet boy.

But of course, Claire is older than Charles 'Buddy' Rogers. Buddy was just 21 when he arrived in Hollywood. He'd been to college and to Europe on a cattle boat but he was far from a cynic. Something of the wholesome, home-spun air of his native middle west clung to him—and clings to him still. It's partly that air that's made him an idol. He's a nice, home-town boy—in Hollywood. Claire and Charles both came from Kansas—Claire from Cawker City; Buddy from Olathe.

It was a Hollywood romance. Claire's regard for Buddy and his for her was sincere. But it didn't end swell. A rising young actor being groomed for stardom shouldn't get married, and especially not to an older woman. Claire wasn't—isn't—old. See her today and you'll gasp at her beauty. But she is older than Buddy, who is very, very young. And, the story goes, Buddy's company, the powerful Paramount, stepped in. Big plans for the Rogers future—Buddy would be a foolish boy if he jeopardized them. Big money being spent to make him a star. He represented an investment of hundreds of thousands. A grand and glorious career ahead for Charles 'Buddy' Rogers—if he'd be a good boy.

Charles wanted to be a star. Why not? What boy wouldn't? Buddy's mother made a trip to Hollywood. She was along when Paramount threw a big luncheon at the Ritz in New York for "Abie's Irish Rose" with



With Kathryn Crawford who played opposite Buddy in "Safety in Numbers."



Lovely Claire Windsor, Buddy Rogers' first Hollywood crush.

Charles as *Abie* and Nancy Carroll as *Rose*. Buddy on that trip was buoyant and boyish. He exuded youthful cheer. Buddy, nobody can deny, was being a good boy.

You all know what's happened—how he has climbed right up until he pretty nearly tops the list of male stars on the screen today. He was christened America's Boy Friend. He has smiled and sung and tooted his way through musical comedy pictures. He has made personal appearances at the Publix Theaters to wild acclaim. His personal following rivals that of Valentino. He has been a conscientious, hard-working boy. Forged right ahead, Buddy has.

And what of Claire? Well, Claire came east to go on the stage. But except for vaudeville she hasn't seemed to get very far. And first thing New Yorkers knew she was being seen places with Phil Plant. Tabloid columnists were calling her the new 'heart' of Connie Bennett's ex-husband.

Buddy was working hard in Hollywood. You heard that he had taken out Mary Brian, Paramount's pretty nice-girl ingénue. Or he has escorted June Collyer, another nice girl, to some correct party. Being just about as perfect a lad as Hollywood ever saw. The right company—the right pictures—the right girls—Buddy was on top of the world.

Meanwhile, Claire Windsor and Phil Plant broke into the pages of the New York dailies when Phil's yacht collided with another boat somewhere in Long Island Sound. And Claire was a passenger. Both were rescued. But the Windsor-Plant romance seemed to be over soon after. Phil Plant announced he was

going off somewhere—to Africa, it might have been—to shoot lions or something.

And then Buddy came back to Manhattan. Buddy? Well, Charles Rogers, then. Buddy, tired of being Buddy. He wanted, maybe, to grow up a little. After all, his name was Charles. No more Buddy for him, he said—and Paramount seconded the motion.

At least they sent out stories (Continued on page 114)

They're New—Hot!

Marlene Dietrich— Another Garbo?

By
Helen Ludlam

Is the Garbo supremacy threatened by the arrival of Marlene Dietrich, the German beauty? Garbo must have heard her potential rival acclaimed, but she remains serene through it all.



Lovely Marlene with the slanting inscrutable eyes. Comparison with Greta upsets her. "How can they say so? We are not at all alike. Garbo is a great artist!"

MARLENE DIETRICH, shy, sweet, a little frightened, brings a breath of old-world romance to sophisticated Hollywood.

It is not a wise thing to promise too much in advance. But the girl you will see on the screen in "Morocco," Marlene's first picture in America, will be a very different girl from the one Paramount sees every day. The girl in "Morocco" will be La Dietrich. The girl I am telling you about is just Marlene.

She met me at the studio and we were ushered into what is called the 'interview room,' a new thing in studios. A room set aside for conferences when occasion demands. We were both a little awed by the stiff formality of this place. She sat huddled in an enormous chair swathed in a luxurious mink coat and wearing a glad little cherry-colored hat. She slipped the coat off as the warmth of the room made it uncomfortable and pulled tight about her shoulders a huge cherry silk scarf. Her face was pale; no make-up on the clear skin. Tendrils of red-gold hair relieved the severe line of her hat. Her beautiful, sensitive mouth was cherry red; so were the tips of her fingers. Hat and scarf and lips and finger tips made up a symphony of color against the somber background of the fur that was quite bewitching.

Marlene Dietrich is the daughter of an army officer. Her parents planned a musical career for her and sent her to a private school where she studied violin and piano. She likes to play the psaltery, a rarely-used instrument these days. She speaks both French and English. Later she trained for the concert stage but an injury to her wrist laid her up for several months and during this time she became interested in the stage. Her parents did not approve, but she had found her vocation and finally persuaded them to her way of thinking. She entered Max Reinhardt's school of drama which began her theatrical career. Her first rôle was a German version of "Broadway."

I asked her whether she came to America with Reinhardt a few years ago when he staged his lavish productions at the Century Theater in New York. She laughed. "No, I did not come. I had married by that time and I was very busy having my baby. That took two years of my life, which," she added quickly, "I was very happy to give."

The casual way the modern (Continued on page 108)

WATCH THEM!



John Wayne— Another Gary?

By
Mary Howard



What does Gary Cooper think of the advent of young John Wayne? He says nothing but he is working harder than ever before, opposite Dietrich in "Morocco" and their newest, "Dishonored."

John Wayne was asked if he minded being told he looked like Gary Cooper. "Not if they smile when they say it!" retorts this young blue-eyed giant, hit of "The Big Trail."

"DO you mind if people tell you you look like Gary Cooper?"

"No, ma'am, not if they smile when they say it," answered John Wayne, the new young actor of "The Big Trail" who has jumped from an unknown 'prop' boy to a famous star overnight—just because he needed a hair cut!

Wayne is the spittin' image of Gary Cooper, even to the little curl that hangs over his forehead. He's six feet tall, blue-eyed, brown-haired, with a tan an inch thick, a shaggy head, and a big body. His hands and feet seem to go places and do things without the bidding of his head. He's that young! John is extremely modest, talks with a drawl, wears a ten-gallon gray hat, pioneer boots—leather affairs with fancy stitching and high heels—and a long, flowing black tie. The only remnant of his collegiate days when he attended the University of California is the fact that he doesn't wear garters—not even with low shoes!

"Since I got that five year contract I figure I'm about the luckiest person in the world," Wayne confided as his

big awkward body sprawled all over a none too stalwart wing chair. "I was just a 'prop' boy in the Fox Studio when I got this chance. I was in debt, a little bit sick about not being able to go back to the University for my third year, and generally blue. One day, I saw a friend of mine, Eddie Grainger, talking to Raoul Walsh, the director, over on the lot, and kind of glancing over at me, but I didn't think anything. A week later, our fraternity, the Sigma Chi, was giving a banquet. I'd been needing a hair cut something awful for about ten days so I dropped over to the barber shop and sat down in the chair. Just as the barber picked up his scissors, Eddie Grainger rushed in.

"'For Pete's sake, don't!'"

"'Don't what?'" I asked.

"'Don't have your hair cut. That's why Walsh wants you. He says you're just the type for the lead in "The Big Trail." Come on over to the studio. He's going to give you a test.'"

"I didn't stop for my hat but ran over with Eddie. They gave me the test, but didn't say anything afterwards except: 'Instead of working in the "props," you'll be out here next week, learning to throw knives.' I didn't want to be curious so (Continued on page 108)



Tibbett in a modern rôle—as the lieutenant-lover in his new film with Grace Moore, "The New Moon." A striking contrast to his appearance in "The Rogue Song," his first picture.

Telling on TIBBETT!

His teacher reveals some interesting sidelights on the early career of the famous singing star

By

Frank La Forge

singing picture. His fan mail has reached the stage where it has to be shoveled about and one of his major problems is to keep clear of the attentions of admiring women. All of which proves that tenors do not carry off all the plums nowadays.

During my years of musical activity I have worked with and watched the development of many singers of stellar attainments, but seldom has a major success caused me such keen satisfaction as that of Lawrence Tibbett. If anyone deserved to succeed, he did. He took his hard knocks—and he had plenty of them—and always came up for more. Through it all he has remained his unaffected self, and has never ceased to be grateful to those who helped him on the way up.

The virus of success so frequently causes its victims to forget this last. Then too, they sometimes forget the early struggles, believing that the hard part is all over. Not so Lawrence Tibbett. He is an artist to his finger tips and knows that the higher he goes, the greater becomes his responsibility and the challenge to make his best better.

The editor of SCREENLAND has asked me to give some personal impressions of Lawrence Tibbett and possibly tell something of how we worked together. So much of his life and activities has already appeared in print that I will confine myself to some of my own experiences with him.

There are few singers I know who get more unbounded joy out of singing than does Lawrence Tibbett. When out with a party of friends he never needs to be coaxed to sing, more the exception than the rule with singers. He is one of the species of 'bath tub singers' and when a man vocalizes in the bath he either loves to sing or is bubbling over with *joie de vivre*. Tibbett qualifies both ways. When out in the country, where he loves to be, he will suddenly surprise his friends by turning a few handsprings, grimacing at the twins, walking about on his hands, (the last he actually does like a circus acrobat,) and indulging in other antics. Noticing this extraordinary talent I told him I hoped he would some day be able to do that very trick for the Metropolitan Opera audiences, but I could not think of any opera where that might be used. But in "Johnny Spielt Auf" the chance came and he made a great sensation by walking on his hands. I feel sure this is the only time in the history of the Metropolitan that one of the stars has done a stunt of that diffi-

A YOUNG man came into my studio one afternoon in the fall of 1922 and wanted to know what I thought of the possibilities of his voice. He was somewhat undecided as to whether to become an actor or singer, yet he would like to make something of his voice, for he loved to sing.

So I went to the piano and he forthwith disclosed a voice of singular beauty, no mistake. I could not conceal my pleasure. I probably beamed, and somewhat in the manner of the family physician breaking the news to the expectant father that it is a boy, I told him it was a baritone and one of which he could be exceedingly proud.

But this viewpoint did not seem to overpower him with joy, for it seems that he would have preferred a tenor voice, since tenors, you see, most frequently sing the romantic and passionate rôles and set the feminine hearts aflutter. A tenor is usually more popular and more fortunately equipped for scaling the heights of acclaim as well as tone. But I told him he could not very well deny nature and that although former teachers had suggested that he might be a tenor, I strongly preferred his being a comfortable baritone to being an uncomfortable tenor. So baritone it was and still is—and what a baritone!

You have probably guessed his identity by now for he is one of the most popular artists in the world today, thanks to his art and the latest triumph of science, the

culty. This boyishness and exuberance breaks out in him every now and then, especially after a hard period of work.

But when he works he brings a degree of concentration to his task which is quite unusual. He is simply lost to the world. Some wives style themselves 'golf widows' because of their husbands being on the links so much of the time. Mrs. Tibbett is a 'song widow' whenever her husband is engrossed in the study of a new rôle. At such times, although he is at home, she has learned not to call him to meals or disturb him in any way until he comes 'out of it' of his own accord.

And this ability to concentrate and work fast has enabled him to make the most of the opportunities presented to him at the Metropolitan.

After he had studied with me for six months I secured for him an audition at the Metropolitan. The audition is one of those occasions in which the aspiring singer steps out on the cavernous stage of the famous opera house and sings into the dark void of empty seats where sit the potentates who decide destinies. A little later they asked to hear him again. This time Tibbett was made a member of the company. Scotti, veteran baritone of the Metropolitan Opera Company, came up and congratulated the new acquisition to the ranks.

For months he had nothing but rehearsals and occasionally a minor rôle was allotted to him. He worked at these small bits as though the success of the whole company depended on his efforts alone. Then came an emergency. When we were returning from a



When Lawrence Tibbett first came to the noted voice teacher, Frank La Forge, he thought he was a tenor. But La Forge urged him to be a comfortable baritone! Here's how Tibbett looked when he was taking his first lessons from La Forge.

rehearsals if it 'didn't go' he would be so informed and someone else would be pressed into service. Taking the score, he rushed home, sat down at the piano and, tapping out the time with his foot, he set about the task of making the part his own. And he hardly left the piano save for rehearsals during the time. It required great concentration but his success on Friday night gave the management confidence to entrust other rôles to him, which also necessitated quick work and finally led to his great triumph in the part of Ford in "Falstaff," a triumph which he found it almost impossible to believe.

What a lesson lies in this for young singers desirous of success on screen or stage. They may have wonderful voices but if their musicianship is lacking, opportunity knocks in vain. Every boy and girl should be obliged to achieve a certain degree of proficiency in music, the same as in other studies. How do they know but that later they may have beautiful voices and then what infinite value (Continued on page 116)



Tibbett along about the time he made his first success at the 'Met.' as Ford in "Falstaff," and became the talk of the town.



Just one year after Tibbett came to New York to study with La Forge. Read the autograph!



Lawrence Tibbett today—probably the youngest great opera star in the world—and pretty popular in pictures, too!



The Gleasons, James and Lucile, know how to keep a boat on an even keel, having recently celebrated their twenty-fourth wedding anniversary. Now Lucile's teaching son Russell the trick.

Mr. and Mrs. Hollywood *ENTERTAIN!*

Not all the smart affairs of the winter season are thrown by screen youngsters. The Married Set step out, too

By
Grace Kingsley

"OUR next wedding anniversary," laughed Lucile Webster Gleason, "will be our twenty-fifth, and on that day we shall tell everybody that they will have to come to our party dressed in the clothes they wore twenty-five years ago. I'll bet some of them will come in their rompers and diapers—or I don't know my show business!"

Patsy, the Party Hound, and I had gone over to the home of James Gleason and his wife, to aid at a garden party celebration in honor of the Gleasons' twenty-fourth wedding anniversary, and we found just about everybody in the film world present.

Russell Gleason, their handsome and clever young son, was helping receive, and he told us that he was so excited, and there were so many guests present, that he had actually introduced a man to his own wife! But Patsy reminded him that sometimes that was necessary in Hollywood.

The Gleasons' home is one of the handsomest in Beverly Hills. It is not a new house, but is one of the lovely old places, built in English mansion style and set among huge gardens and lawns, for which, they glee-

fully told us, they had largely bought the place. Many varieties of flowers had been sent our hosts, so that the oak-panelled dining room and the picturesque drawing room were filled with blossoms.

"I was frightened," smiled Mrs. Gleason, "for fear that the man who was cleaning out the swimming pool this morning would be drowned, but when I saw the flowers arriving, I said that at least we could give him a swell funeral!"

Guests crowded the lawns, the gardens and even the swimming pool.

"I never saw so many people in a garden in my life!" gasped Patsy. "I just can't see the people for the party!"

But presently we identified well-known faces there among the crowd, as we made our way about, and one of the first people we saw was Anna Q. Nilsson. Anna, still on crutches, but looking blooming and beautiful, had bravely come to the party. She greeted us gaily, and we remarked that, for all her long, long trial of illness, since she broke her hip while horseback riding, her face shows no traces of suffering or depression.

"She's been just the gamest soul," remarked Jimmie Gleason.

Jimmie showed us one of the presents sent them—a pair of silver hand-cuffs, one of which bore the name of Jimmie and the other of Lucile, while on the link between was engraved the name of Russell, their son!

A lot of the guests were in the swimming pool, and indeed Jimmie had greeted us clad in his bathing suit. He was at the moment bearing a bouquet of vegetables, presented to him by Marguerite Churchill!

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Cawthorn were there, and remarked that it looked like a Long Island party, there were so many stage people there.

Dorothy Bernard was among those present. Dorothy, you remember, used to be a Fox star. Now she is happily married and has a grown daughter, who lately was married.

Zelma O'Neal was among the guests, and so was her husband, Anthony Bushell. Both were mourning because they are to be separated, since Zelma is going east for a show and Anthony is staying in Hollywood for pictures.

Irene Delroy was among the guests, beautiful in a yellow sports suit, and there were Mr. and Mrs. Elliot Nugent, Frank Fay, Eleanor Painter, Bessie Barriscale and her husband, Alfred Hickman, Chester Morris and his wife, J. C. Nugent, Zasu Pitts, Natalie Moorhead and Alan Crosland, Jeanette Loff. Elsie Janis, Lew Ayres, Carl Laemmle, Jr., Lola Lane, Julia Dean, Mr. and Mrs. Edmund Breese, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Edeson, Richard Arlen and Jobyna Ralston, Helen Ferguson, Michael Curtiz and Bess Meredyth, Mary Lawlor, Ann Rork, Walter Catlett, George Duryea, Ben Alexander—grown into a tall young man, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Lloyd, Mary Brian, Paul Stein, Lew Cody, David Butler and his wife, Bradley King and Robert Vignola, Laura Hope Crews, Tom and Matt Moore, Mr. and Mrs.

At a film party, there were so many guests the host actually introduced a man to his own wife. But sometimes that's necessary in Hollywood!

Lowell Sherman, Louise Dresser and Jack Gardner, and just dozens of others.

Mrs. Cawthorn told us about the fishing trip she and her husband had just taken with Jack Barrymore and his wife, up on the Oregon coast. She said that Jack was simply crazy about fishing, and that all of them had been content to sit hour after hour and fish for salmon, of which they had caught so many that the crew had had to salt them down. But Dolores had missed her baby so terribly that she declared she would never leave the little one again; so they had returned sooner than they had expected, and though the

Barrymores were going on another cruise at once, this time it was to be down in Mexican waters, where it would be warm enough for the baby.

Jack is just about as crazy about the baby as Dolores is, and whenever the nurse will let him, he bathes his little daughter!

"And does it very well, too," remarked Mrs. Cawthorn.

We chatted with Bessie Barriscale, who used to be an Ince star, you remember. She said that her son had quite grown up, and was in college.

"He quit college for a year to try pictures," she said, "but this year he has gone back to school."

Irene Delroy went swimming in the pool, and declared when she came out that she must have been a mermaid in a former incarnation because she enjoyed the water so much, and George Duryea told her that he hoped that if she was a mermaid, he had been a merman, and that they had known each other!

Little tables were scattered about the big lawn, and you carried your sandwiches, near beer, and other refreshment to these tables, or ate them at the long tables which were hospitably filled with them.

Several games were going on, including tennis and ping-pong, with Dick Arlen (*Continued on page 111*)



What does Louise Fazenda do in her spare time? Gives parties for her producer-husband, Hal Wallis, and cooks all the food herself.

Ramon Novarro, the actor-director guest, without whose brilliant singing and playing no Hollywood party is quite complete.



~ ~ ~ OH! SAY,

SCREENLAND at the microphone! Louis Reid's talks on radio topics will be brought to you each month as a portion of our editorial program

THE statisticians of the Great White Father have yet to reveal what effect, if any, radio is having in removing the word 'discontent' from the farmers' vocabulary. Radio's appeal to them must be enormous, despite the withering of the crops and the bickerings of the politicians over farm relief.

The microphone must have added an essential dash of spice to rural life that tends to keep farmers entertained while they wait for good news from the weather bureau and the White House.

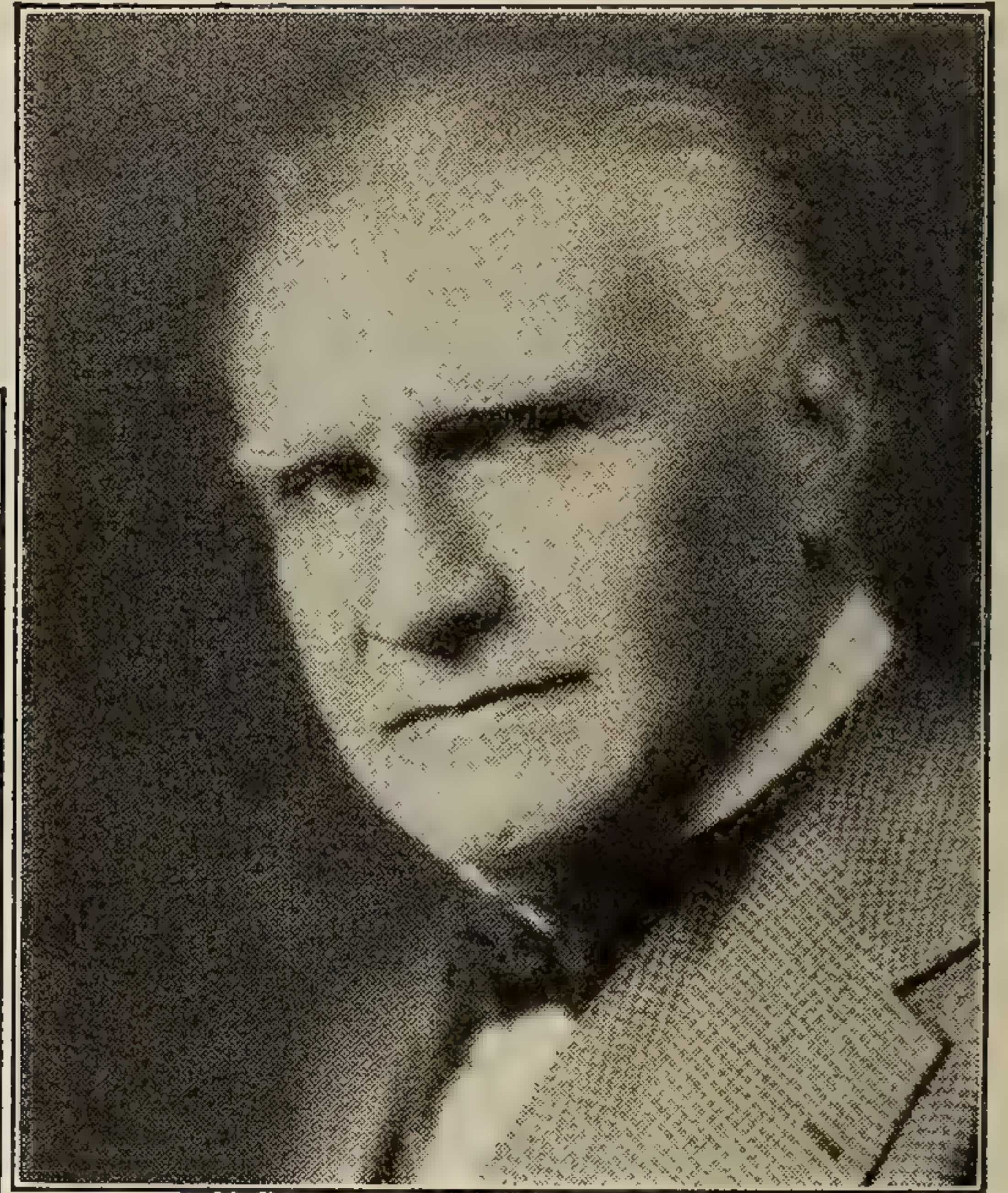


It would not surprise me were the more far-seeing vote-woosers of the old parties to map out a comprehensive radio campaign of the picturesque tunes of an earlier America, the lusty hoedowns of the Hill-side as a means of keeping its rural ballots intact. The present emergency calls for some such revolutionary measure.

They might summon Walter Damrosch, radio's leading musical historian, to the task. He knows tunes as a politician knows his constituents just before election. He could assemble the tangy airs of the countryside into a musical fabric that might conceivably bring contentment back to the farm.

Damrosch, long a renowned figure in the higher musical circles of the republic, is now devoting his entire time to radio. A weekly audience of 8,000,000 school children listen to his explanations of music, to his interpretations of the masters. His style when talking is that of the bedtime story teller. His comments—deliberate, accented—have simplicity and charm.

The broadcasters still shy at Shakespeare. And I doubt if they will reserve much time for him until television enters the parlor. "Hamlet" has been offered in condensed version from time to time but the ear-cuppers,



Walter Damrosch, America's Grand Old Man of Music has, with Roxy, done more for the musical education of America than any other individual.

Reginald Werrenrath, famous baritone who has thrilled us in concerts and on the air, says: "Radio offers the greatest opportunity open to vocalists." Will somebody introduce Mr. Werrenrath to the talkies?

they say, did not take kindly to it. Indeed, 'tis said, they ran, not walked, to the nearest exit known as the dial. Maybe, they are waiting for Barrymore.

It was not so long ago that Barrymore—the youngest member of the 'royal family'—recited Hamlet's soliloquy on the air. The setting was anything but appropriate. He faced the microphone just before and just after a talking picture theme song.

The most successful radio orchestras are those which can roam all the way from Tschaikowsky to *Turkey in the Straw* without snapping a fiddle string. With such a range they keep every class of listener satisfied. Satisfied listeners are the goal of the radio rajahs.

Satisfied listeners are hard to capture. The *Turkey in the Straw* fan objects to the way his favorite tune is being played, while the devotee of Tschaikowsky complains that while the musicians have their eyes on the master's notes, their hearts are tuned to the spirit of St. Vitus.

St. Vitus, the patron saint of the broadcasters, under his more familiar title—jazz—still dominates the air. Jazz, to the maestros of the microphone, now embraces every form of dance music, though it is generally accepted by most persons as a definite type of barbaric

CAN YOU HEAR?

By Louis Reid



This serious gentleman in glasses? Alexander Woolcott, of course, whose comments on books and plays and players are witty and wise.

Nice voice! Nice figure! Nice girl! Meet Ruth Etting, one of Mr. Ziegfeld's most conspicuous sirens, without whom scarcely any newspaper man's radio program would be complete.



rhythm, hot, primitive, bothered!

The maestros will admit—if hard pressed and if Stokowski or Toscanini is within earshot—that without the barbaric rhythmic beat of the old bass drum there would be no jazz. It is the beat that sets the blood to coursing and the feet to tapping when the batoned battalion strikes up the band.

Even the symphony leaders themselves surrender to jazz when they journey upon the radio sea, only instead of summoning the music masters of Harlem and Hollywood to their racks they send their fiddlers through the teasing excitements of Ravel and Stravinsky. How tame Broadway jazz or even the jazz of Lenox Avenue compares to the feverish rhythm of Ravel's *Bolero*! It's a tune to make the palsied throw away their crutches and the anaemic toss aside their shawls.

Whiteman, Lopez, Vallée, Lombardo, Ted Lewis, Olsen and Duke Ellington are the dance maestros who have paid the most consistent tribute, it seems to me, to the Great God Jazz. Whiteman and Lopez were the first to dress up jazz in high hat and spats and present it in the sacred pastures of Carnegie Hall. Prior to their tailoring, jazz was a rowdy, strident denizen of the honky-tonks and cabarets. Today it has a speaking acquaintance with the big wigs of music, with the archdukes of the Metropolitan, with the overlords of Continental opera houses. Here and there a disapproving

lorgnette may be lifted to it but it is in vain, for the feet of the world have been set to tapping.

Where Whiteman and Lopez have led others have followed. Vallée and Lombardo go in for soft and languorous rhythm. Ted Lewis regards jazz as mankind's greatest aid in the pursuit of happiness. Olsen bows most deeply to snappy tempos and Ellington rests content with the laurel wreaths of those who like their jazz in the best traditions of the jungle.

Isn't it nearly time for Sir Harry Lauder to lift his voice for God, for country, and for kale, for Massa Jolson to lift a tearful voice to Mammy, for John Philip Sousa to lead his horn-tooters through the *Stars and Stripes*?

There's a new vocal tribute to 'baby' every week. Of all the terms of endearment in the republic 'baby' has remained longest in the lexicon of the song writers.

Only once have we been genuinely stirred by a broadcast of a prize fight. It was the first Dempsey-Tunney meeting in Philadelphia when the veteran J. Andrew White informed an incredulous world:

"It's not the same Dempsey at all. It's not the Dempsey we know." White's words were a glowing overtone to the symphony of jabs and clinches which punctuated the rain-soaked air.

Granny is still neglected by the tunesmiths. Only youth gets a melodic fling. A good granny song, however, has always found a hearty response. Percy Wenrich's *Put On Your Old Gray Bonnet*—the best of the granny songs to our mind—was one of the most popular tunes ever to be sounded in the nation. It still echoes through a thousand bathrooms.

Frank Crumit is the most industrious tiller of the granny song field just as Julia Sanderson is the most consistent toiler in the wistful ballad vineyards. No one in the land can make the old Jerome Kern sentimentality, *They Didn't Believe Me* as convincing.



BEFORE *and* AFTER!

At the left, above, we see Joan Crawford as her own laughing and luxurious self before she essayed serious drama of the "Modern Maidens" and "Blushing Brides" era.

At the right, above, we glimpse her as Mary, the prison drudge in "Within the Law." This new picture marks a new goal post in Joan's cinema career.

JOAN GOES TO JAIL!

The dashing Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., takes her first false step, but for pictorial purposes only

By
Helen Ludlam

WITHIN THE LAW" is the first step Joan Crawford has taken toward the goal she wishes to achieve—serious drama. She adores heavy dramatic parts and has begged to play them. Very wisely she has been told that she was too young, but when Metro decided to do "Within the Law" there didn't seem to be any question of who should play Mary. The part seemed ready-made for Joan and it looks as if the playing of it will be a turning point in the career of this interesting young actress.

Joan seems to be the sort of person who gets what she wants anyway! It may take her a little time but she makes the grade. She doesn't snatch at things, either. She takes the trouble to prepare herself for what she wants to do which is an act of faith that fate delights in rewarding.

Sam Wood, who is directing the picture, tells me Joan's method of handling this part promises great things for her future career. "I discovered I had a young Pauline Frederick on my hands," he told me. "Joan is a very sincere and a very hard worker. She wants to do big things and she will do bigger things before she is through, or I am very much mistaken. She brings to this part an understanding and emotional quality few people dreamed she had."

Joan has had her own ideas of training herself for her new field. When talking pictures first came in everyone was in a panic about voices. So-called voice teachers sprang up like mushrooms. How were these girls to

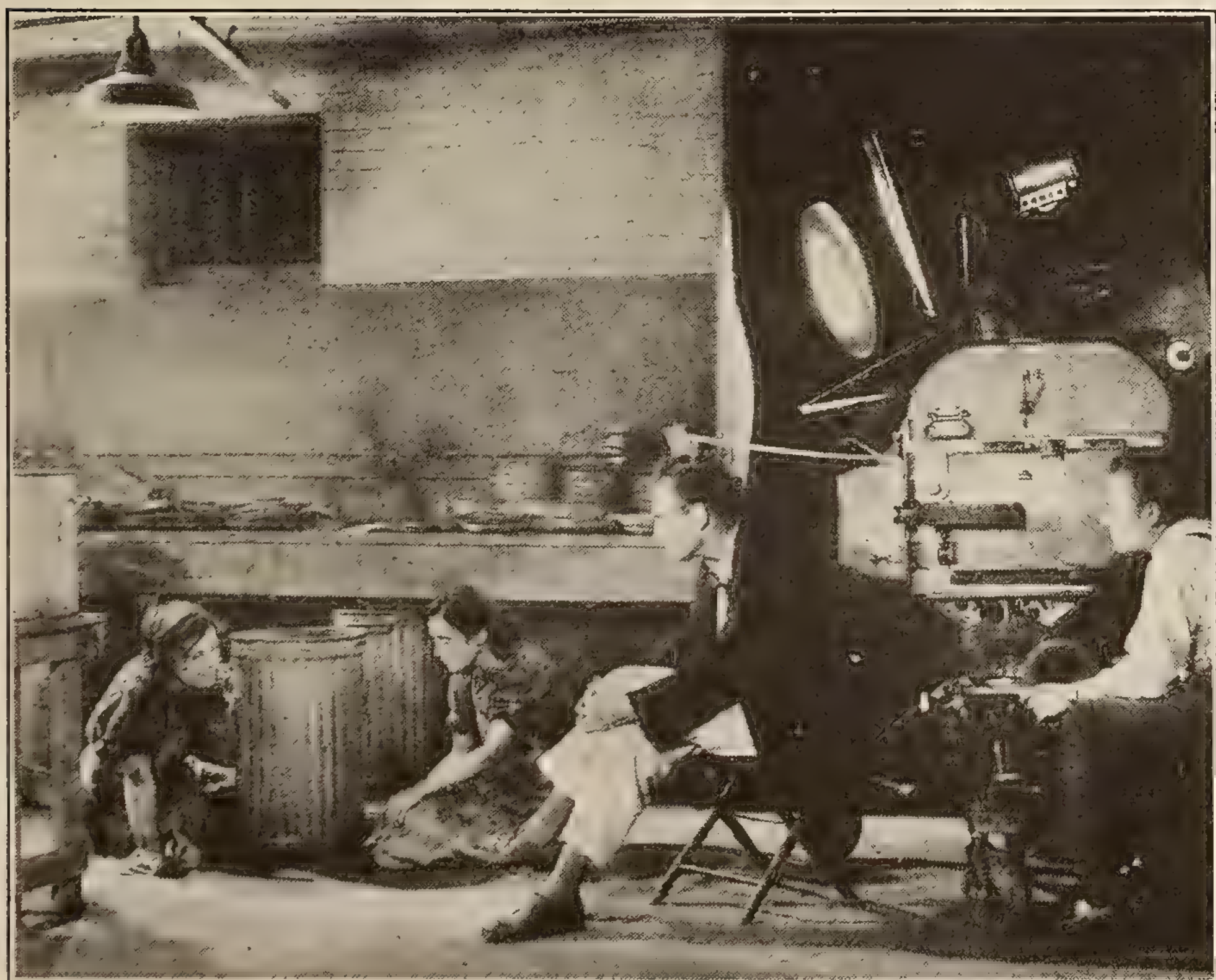
know whether or not they were good teachers? Some of the unwary ones nearly lost their voices through bad training. Joan refused to take from any teachers, feeling that she wanted time to make up her mind. And now she is glad. When things stabilized a little she took singing and dancing. And she studies

the work of experienced actors.

"Once you have technique, you are free to study the fine points of emotional acting," Joan said. "Before this picture began I worked myself into the mood of the character and I haven't stepped out of it since. Poor Douglas!" she laughed. "I go home at night in a daze and answer all his questions in the vaguest way. He isn't working just now so it must be thrilling for him. In a few days he is going on location and by the time he returns I shall have finished the picture and returned to my normal state of mind."

Before she enters a heavy scene Joan paces up and down the set working herself into the emotional pitch required. When the director calls, "Ready, Joan," she dashes into the scene. "And then," said Joan, "right in the middle of it when I am going strong, something goes wrong with the lights or the camera or the sound and we have to stop. Then I have to pace up and down all over again to get into it!" Oh, it's a great life, this picture business.

We were talking about diet (Continued on page 114)

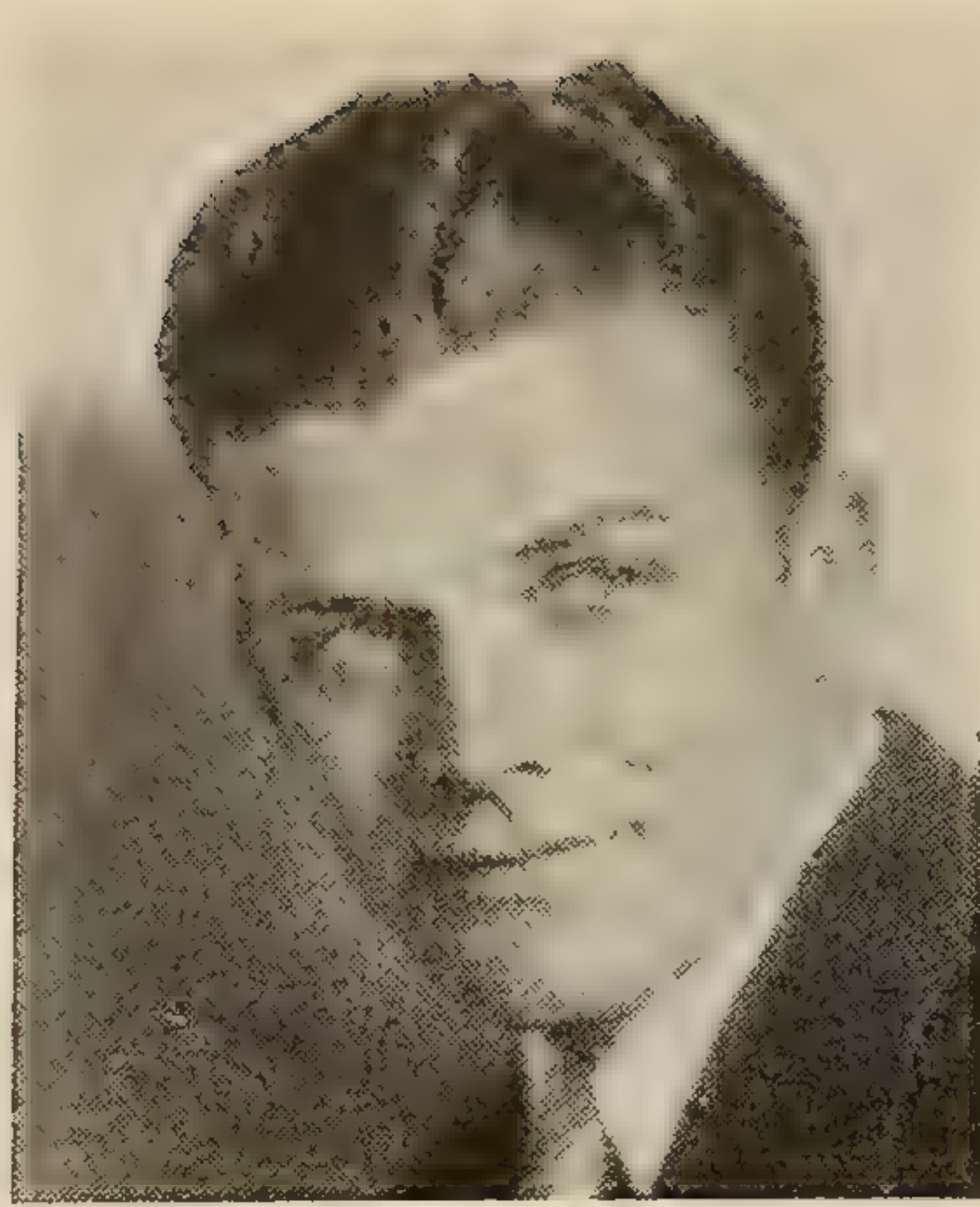


A close-up of Joan Crawford and William Bakewell, leading players in "Within the Law," the new picture of prison life from the woman's angle.

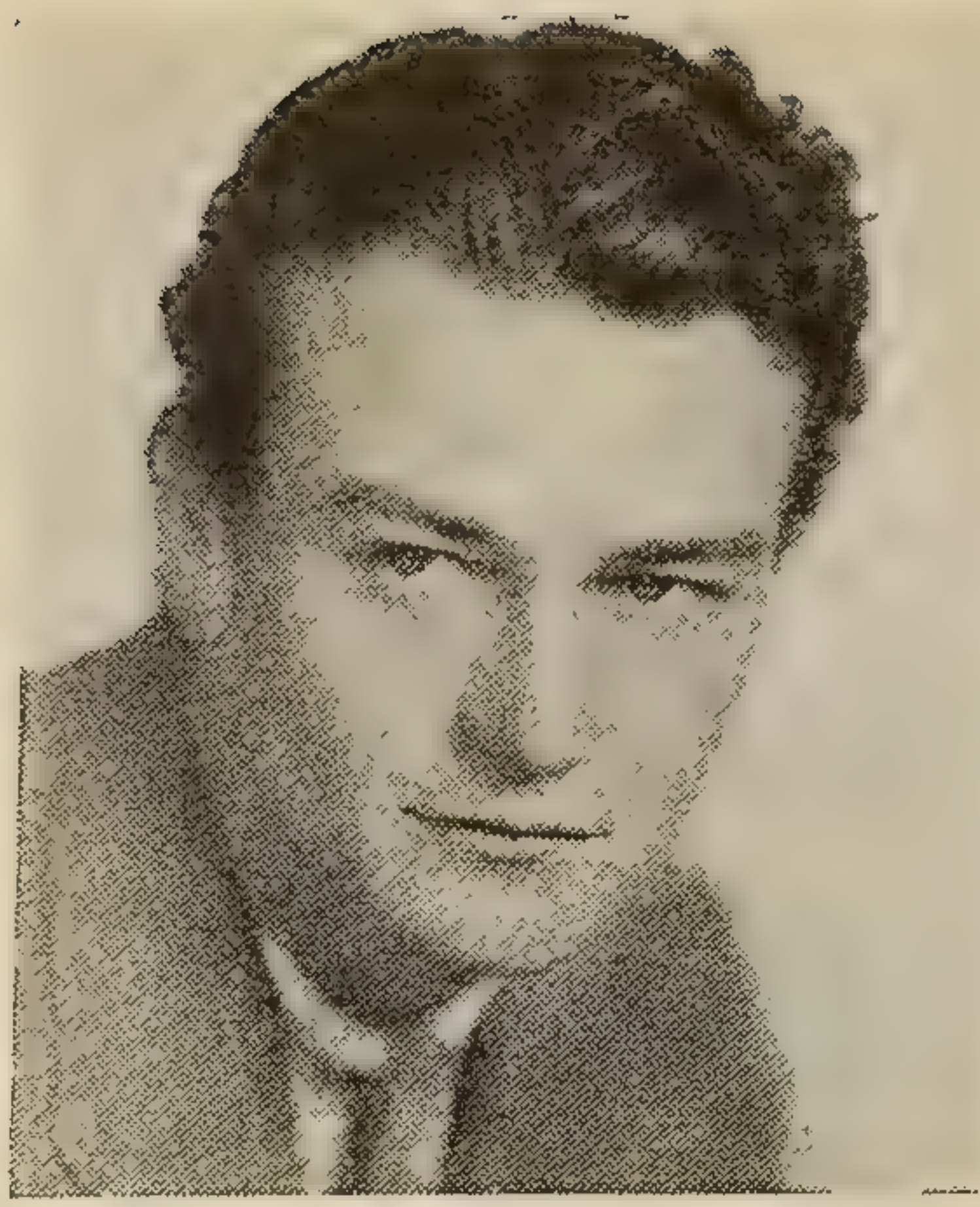
A tense moment on the set of "Within the Law." Director Sam Wood waits while Joan Crawford lashes herself 'into character.'



Gary Cooper—6' 2½" tall, born in Montana, owns a dude ranch. But watch out for Lupe!



Rex Bell can roll and light a cigarette with one hand. Clara Bow had her eye on him.



John Wayne of "The Big Trail" may be another Gary but so far he hasn't met his Velez.



Ivan Lebedeff, smouldering and Russian, whose life reads like a book of adventure.

Our 1931 Catalogue

CAN we interest you in a very complete line of Hollywood bachelors? We have them in all sizes, styles, ages, nationalities and colorings. Come try your luck.

Good-looking. Interesting. Amusing. Fascinating.

In models to suit all tastes, if not all pocketbooks!

There's Kenneth MacKenna, at present just about the most sought-after man in the film capital. Tall, slim, elegant, with the bluest eyes you ever saw—eyes that look right at you with friendly interest when you speak to him.

His father was a celebrated portrait painter, his mother is a journalist of note, his brother, a New York artist, his cousin, a distinguished novelist, and his great-aunt was Charlotte Cushman, well-known actress.

He owns several yachts at Cape Cod, always smokes a pipe, loves swordfishing because it's dangerous, and made good on Wall Street before he embarked on a stage career.

He thinks 'nice people' are uninteresting and deplors the fact that he's usually cast as a nice young man.

He likes to be boss. Meek young ladies, if there are any left, take notice!

Here we have Charles Rogers, known as 'America's Boy Friend,' and recipient of the greatest number of fan letters written to a male star. 6' 1" tall, brown eyes, black hair, winning smile. Plays any number of musical instruments, including the saxophone, a point which may need pondering. He likes nice clothes, owns a DuPont car and a place in Beverly Hills. But his folks

Can we interest you in a very complete line of Hollywood bachelors?

live with him! Think it over!

If you like the above model, younger and in a smaller size, perhaps you'd be interested in Bruce Rogers, Buddy's brother. He's an expert swimmer;

if your taste runs to being rescued.

Models we always have in stock are the perennial bachelors—Richard Dix, Edward Everett Horton, William Haines and John Roche.

Girls always like them—funny we've never been able to sell one!

Richard is the original he-man, dark, strong and dominant.

Edward Everett is a divine cook.

Bill collects antiques and is a perfect host.

John has a glorious voice.

We're prepared to guarantee them. Won't some determined woman put her wits to work?

Imported goods appeal to the fastidious, and so we offer:

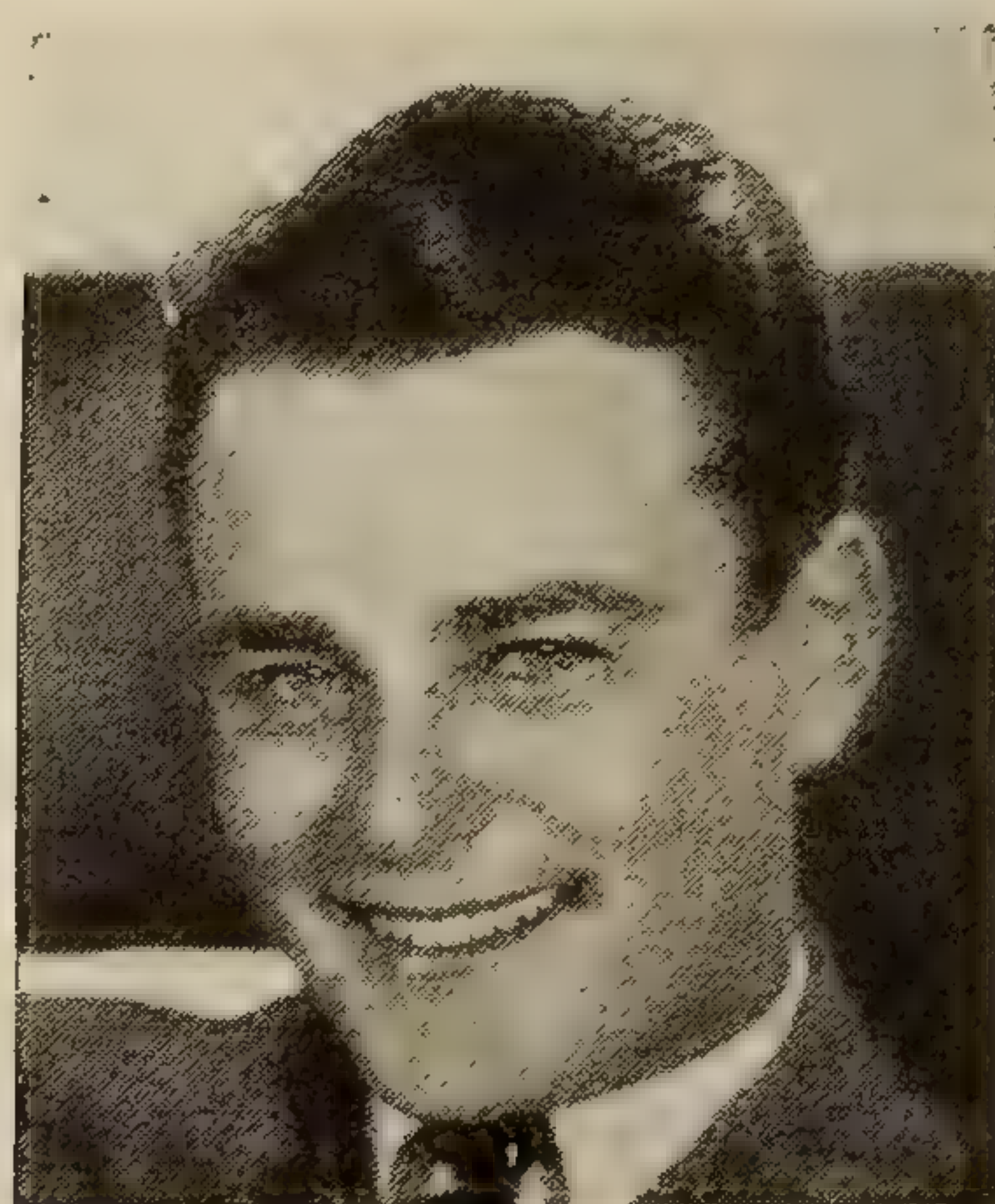
Ramon Novarro, gallant young Mexican, whose chief interest in life, after his work, is music. He doesn't



Hugh Trevor is said to be very much 'that way' about Betty Compson, the ex-Mrs. James Cruze.



Barry Norton, from Buenos Aires, the pet of the pampas and, if they had their way, of the mamas!



Lewis Ayres has played with Garbo and Bennett and still looks as if he were waiting for his first kiss!



Stanley Smith—with a smile and a voice. And a leaning, they say, toward Ginger Rogers.



Phillips Holmes likes girls and gaiety—he can be, on occasion, the life of the party.



Kenneth MacKenna, at present just about the most sought-after bachelor in Hollywood.



Ramon Novarro, gallant but inscrutable artist, whose chief interest in life is his work.

of BACHELORS

care for parties and seldom goes out, but he has his own little theater at home, which occupies most of his time.

Barry Norton, from Buenos Aires, our most skillful fencer.

Ivan Lebedeff, whose life reads like a book of romance, seems a good venture.

Don Jose Mojica of Mexico, of the Chicago Civic Opera Company, who is considered to have the grace of Valentino and the voice of Caruso.

Walter Byron, of England, who comes of a long line of stage folk, and has the virtue of lacking that eternal reserve for which his countrymen are famed.

Ronald Colman is English, too, but we aren't sure whether he's free or not. All orders will be dependent on this.

He's good-looking (as you may have noted), mysterious, fascinating, and can be excellent company, if he chooses.

A grand young giant is Gary Cooper, 6' 2½" tall, who

All styles, sizes, ages, colorings—in models to suit all tastes!

By

Ruth Tildesley

was born in Montana and now owns a dude ranch there.

Gary wears gloves almost always, but he doesn't like parties, and is not what you might call 'chatty.' Now and then he says "Yes" and "No."

Paramount has two other six-foot bachelors whom we

include on our list: Phillips Holmes, son of Taylor, and Stanley Smith, who went to Hollywood High School.

Phillips likes girls, enjoys parties and gaiety, and loves playing jokes on his friends. He's the life of the party, especially down at the pleasure concessions on Southern California beaches.

Stanley lives with his mother in a Hollywood apartment, favors tan suits and would rather play golf than eat.

If you're not out for looks, it might pay you to investigate our next two models: Jack Oakie and Stuart Erwin.

Jack isn't dressy—he's usually seen in a sweat shirt, white trousers and patent leather shoes. He eats spaghetti, too, and wisecracks off the screen just as he does on it. We doubt if any wife could get him into a dinner jacket.

Stuart, on the other hand, is very well dressed in private life, is quiet and retiring, interested in the legitimate stage, and looks most biddable. But he probably isn't. And he has his eye on Ginger Rogers.

If your choice falls on something extremely (Continued on page 128)



Gavin Gordon, said to be cherishing a hopeless passion for the remote and inaccessible Garbo.



Jack Oakie isn't dressy—we doubt if any wife will ever get him into a dinner jacket. But he's fun!



George O'Brien can wrestle, ride, rope, and swim—and he has a perfectly lovely disposition!



A new blonde has made a ripple in the cinema lake. Claire Luce, one of Ziggy's girls, star of the Paris Follies, and the dramatic heroine of "Burlesque," wins a place in talking pictures.



HOLLYWOOD'S 'GONE' ON THE LUCE!

Claire Luce, New York's dancing daughter, makes the film's Gold Coast Wake Up and Dream

By Merle Carver

ALL Gaullwood is divided into three parts. Faith, hope and blondes. And the most numerous of these, are blondes!

But now a new blonde has made a ripple in Cinema Lake. A meteor descended from Broadway. A comet arrived from Paris. Fox has just sent her "Up the River" in that original story by Maurine Watkins of "Chicago" fame—and her return trip, so they gossip—will be in "Luxury." Then the fans will, no doubt, all turn gentlemen—and fame again play fast and Luce. Claire Luce.

She's a girl who knew what she wanted. An adopted daughter of Terpsichore, the fickle dancing muse. A girl who looked through the picket fence, who lived on the wrong side of the railroad tracks, snubbed by the girls who wore nice clothes and did nice things. A tomboy who wore knickers and decided at a tender age she'd 'show 'em.' And she's showed them in more than one show!

She's danced in the Music Box Revue in New York, in Ziegfeld's Follies. Did bits in Eddie Cantor's show on Broadway. She took Mistinguette's place as premiere danseuse of the Paris Follies. She played the feminine lead in "Burlesque" in London. She starred in "Scarlet Pages" in New York.

Everything has worked out the way she wanted it. She decided she would dance. She did. She planned to go on the stage. She did. She determined to do specialty dancing for Ziegfeld. She did. She wanted to see Paris. She did that, too. She longed to do dramatic parts. "Burlesque" and "Scarlet Pages" were her answer. Her only surprise, she will tell you, was the talkies. She hadn't thought of that. That was practically Fox's own idea. But she is heartily in favor of it.

It all sounds like an Alger book! The raggedy waif, adopted by a dancing instructress, who rose to fame and wealth and married the millionaire's son. She looks like Little Eva inspired by Aubrey Beardsley, and like Topsy 'she just grew.'

(Continued on page 127)



Bredell, Paramount

*The Most Beautiful Still
of the Month*

From "FIGHTING CARAVANS"



Lady Duff-Gordon designed the stunning evening gown worn by Marion. You see two views of it, left and right.



Did you ever see a lovelier gown than this? Above, a glimpse of the décolletage. Left, above, as it looks with its matching very short satin cape-wrap. Of blue satin, the costume is lined throughout with green. Note the graceful train.

MARION DAVIES' OWN LITTLE FASHION SHOW

You'll see the street costume at the left worn by Marion Davies in her new film, "The Bachelor Father." It's a study in brown, created by Callot—brown flannel skirt, brown astrakhan coat and muff. The hat is a Suzanne Talbot model of brown antelope, and brown suede opera pumps complete the ensemble. Smart!

Pajamas to dream about but not in! Vionnet created this stunning lounging ensemble of blue georgette crepe and silver cloth.

A Hollywood guide to Paris chic! Marion Davies brings back a new winter wardrobe from her French vacation

All Photographs of Miss Davies by Apeda

Below, a Vionnet model of black chiffon velvet designed especially for Miss Davies during her recent stay in Paris. Irish lace inserted in the square neckline, and cuffs set on above the elbow, are novel notes. It is belted at the natural waistline with rhinestones.



Right, an evening ensemble by Redfern created for Marion Davies. The gown is of black chiffon velvet with a peplum of white ermine. A short white ermine jacket with a rolled collar is worn with it.



Oh, come on, now, Joe E. Brown, give us a grin!



Why? Well, you're supposed to be funny, aren't you?



That's a little better, but—look here, Joe E.—



You can do a lot better if you really want to.

LAUGH,
BROWN,
LAUGH!

All pictures of Mr. Brown by Elmer Fryer





That's a little more like it. Still—try it again.



Say, Joe, tip us off, won't you? What's the joke?



What? No! And then what did he say? He didn't!

Well, it must be funny, that's all! It better be funny!

That's a good one! Ha-ha! Ho-ho! And likewise hee-hee.





Fryer

WHEN you look at us like that, Laura La Plante, with your smart new beaver coat and swagger felt hat, we wish more than ever that you'd get busy and make some more pictures!



Duncan

THE Mystery Woman of the movies: Mary Pickford! When will she make up her mind what she's going to do next? Will it be "Kiki" or a couple of other girls? Hurry up, Mary!



Richee

JUST a silhouette of a popular guy. Who is he? Come, come! You won't find the answer in the back of the book this time, because if you don't recognize J-ck O-kie you're no movie fan!



Dyar

GUESS again—who's this bored man of the world? It's too easy! *Philo Vance* won't have to be called in on this one. We'd know that cigarette holder anywhere, Mr. William Powell!



Ball

If a man is known by the company he keeps,
certainly a woman is known by the hats she
wears. And so you'll know that the eyes under this
very smart chapeau belong to Lilyan Tashman.



Bull

WHAT, has success gone to Leila Hyams' head? It can't be that, because Leila is one of the real girls of Hollywood. Maybe she wants to show off her pretty bob, and why not?



ALL GOOD ACTORS!

Character! It's the backbone of every motion picture, and the men and boys who portray it are just as important as the stars. Here's to them!

Ivan Lebedeff plays suave villains in his own fascinating fashion.



Jackie Coogan, the Grand Little Old Man of the movies, now in "Tom Sawyer." It's his film come-back. Give him a lot of hands!

Raymond Hackett is a juvenile—with a difference. He is honest, sincere and his every picture performance proves it to us.



Eugene Pallette, you old picture-stealer, you! Your appearance on the screen is the signal for a good, rowdy, high old time!

Below, Paul Lukas, most polished and accomplished of those 'continental' villains. He'll be featured in "Ladies' Man."



Frank Morgan, from the stage, brings a new brand of sophistication to pictures. His latest is "Fast and Loose"—you'll like him.



Robert Armstrong is versatile—sometimes a hero, often a comedian, and then one of the best of the 'character' actors.



DOT'S NEW DRESSES!

Dorothy Mac-
kaill did some
shopping the
other day. Look
around and see
the results

*The most piquant
pajamas of the sea-
son! Of black
crepe, the wide
trousers are banded
in maribou. The
draped neckline is
finished with a band
of silver and gold
brocade. Designed
by Lanvin.*





The evening frock of black lace worn by Dorothy Mackaill has a most interesting treatment of the back décolletage. A ruffle of lace is draped from shoulder to shoulder! An idea, girls.

Right, another view of Dorothy's evening dress. Note the three little tiers from waist to hipline, accenting Miss Mackaill's slender figure. Dot wears with it some of the new paste jewelry.

Short wraps are awfully important this season, they tell us. Dorothy's is of black velvet, luxuriously trimmed with fine, fluffy white fox. All these clothes are from Bergdorf-Goodman.



Christmas Suggestions

Anita Page suggests

MEEKER MADE R

Leather Goods



ANITA PAGE
Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer



THE MEEKER COMPANY, INC., JOPLIN, MO.
LARGEST MANUFACTURER OF STEERHIDE
PRODUCTS IN THE UNITED STATES

He Rôles His Own!

"I'm an actor," says Walter Huston—but he doesn't 'act'

By
Marie House

"I'M an actor," Walter Huston says. "Not a matinée idol. I'm a business man and acting is my business. I'm a craftsman and interested in my craft. I'm not a movie hero."

Well, he isn't handsome. He isn't ostentatious. He doesn't exude personality and temperament. He doesn't make a noise like a movie star at all. But he's tall and lean and brown, with quizzical eyes and a nice smile.

He's just an actor.

And yet he doesn't 'act.' Nor interpret a part. Nor live a character. He doesn't study mannerisms that go with a rôle. Nor the voice. Nor the posture. None of these things.

A part plays itself. That is, to Walter Huston it does. Acting is a simple thing, one of the simplest things, the way Walter Huston does it. But that isn't 'acting,' really.

And yet you'd think if anyone in the talking picture world had to act it would be this same Huston. He'd have to. What of all the diverse rôles he has played: in "Gentlemen of the Press," "The Virginian," "Abraham Lincoln," "The Bad Man," not to mention his parts on the stage in "Congo," "The Barker," "Zander The Great," "The Commodore Marries," "Desire Under the Elms," all these couldn't be himself. He'd have to 'act.'

There's such a fine shading between 'acting' and what Walter Huston does!

The way he explains it: picture a long Spanish room with two steps at the end that leads to the foyer. Picture the tall Mr. Huston ambling to the end of the room and up the steps to the natural stage it makes there. We, in the meantime, of course, are at the far end of the room by the window and the view of Hollywood.

"Now," says Walter Huston. "I'm going to act Lincoln. Everyone knows that Abe was tall, lanky, and walked with a slouch-

ing gait, used casual awkward gestures. All right. I'll do all of these things. Now, I'm acting Lincoln," he slouches down the steps, gives an awkward salute with the arm, says 'Howdy, folks,' and ambles down the room. "Well, everyone would recognize that as Lincoln.

'Sure,' they'd say, 'he's acting Lincoln.' Exactly. But that's not the way Lincoln himself would have walked.

"This is the way Lincoln himself would do." He goes again to the impromptu stage at the end of the room, and with just the slightest shade, just the merest difference in exaggeration of gesture and speech, he repeats the action and comes down the room. *That* was Lincoln!

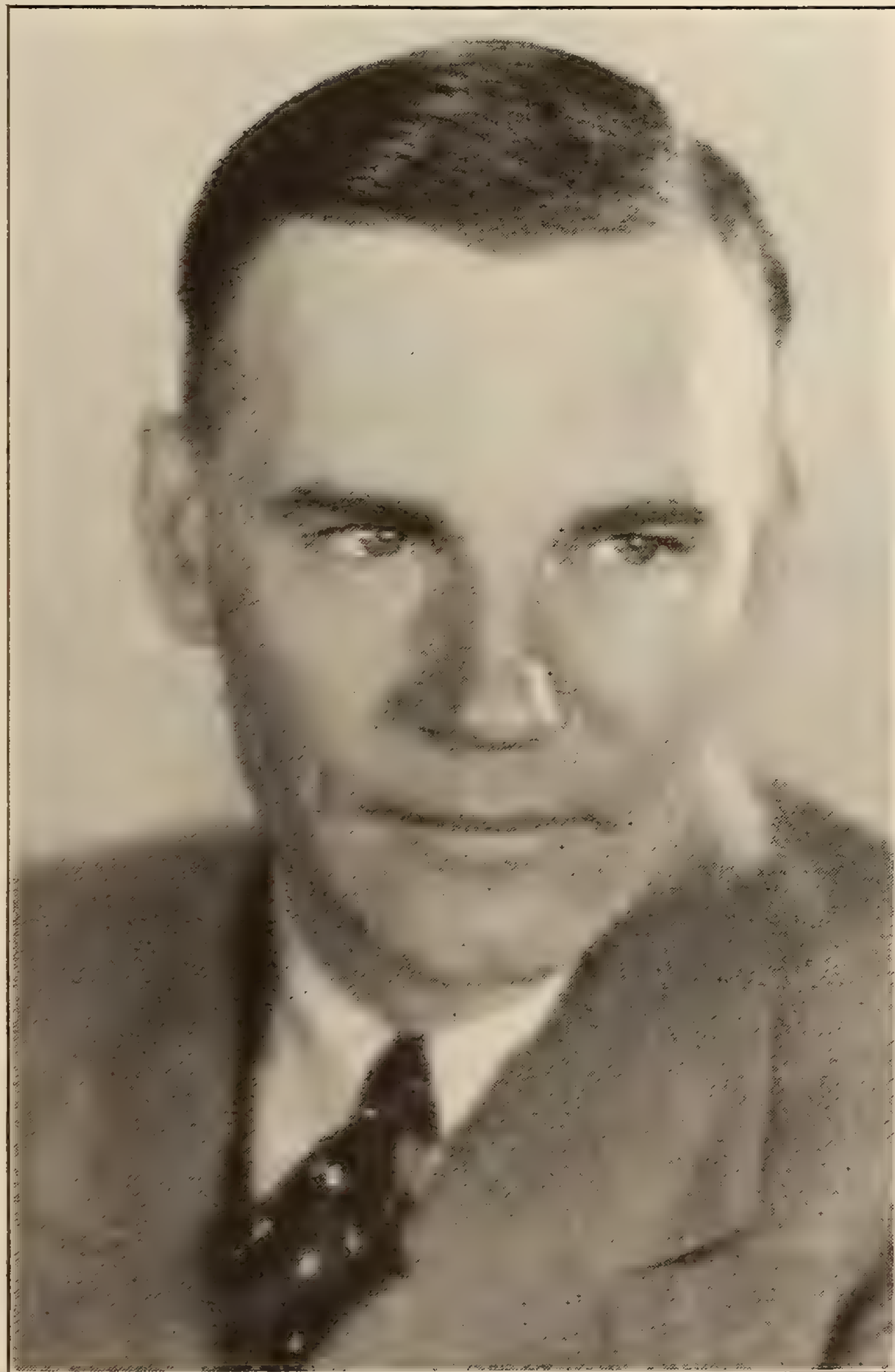
Now you know the difference between acting and what Walter Huston does. But he spent months studying Lincoln, reading everything he could find about him, until he knew him, backwards and forwards. Knew how he felt in different situations. He could be that man.

But what about another rôle, something you couldn't read about and study?

"The key to every character you play is in the words he says," Huston explains. "You don't have to interpret it. It's there. Just as the author planned it. The man's personality is sketched for you. So there's only *one* way to do a rôle, the way it's written. Sometimes just a bit of a conversation will give you a clue to the kind of person you are to be. Then it's the simplest matter to play it. The words really say themselves. They couldn't be expressed any other way."

He picks up a book, "The Criminal Code" by Martin Flavin. This is to be his next talkie, he tells you. He takes the part of the district attorney, *Brady*, who is later made warden of a prison. He leafs through the pages.

"Here, for instance," he goes on, "a kid has been mixed up in a brawl in a speakeasy and has killed another boy. He was drunk and the boy wasn't bad. It was just a tough break for him. (Continued on page 128)



"Abraham Lincoln," "The Bad Man," the general in "The Virtuous Sin," the district attorney in "The Criminal Code"—all Walter Huston!

Accent your Personality with Perfume

How to charm by
choosing a scent
to express your
individuality

By
Anne Van Alstyne

BY Romance, out of History, may truthfully be considered the parenthood of perfume! And since earliest historical times woman has lived chiefly for Romance—regardless of how strenuously she may deny it—no feminine personality dare leave this important matter of perfume out of her daily equation, if she wants to be an emotional success.

Here we are, on the verge of a new year, but still with a bit of time left for last minute Christmas gift suggestions. How about perfume? It will fill a sure niche in every woman's heart. But have a care now! For if you step into the average shop, you are so overcome by the glamour and beauty of thousands of crystal-clear, colored bottles that you're as apt as not to select lily-of-the-valley scent for a red-headed passion flower, and a cut-glass vial of oriental musk for the sweet girl of your dreams. And either is absolutely out, as you well know.

Yet perfume must be procured. For in these modern days a woman unscented is as thrilling as a kiss on the hand! And to stand out from the herd, it is absolutely imperative that every girl accent her everyday personality with those little *soupons* of fragrant mystery which connote the difference between an old-fashioned wall flower and a 1931 triple ignition queen.

But before you select a perfume to accent your own personality or the personality of a friend, you've got to know women! Types of women, and what scent makes or mars their personality.

First, let's consider the young blonde type of femininity who

If you want to learn how to accent your personality by the use of perfume, the secrets of make-up, how to transform yourself from a negative person into a positive personality, write me, giving full details of your coloring, and I shall be glad to help you. Address Anne Van Alstyne, SCREENLAND Magazine, 45 West 45th Street, New York City.



"My nose is my only guide," says Jean Arthur, whose collection of 'self-mixed' perfumes, shown above, is one of the most famous in Hollywood.

wants to accent her gentle personality into a memory so lasting that 'the one man' can never forget!

The keynote of this type is delicacy. She should wear pastel colors, keep her voice soft and low, and confine herself only to flower odors. Lily-of-the-valley. Lilac. Acacia. Anita Page, with that dreamy look in her low-lidded eyes, is a shining exponent of this classification.

Next we take the brunettes—the girls who conjure up visions of old Stamboul, of temple bells tinkling in the Far East sun. This is the sort to whom belong the spicy, floral scents. Also the exotics: jasmine, sandalwood, magnolia, tuberose, jonquil, chypre, and gardenia, all of these blended perhaps with the tiniest trifle of musk, to enhance the exoticism of this oriental kind of personality. Norma Shearer and Fay Wray, too, illustrate graphically this romantic sector of the female sex.

For the red, the auburn, or the titian-haired, of which Nancy Carroll's carrot top tops the list—we have a variety of choices, one to suit nearly every mood. These women need a clear fragrance which stills and soothes even as it disturbs. Violet, heliotrope, and rose are three favorites for red-heads. Even in the morning, this positive type of girl refuses to go unscented. They may go out with-

out their jewels, but never without a dash of perfume. For sports, however, they must satisfy themselves with a little concentrated *Eau de Cologne*. But when the sun slants down the other side of the sky they may indulge in all the lavish, languorous odors so indicative of their rich inner natures.

Many Parisian dressmakers at this time are spending almost as much ingenuity creating perfumes as they are in creating dresses with which the scents must be matched. Some couturiers are selling perfumes in minute bottles, piquantly boxed, one for sports, one for luncheon, one for mid-afternoon, one for teas and cocktail parties, one for dinners and dances and still another for the opera or the *bal masque*. The discriminating women of today have special odors for special occasions, and they are just as careful to synchronize their perfumes with the mood of the day as a talking picture director is careful to have the voices and actions of his players synchronized in perfect visual and aural harmony.

"How to choose a perfume just for me?" is the question that comes to me oftenest. I wish I could invent a magic formula which would provide each individual with that certain intangible quality necessary to complete the perfect sophisticated personality! But even magic might not turn the trick. For in every woman there lurk at least a dozen selves. And until you write me telling me more about yourself and the generic classification to which you belong, it is too big a problem to work out here.

But even in this limited space, I can permit you to have a mood or two! I won't be mean! Suppose the pretty, young blonde is tired of being a shy violet and has decided to put on a daring, low-cut black velvet frock and step out and see the town—and the men about town!

In such cases, don't forget the part scent plays in the emotional make-up of a he-man. There is

MARY LEE

ON BEAUTY AND COSMETICS.

Beginning next month, and every month thereafter, Mary Lee will write a series of special articles on "The Truth About Cosmetics." Miss Lee, formerly of *Smart Set*, is one of America's foremost beauty experts, and will give to SCREENLAND'S readers important, helpful advice about beauty and cosmetics. Watch for Mary Lee's "The Truth About Cosmetics" in the February SCREENLAND.



something decidedly psychological about it. Shakespeare said: "Rosemary, that's for remembrance." But I'm afraid these hardy, perennial bachelors of today won't be disturbed by such a fragile perfume as that. It takes headier measures in this year, 1931. So pretty lady, take your dainty flower scent and put a small portion in a tiny bottle. Next, rush out to one of the many manufacturers who sell perfumes in bulk, and buy yourself a purse-sized vial of the most mysterious and heavy perfume your little nose desires. Go in now for a little chemical reaction. Shake it up! One-third heavy to two-thirds light, if you feel only mildly daring. But two-thirds heavy to one-third light if you are going to let the chips fall where they may. Experiment a little. Some like it hot—some cold. You know. Be a little perfume creator in your own home.

While it is fascinating to be your own mixer, it is perhaps more economical in the long run to possess several different perfumes. No one, naturally, would use a heavy scent when playing golf. The golf 'pro' would feel like ordering you off the course! In the same measure, no one would choose a delicate, floral odor when dressed for the evening in one of these sophisticated

Left: Who wouldn't be willing to buy Anita Page a pint of Attar of Roses for one look from her low-lidded eyes?



Right: Fay Wray starts her day right by accenting her piquant personality with a dash of her favorite scent—fragrant narcissus.

toilettes, à la Estelle Taylor. And if you're a business girl—and who isn't these days?—remember that you adjust rather than discard your feminine attributes. And not the least feature of your commercial ensemble is your perfume. Even a business girl catches more flies with sugar than vinegar. But don't forget to use scent during office hours sparingly, be sure it possesses a clean fragrance, and that it is not too sweet.

And here is another point not to be disregarded. Every rite of the dressing table and toilette is scented today. Powder, cream, bath salts, bath soap, and so on. And they should all blend. A pleasant convenience is buying soap, toilet water and per- (Continued on page 112)

Reviews of the

Six Best Films of the Month:

KISMET	CHECK AND DOUBLE CHECK
FEET FIRST	A LADY'S MORALS
LITTLE CAESAR	THE BIG TRAIL

By
Delight Evans

Turn to Page 109 for the casts of current films



John Wayne and Marguerite Churchill in the pioneer epic, "The Big Trail."



The Big Trail

Fox

BIG is the word! 20,000 people and 30,000 animals, or the other way around. Anyway, it's a BIG picture. And you'll like it, unless you have reached the mental age when covered wagons and Indians no longer interest—and then I am sorry for you! I got a big kick out of this smashing adventure of the pioneers fighting their way west, and the very human drama and comedy that unrolls as they roll along, against a backdrop of scenic grandeur. Thank Old Mother Nature, although Director Raoul Walsh was a great collaborator in this case. John Wayne, new boy, wins our Honor Page. Laurels go to Marguerite Churchill, Tyrone Power, Tully Marshall, David Rollins, and Ian Keith—all splendid.



Harold Lloyd's latest comedy, "Feet First," is also his funniest.



Feet First

Lloyd-Paramount

THANK Hays for Harold Lloyd! Here he comes in another one of his all too occasional comedies, and you can breathe a sigh of relief, for he hasn't gone smart-aleck on us; he hasn't acquired any high-flown ideas about art; and he isn't too proud to give us a sound version of his funniest stunt—the perilous balancing act of "Safety Last." His new film is packed and jammed with fun, from first to last, but by far the most hilarious scenes are those in which Harold weaves about on the scaffolding of a tall building high above the street, sending his audience into stitches of suspense. Added attractions: Hawaii and pretty Barbara Kent.



Amos 'n' Andy repeat their radio triumphs in "Check and Double Check."



Check and Double Check

Radio Pictures

THIS review could be written in just three words: Don't Miss It! But I suppose you'll want to know 'Why?' and you have a right to ask. The screen debuts of famous entertainers of other mediums aren't always smash hits. But you can count on this one. It's grand. Your old pals, Amos 'n' Andy—a smack to any little boy or girl who says Amos and Andy by mistake—are just as funny in what is practically the flesh as you ever thought they would be when you tuned in on the most popular radio program in the world. You won't be let down. The Fresh-Air Taxicab—Kingfish—the Mystic Knights—you'll find them all here. And there are Sue Carol and Irene Rich to supply paler and polite interest.

Best Pictures



SCREENLAND'S
Critic Selects the
Most Important
Screenplays of
the Month

Ten Best Portrayals of the Month:

Otis Skinner in "Kismet"
Grace Moore in "A Lady's Morals"
John Wayne in "The Big Trail"
Harold Lloyd in "Feet First"
Edward Robinson in "Little Caesar"
Edmund Lowe in "Scotland Yard"
Kay Francis in "The Virtuous Sin"
Spencer Tracy in "Up the River"
Warren Hymer in "Up the River"
Amos 'n' Andy in "Check and Double Check"



Kismet *First National*

"KISMET" would be an important picture if only for the fact that it brings to the talkers Otis Skinner, America's foremost actor, in his most famous stage rôle. But it does more than that. It gives us something new in film fare, a story half fantasy, half realism of the romantic school. There is poesy and there is the glamour of old Arabia, and also thrilling melodrama which convinces us that Bagdad, too, had its underworld, its corrupt politicians, its murder mysteries, and its languorous ladies. Skinner is magnificent as the rascally beggar and Mary Duncan is gorgeous as the harem favorite. Loretta Young and David Manners are fine as the young lovers and Sidney Blackmer is at his nastiest! A picture for your 'Must' list.



Otis Skinner is superb in "Kismet," with a cast including Mary Duncan.



A Lady's Morals *Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer*

A BRAND new and a grand new screen star—meet Grace Moore. This lady from opera is a revelation. Charming, young, natural, sweet—she will win her largest audience with her very first picture. And her voice—well, if you think you're through with music-films don't give up until you have seen-heard this one, then you'll want more (Moore—get it?) The Metropolitan Opera star as Jenny Lind, the Swedish nightingale, is fascinating. And how she sings! Reginald Denny, playing Miss Lind's private life, is practically co-star. He's splendid. Wallace Beery, as Barnum, who managed Jenny's American debut at the old Aquarium, gives a grand performance. A thoroughly charming screenplay.



Grace Moore scores in her screen debut as Jenny Lind, with Reginald Denny.



Little Caesar *First National*

HERE is the most ruthless and thrilling picture of gangland that has found its way to the screen. If you read W. R. Burnett's novel you will not be disappointed for the book lives on the screen and is perhaps an even more moving, vital dramatic work. Edward G. Robinson as *Little Caesar*, the gunman who leaves the sticks to make good in the big town, gives a cruel, unforgettable performance as he rises in power and becomes a Big Shot. Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., contributes a fine portrayal as the sleek dancer; Thomas Jackson is again the suave detective; and Glenda Farrell is good as the girl. If you like rare red meat, I recommend this piece. But it isn't intended for the squeamish.



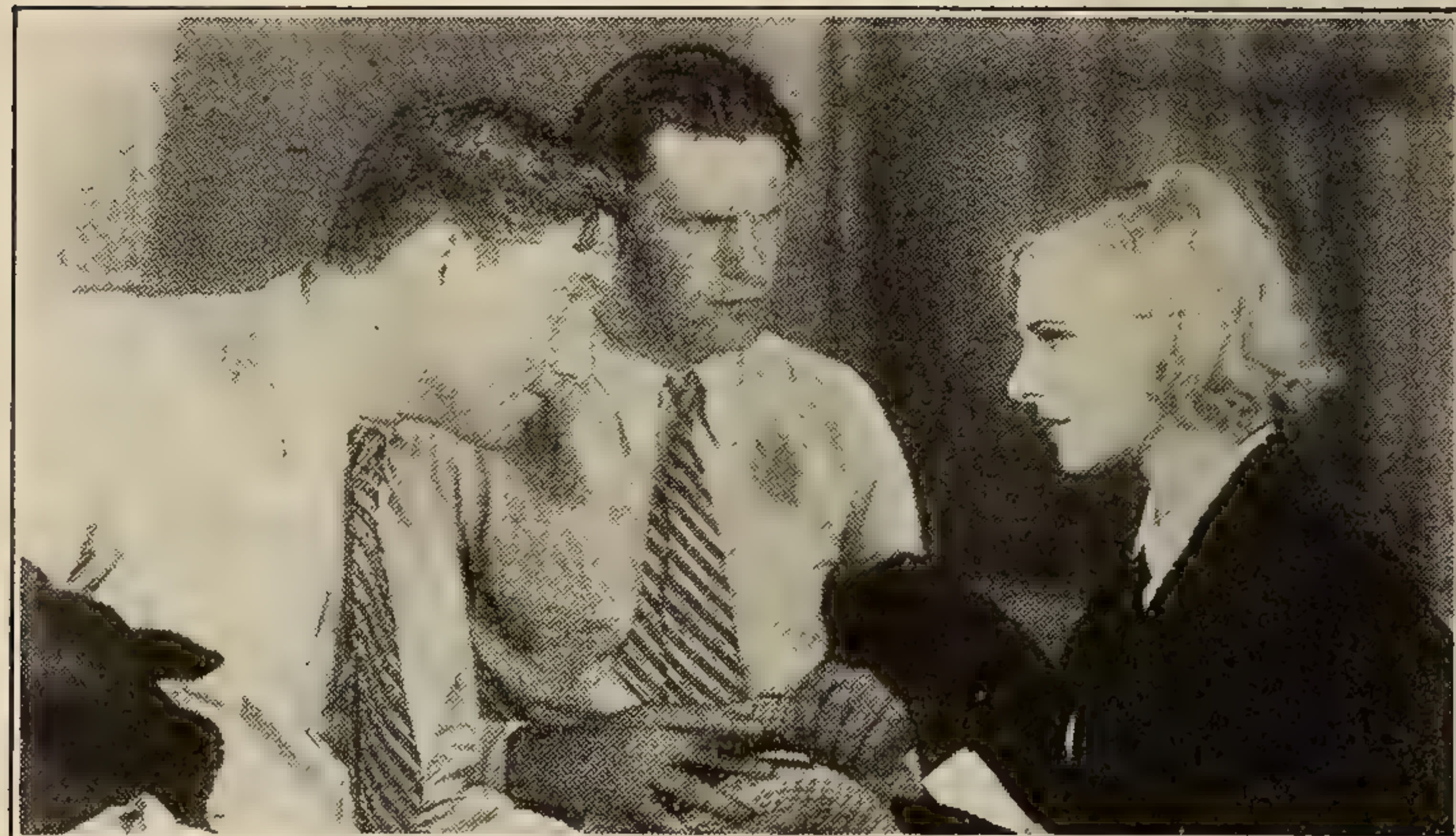
Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., and Edward Robinson in "Little Caesar"—exciting!

Critical Comment



The Virtuous Sin
Paramount

Gorgeous Kay Francis and Walter Huston do right by a trite story. Kay sets out to vamp the iron-faced general, Huston, to save her husband, but falls in love with him and he with her. See this if you like grown-up sophisticated drama. Jobyna Howland as a café owner is a howl.



Up the River
Fox

Make way for a new comedy team—Spencer Tracy and Warren Hymer. You'll welcome them—they're a riot. This picture is a grand burlesque of prison life with a laugh a minute. Claire Luce is the feminine lead—she's new and nice, too. You'll lose the blues if you see this.



Maybe It's Love
Warner Brothers

If it's a football game you crave, this should satisfy. The authentic All-American team is in it and they make spectacular plays. However, Joan Bennett's clever line stops them and they like it. Jimmy Hall wins the game and Joan Bennett; Joe E. Brown wins the comedy honors.



War Nurse
M-G-M

The horrors of war again, embroidered by a bevy of beauties including Anita Page and June Walker, but still—war. Heavy drama occasionally enlivened by bright bits of June and Bob Montgomery, and a poignant scene or two, but mostly morbidly dull and dreary.



Billy the Kid
M-G-M

Bold, bad, brave Billy the Kid—he killed 21 men before he was 21 years old but he was a right nice boy, anyway. If you like wild western fairy tales, don't miss this; it's entertaining but not important. Johnny Mack Brown plays Billy; Kay Johnson's the girl who makes him honest.



Lady of the Lake
Fitzpatrick

Bagpipes peal and harps resound in this picture from Scott's beautiful ballad—"Lady of the Lake," filmed on Loch Lomond's banks. Benita Hume, looking like Janet Gaynor's spiritual sister, plays Ellen, and Percy Marmont James FitzJames. This film recaptures romantic beauty.

on Current Films



Way For a Sailor
M-G-M

John Gilbert is a rough, tough and racy gob with a couple of girls in every port, that is, until he meets Leila Hyams. Jack deserves a better story than this. Polly Moran and Wallace Beery almost steal the picture. It's virile, he-man stuff and may bring Jack back in talkers.



Big Money
Pathé

You'd never think a nice lad like Eddie Quillan would become a racketeer—but he does. 'Lucky Eddie' makes easy money gambling until Miriam Seegar, his ex-boss' daughter, gets 'that way' about him. It boasts a good cast, too: Robert Armstrong, James Gleason, and Robert Edeson.



Scotland Yard
Fox

A great chance for Edmund Lowe to prove his versatility—as if he has to prove it. He plays a dual 'masquerader' rôle in this rather leisurely comedy-drama of London social and crook circles. You'll enjoy it, especially Lowe's scenes with lovely little Joan Bennett.



Sinner's Holiday
Warner Brothers

This is a thriller. A peep behind the scenes in an amusement park run by racketeers. Lucille La Verne as the hard-boiled owner of the Penny Arcade, who tries to save her weakling son from jail, gives an excellent performance. You'll like Grant Withers as a barker.



Half Shot at Sunrise
Radio

They're in the army now—Bert Wheeler and Robert Woolsey, we mean. For brisk and breezy comedy, place your bets on this. The story—why bring that up? You'll laugh plenty. Dorothy Lee and Leni Stengel, a new feminine 'menace,' are pleasingly present. Good frank fun.



The Silver Horde
Radio

This is a fish story—you can call it the 'Silver Horde' but it's just salmon to us. However, this Rex Beach novel of Alaskan fisheries packs a wallop. Evelyn Brent and Jean Arthur angle for Joel McCrea but Evelyn Brent makes the catch. Miss Brent is a lovely *Cherry Malotte*.

SHARING IRENE RICH'S



What's in this box? Why, one of Irene Rich's plump roast turkeys which she's fixing up for some little girls she knows.

NOËL! Noël! Cheer up, you college boys and girls, and all others, too, who are so far away from home you can't get back for Christmas and the New Year's holidays. Irene Rich, Hollywood's prize smart mother, has an especially tender spot in her heart for you. And just to prove it, and to help you celebrate in a good old-fashioned way, Miss Rich is going to let every mother, grandma, and aunt—to say nothing of sisters and sweeties—into the secret of what she intends to send her own two daughters, away at school. She wishes you the jolliest kind of Christmas and hopes your own Yuletide boxes will be exact dupli-

Sugar 'n' spice 'n' everything nice—including Lulu Paste and salted nuts—all ready to be packed aboard the College Special for those Rich girls, Jane and Frances.



Hollywood's headlining homemaker gives you the secrets of the Yuletide goodies she's sending away to her daughters at College

By
Emily Kirk

cates of those she is addressing today, in her pretty, slanting handwriting, to her brace of lucky girls, Miss Frances and Miss Jane Rich.

Miss Rich realizes just how lonesome you will be when the last train has pulled out of your college town, with its pullmans crowded with laughing, singing, joking boys and girls, dating each other up for all the Christmas proms and parties. As you walk back to your dormitory across the deserted, snow-covered campus, you'll be wondering how you'll bear to be away from the old folks at home for the first time in your life. But you'd be surprised! Right this minute, back home, ma and grandma and auntie are out in their big, sunny kitchens pulling fragrant pans out of steamy, pungent ovens, making up boxes to send to you. And more than half of the sorrow of being away from home will be forgotten when you sink your teeth into that plum pudding and polish off the occasion with Irene Rich's special Chocolate Fudge and Lulu Paste.

Nobody could be a better guide to goodies than Irene Rich. It's a sad thing that most actresses, and many business mothers, must be separated from their children a good part of the time. And for this reason Irene has spent a large proportion of the last dozen years contriving surprises for her girls, for her friends' children, and for orphans who have no parents to think of them. And it is one of her chief hobbies to put almost as much imagination and effort into this side of her life as she does into creating those rôles which have delighted us for such a long time. For she troupes as a mother both on and off the screen.

Miss Rich pays as much attention to the outside of her boxes as she does to the inside. She prefers great holly paper-covered containers for her college Christmas parcels. She thinks these are cheerier. But for the individual packages, she likes pure white tissue paper, because it looks so dainty. Red ribbons tie them gaily, and funny little toys are packed among the eatables just as you have favors and

CHRISTMAS BOXES

CHOCOLATE FUDGE

Boil 2 cups white sugar, 2 squares bitter chocolate, 1/4 teaspoon cream tartar, 1/2 cup water or milk, and 2 tablespoons butter, until it forms a soft ball in cold water. Before pouring on a buttered platter, beat quickly until it begins to thicken, adding chopped nuts hurriedly, and pour to cool. Cut in squares.

LULU PASTE

Put one pound of sharp cheese, one small onion, and a teaspoonful of chopped parsley through the meat grinder, adding one-quarter teaspoon of mustard, a small bottle of chili sauce, and a few drops of tobasco sauce. Seal paste in a glass jar, where it will remain appetizing for some time.

horns and caps and whistles around the Christmas dinner table.

And what a delicious fragrance escapes as you take off the lid of the holly-covered box! And what's in this first carefully wrapped package? Gingerbread boys! Just like your mother used to cut out for you from the dough that was left after the big pan of gingerbread was put into the oven. Only now, to add to this special occasion, these gingerbread boys are decorated in pink and white candy trimming.

But look! Here's an enormous cake, covered with that special kind of Chocolate Fudge icing. And here's another. But this is a fruit cake. And not that old, hard, dry kind, either, but a grand juicy one filled with nuts and raisins and citron and orange peel. Down in the corner are half a dozen little packages. Salted nuts, chocolate creams, some of that old-fashioned stick and hard candy—just to let you know your mother still thinks of you as her baby, even though you've been invited over to Princeton for the second time, and by a senior, too!

Here's Edam cheese, which makes you feel frightfully grown-up and British, somehow, and Lulu paste; to say nothing of date cookies, date bars, nut cookies, and at last, wedged right into the bottom, the *pièce de résistance*—a big, fragrant plum pudding tied with a scarlet sash. Just thinking about it makes us wish we could live school days over again—if only to receive one of Irene Rich's special Christmas boxes.

"Perhaps some mothers would object to so much candy," Miss Rich explains, "but a famous dietician told me that Americans are apt to endanger their health by avoiding candy and sweets so strenuously. We need sugar for fuel," Miss Rich went on, "just as an automobile needs gas. Sugar, you know, creates energy, and we all need that in these days," she finished laughing.

"But it might be a good idea for me to explain," Miss Rich took up her story again, "about the olive oil I use to salt the nuts. If a person is inclined to be too plump, butter may be better. This same dietician told me, by the way, that butter is essential to health, and oil is not. Also, that olive oil is dreadfully fattening—more so than butter even.

"Figs and dates and nuts, you all know, are very



Who wouldn't like to sink a tooth into these gingerbread goodies—one of Irene Rich's last-minute holiday surprises?

healthful I always have cakes and cookies made for my daughters with these ingredients instead of plain sugar cookies or white layer cakes. Oatmeal, bran, and whole wheat are excellent, too, if a person will only use a little effort and imagination.

"Cheese is very healthy food, for this diet specialist told me that it retains the proteids of milks—doesn't that sound technical?—and is brain fuel as well as body food. So you want to remem- (Continued on page 106)



Irene Rich has plenty of laughs, being in "Check and Double Check" with Amos 'n' Andy; still she seems wistful. Is it because she's about to say goodbye to her girls for another school year?

The STAGE in REVIEW

"ONCE IN A LIFETIME"

THIS is probably the most crashing, cutting caricatural swipe yet made at Hollywood, the center of the world's intelligentsia, the very Athens of Western culture.

It was written by two boys who were never in Hollywood. That's the reason it is so good. (Chicago, for instance, is a bad town if you've never been there. When you get there, it's as quiet as Philadelphia on Sunday.) These two bad boys are Moss Hart, and George S. Kaufman, who does a small part, but does it very well: a playwright who sits for months in his 'cell' waiting to be told to write.

"There's a great field out there for a man who could turn out the wrong picture," is the keynote.

A sap from the East, (played gorgeously by Hugh O'Connell), actually goes out there, makes the wrong picture (a do-over from Biograph, 1910), is about to run away when he finds it out, but discovers in the Los Angeles papers that it is a tremendous hit.

He celebrates with the Big Lemon, *Herman Glogauer*, by ordering the studio torn down.

Everything and everybody in Hollywood is ripped up the spine by Hart and Kaufman except Janet Gaynor, who gets the only praising line. There are so many screamingly funny bits in this play that my only advice is to see it. Everyone is good.

But, gentlemen, while you've written a great show, it simply isn't Hollywood.

"GIRL CRAZY"

The Gershwin brothers, George and Ira, knocked out another Broadway success with "Girl Crazy," the scenes of which are laid in Custer-ville, Arizona, where anything may happen. What happens is the advent there of Ginger Rogers.

What would be the good of trying to tell you the plot of this ranch play? It's funny, picturesque, and as noisy as Gershwin can make it.

Ethel Merman, Willie Howard, Bill Kent, and Miss Rogers are some who help make "Girl Crazy" a hit.

Miss Rogers provides the 'Ginger' for "Girl Crazy," a bright musical comedy knocked out by George and Ira Gershwin.



Clifton Webb, Libby Holman, and Fred Allen, three hot shots in the new musical show, "Three's a Crowd."



Sally Phipps, on vacation from screenland, helps Hugh O'Connell and Charles Halton put over "Once in a Lifetime."



In the gorgeous Peruvian musical drama, "Nina Rosa," our own Armida assists Ethelinda Terry in providing 'it.'

Ivor Novello and Benita Hume in "Symphony in Two Flats," which Novello wrote, directed and acted the leading rôle.



Joe Cook brings us a lot of monkeyshines in "Fine and Dandy." He gets along swell with everybody—even the horses.

SCREENLAND brings you the critical cream of Broadway's winter season in these terse reviews. If you can't see the plays on the boards, you'll be sure to catch them on the talking screen!

By
Benjamin De Casseres

"THREE'S A CROWD"

Howard Dietz, who holds a big film job with Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, was mainly concerned in "Three's a Crowd," which is a rather superior Broadway musical comedy.

Clifton Webb, Fred Allen and Libby Holman are the high shots in this revue. Of course, there are dull moments here and there, but I really prefer Mr. Dietz to Mr. Gershwin. There's more brain matter in Howard.

The dancers were directed by Albertina Rasch, and are delightful.

It's a hit! And I'm so glad Howard can now loaf on the Riviera if he wants to.

"FINE AND DANDY"

"What is Joe Cook?" I asked, knocked cuckoo at 11 P. M.

Up spoke Itza Wow: "Joe Cook—why, he's the superman of humbug, the enemy of the intelligentsia, the machine lunatic, a grotesque gnome, King of all Brainless Monkeyshines."

Joe is the Einstein theory gone double nuts: he is the Keely Motor on a perpetual jag; he is clown, philosopher, juggler, *un gaillard*, a *bon diable*, a monte-bank, a mad pickled-herring, a caricaturist, a jack-pudding, a *persifleur*, a divine jackass!

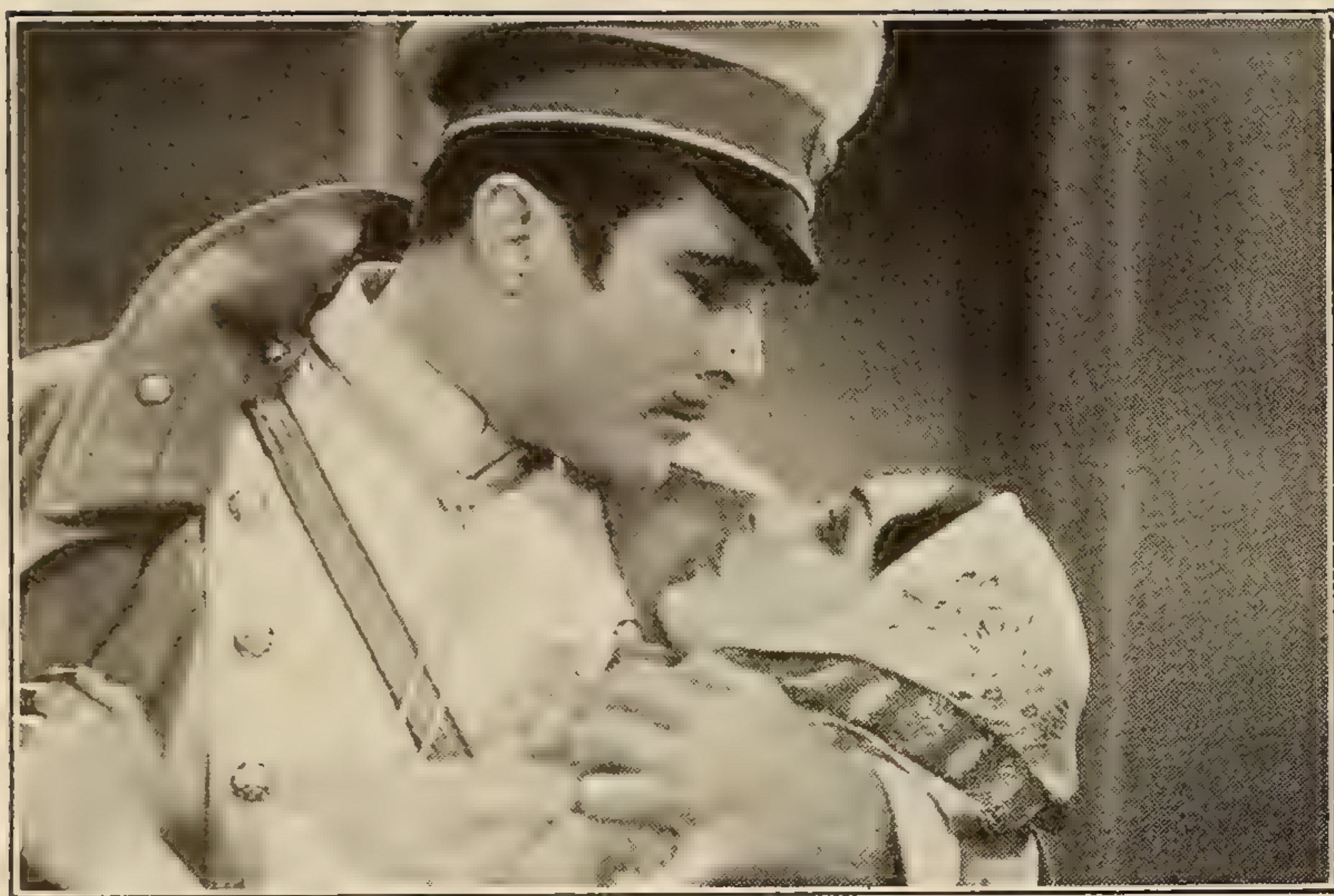
"Fine and Dandy" was writ by one Donald Ogden Stewart, another grand old crackpot. But the amazing contraptions are by Joe Cook himself. He's got the most grotesque machines you ever imagined in your wildest fantods with old Gunga Gin.

There is a great ensemble climax of dirt dumpers, a saxophone, baseball and golf players, and a monkey in a palm tree that is the most screaming idea that ever rolled out of a man's head—Joe Cook's. And it's a chemically pure show.

Also it's a night, believe me! "You'll laugh your glands back into their in-the-gloaming state" said Itza Wow.

"NINA ROSA"

Black-hearted, knife-throwing, big Peruvian-bark villains; exquisite, dainty, sigh-heaving little Peruvian girls; brawny, big-hearted, me-no-afraid American financiers from the wide-open spaces of Chicago; music by Sigmund Romberg that no show need be ashamed of; a chorus that wouldn't sound bad in Otto Kahn's Big Cabaret at 39th. and Broadway, and scenery by Watson Barrett that makes you (Continued on page 110)



John Boles and Lupe Velez in a love scene from "Resurrection." Both reach dramatic heights in this new film of old Russia.



Douglas Fairbanks takes time off from his new film, "Reaching for the Moon," to greet Glenna Collett and other noted golfers.

SCREEN NEWS!

Hot gossip from Hollywood, New York, and
all film points between

IT looks like Gloria Swanson's marriage to the Marquis is to be Reno-vated. Yes, Gloria is trouping as an ex-wife now. She's entered suit for a divorce from her former 'Hank.' Hank has nothing to say. Intimating he's always ready to allow a lady her way. However, other folks say plenty. Mostly that Constance Bennett will be in a receptive matrimonial frame of mind when Hank is finally free. We'll see!

In case you don't know it, Lupe Velez has a soul. The whole quivering beauty of it—no fooling—appears in the talking version of Tolstoi's "Resurrection" which Edwin Carewe is directing. Along with the discovery of Lupe's soul comes the startling news that John Boles can act—as well as sing. But if John couldn't respond to Lupe's fiery emotionalism, there would be no hope. If Lupe—as a haggard, beaten woman, listening to a life sentence at hard labor in Siberia—doesn't tear your heart out, you must be made of sterner stuff than usual, Gunga Din.

While Lupe's under fire, perhaps you'd like to know she has practically no superstitions except that she will guillotine anyone who whistles in her dressing room. Also, her chauffeur has orders to turn around if a black cat crosses the path of her automobile. Then, too, she doesn't like goldfish. "Ver' bad luck," she considers them. There was one in the lily pool of her Beverly Hills home when she bought it. She couldn't make up her mind to kill it or to buy her lonely tenant a mate. "He doesn't care, he swim all by him-self," she said with a marvelous, expressive gesture of her little brown paw. "He flap about and have fine time. I think he's happy he's not married, maybe like me." But now that continual reports drift in that Lupe and Gary Cooper actually are married, the Mexican girl may have changed her mind. Which, after all, is what women are supposed to do.

Before the fireplace in his den, Hugh Trevor exerts a man's prerogative of being alone—that is, if you don't count the ivory elephant. Hugh is Betty Compson's 'heart.'



How'd you like a boudoir in the desert—like Lester Vail, hero of "Beau Ideal?" Lester is being made up in the big open spaces and Barney Stiegel is patiently waiting his turn.





Of course, that chic Ina Claire, starring in "The Royal Family," would be the first person photographed from the new camera elevator.



Anita Page shows us how to save money! See the penny bank on her steering wheel where she puts her change after buying gas for her car.

In the trial scene of Lupe's picture, she has to scream out her innocence, always a difficult thing with the 'mike.' She worried. How would she pitch her voice? "Eddie," she called to Carewe, "what about de pitch?" "Don't worry," Carewe told her, "you say it the way you feel it. We'll take care of the pitch." Lupe sat with a perfectly dead pan for almost a moment. Then she put her heel on the cigarette that had dropped from her fingers

and rose: "To Hells wid de pitch!" she said, and took her place on the stand.

Robert Montgomery's marriage can't be kept a secret any longer. Not with Martha Bryan, Bob's new six and one-half pound baby girl, on deck. (Don't forget the half pound or papa'll sock!) "Betty—Mrs. Montgomery—and I wanted to keep our marriage to ourselves and our friends," Bob explained. Swell chance, Mr. Montgomery. But it's a hundred to one bet you could get a load of sympathy from Mr. and Mrs. Charles Augustus Lindbergh!

Extra! Extra! Hollywood goes German! No, it's not German actors or directors that have knocked the cinema capital cuckoo. This time it's good old German food: *sauerbraten*, *rot kraut*, and all those nice 'reducing' dishes. Stark's Restaurant is the name of the spot, and most every evening the elite of the film colony may be seen 'Rolls Roycing' in that direction.

Garbo puts the lads on the anxious bench! Even Bob Montgomery, who has leading ladies fighting for his screen services. "What's chances of meeting Garbo?" Bob asked 'Napoleon Bonaparte' Thalberg. "I think I better meet her before I have to make love to her." Bob plays with Garbo in her new film, "Inspiration," but strange as it seems, he'd been on the same lot with her for eighteen months and never met her! On the first rehearsal day, Bob stepped up in a natty blue suit and tie. Someone asked what all the swank was about: "You usually show up for rehearsal in plus fours, Bob—why all the scenery? I bet it's because you're rehearsing with Garbo. You're nervous, too!" Bob glared and choked. "I'm always nervous the first rehearsal day," he answered. "Hate them. Nearly die of fright. Have a cold, too." Montgomery did have a cold, kept sniffing at a handkerchief drenched with vapex, and hugged a heavy top coat around his shoulders. But his preparations were all in vain. Garbo never showed up!

We hear Hugh Trevor and Betty Compson are still 'that way' about each other.

Richard Barthelmess and his wife were in New York on vacation recently. At the same time also were Joe E. Brown, Marian Nixon, Nancy Carroll, Dorothy Mackaill, James Rennie, Lois Moran, Mitzi Green, Ruth Roland and Ben Bard.



Wistful and lonely, as usual, Zasu Pitts is all dressed up but there's nobody to take her for a ride. Miss Pitts has just appeared in "War Nurse" and "Passion Flower."

John Mack Brown shows Eleanor Boardman how gallants of the olden days used to read sonnets to their sweethearts. John and Eleanor are featured in "The Great Meadow."



The other night Barthelmess took his mother to see "Abraham Lincoln." His wife was not along; she was in the hospital recuperating from an appendicitis operation. Dick heard a familiar voice behind him. He looked around and there was his old friend, Dorothy Gish, also with her mother. Dorothy and Dick used to be great pals when they were both playing in "The Bright Shawl."

Speaking of Dorothy, she has devoted the past few years almost exclusively to the care of her mother who has been seriously ill. Happily, Mrs. Gish is much better, and, to celebrate, Dorothy is taking her to all the shows in town. It's being rumored that Dorothy will return to the screen. If she does, there'll be a big reception committee waiting to greet her!

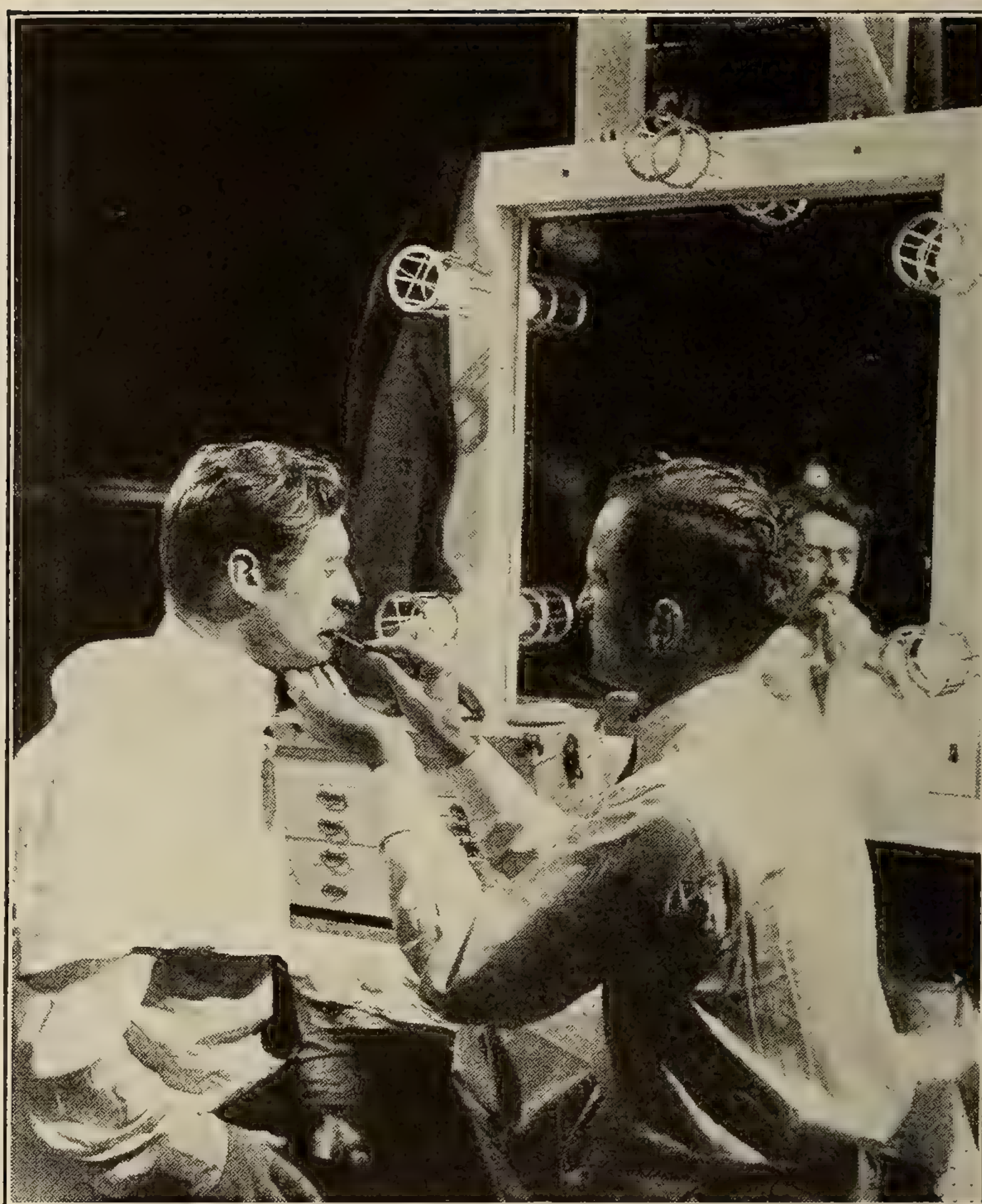
Lawrence Gray, the grand lad with the grand voice, has a wealthy society girl very much in love with him. No announcement so far.

From all reports, "Cimarron," the film being made from Edna Ferber's splendid novel of the oil country, is to be one of the finest pictures yet. But its tricky dialogue lassoed Dick Dix the other day. Dix had to make one of his most difficult scenes, but from early morning, everything had gone wrong—camera difficulties, sound tracks getting off on the wrong foot, and so on—until it was four o'clock before the big act started. Richard was tired and his voice and his eyes were worn out as a result of a week's driving work. When they got to the spot in *Dixie Lee's* trial where Dix has to make his big speech, he forgot his lines. During the process of re-shooting, he paced the floor—cramming. Estelle Taylor, who plays *Dixie Lee*, kept her fingers crossed for him. But no good. It was humanly impossible for Dick to snap out of it. He was exhausted. Three times the tricky speech threw the star. Finally, he tore off his wig, smeared his make-up and said: "Well, boys, this is the day's fade-out for Dix."

Left: Meet the new bride and groom, Mr. and Mrs. Bing Crosby, or Mr. and Mrs. Dixie Lee, if you're a Lucy Stoner.



Right: Is this another Jackie Coogan? Who can say? But William De Mille has chosen Dickie Moore for an important part in "Passion Flower."



No, Edmund Lowe's not having his face lifted! Jack Dawn, expert make-up artist, is disguising Eddie for his dual rôle in "Scotland Yard."

Fannie Brice, the little cut-up, tells of a Hollywood yes-man who said 'yes' so frequently he got a dimple in his chin from bumping it up and down on his pearl scarf pin!

Grant Withers stepped out on Loretta Young! But only to go moose hunting in Washington State with director Wellman, executive Zanuck, and director Adolphi. One day, Adolphi announced that he was going to remain home and rest up. The others razzed him, and left for the hunt. All day they trailed a moose but it eluded their efforts. Tired and disgusted, they





Painful scene! Wallace Beery gets his mustache amputated for his part in "Min and Bill," but like a good pal, Marie Dressler stands by.

trudged home, finding their buddy, Adolphi, sitting on the doorstep with a gun on his knees—a grin on his face. He pointed to the body of a large moose lying dead some distance from the cabin. He had shot it from where he was sitting on the doorstep!

Everybody's saying that Lillian Gish and George Jean Nathan are about to listen to a little Wagner music—Lohengrin's Wedding March, to be specific. Perhaps Nathan can't stand bachelor bliss since his side-kick, H. L. Mencken entered marital blessedness.



Ann Harding triples, no, not in brass, in aluminum! She's not only a darned good actress, and a fine mother, but according to her husband, Harry Bannister, "a swell cook." Harry explains: "Tuesday night's cook's night out. And that's the time I cast off the diet rules. For Ann wields a mean skillet and swings a wicked culinary arm. My favorite dinner is a juicy steak, French fried potatoes, topped off by home-made biscuits. It's only on Tuesday night I'm sure the steak'll be golden brown, the potatoes crisp, and the biscuits, well—" he unbuttoned his vest, "we won't go into that. But someday, I'm going to yield to that certain feeling and fire the cook."

Young Doug Fairbanks has had a haircut! And you can thank Dick Barthelmess for it. Doug used to wear his hair in such a long bob that the fans, to tease him, sometimes enclosed 'two bits' for a hair cut in their letters. But Doug wouldn't take the hint. He liked his coiffure à la Aubrey Beardsley. But when Doug was cast to play the dashing rôle in the "Dawn Patrol," Barthelmess thought his hair was too long and kidded him into having it cut. But Doug was reluctant, and had to make several trips to the studio barber before Dick considered his hair was short enough.

Hollywood! The realm of unrealities. Be yourself and get nowhere. Put on an act and you're a success. At least, that's the way Joseph von Sternberg, who has turned out one of our ace directors, figures it. Joe says he would never have had a chance to show his stuff if he hadn't turned goofy. When he stepped up bright and businesslike and asked for a picture job, the studios all said "No." His fine experience meant exactly nil. After being out of work a few months, he let his hair grow, sprouted a mustache, wore eccentric clothes, buried his head in the huge collar of a great coat, and demanded a job. P. S. He got it. His latest film is "Morocco," with Gary Cooper and Marlene Dietrich.

Right: The perfect host! Ed Wynn, star of "Follow the Leader," shows Adolph Zukor through his own studio.



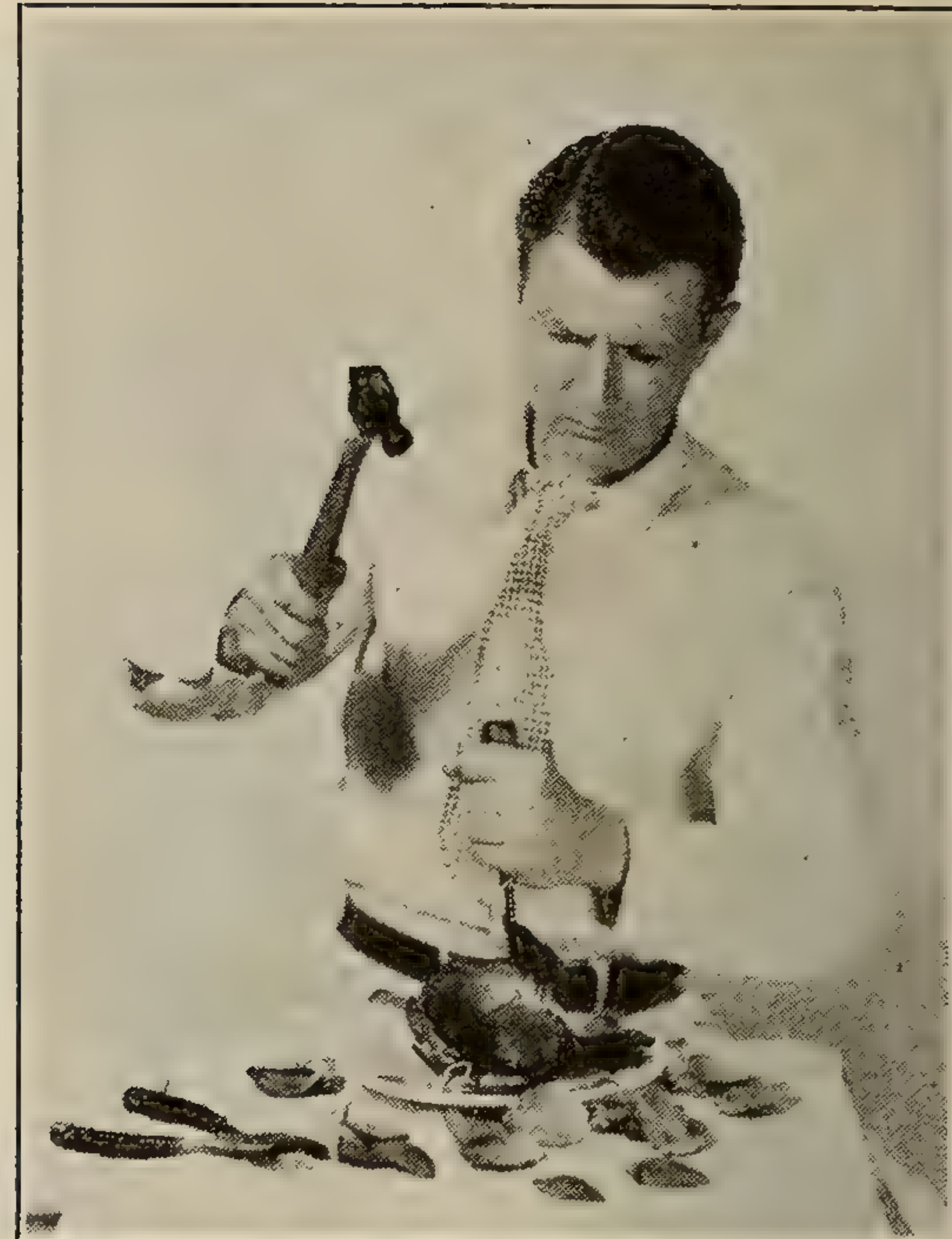
Left: One of these conferences you hear so much about—this time in the open air. Ruth Chatterton, David Manners and Director Wallace discuss "The Right to Love."



How to eat an artichoke—in six lessons—by Elliot Nugent!



First grab a pair of pliers to help tear off the pesky leaves.



Next get a hammer and chisel to penetrate the stubborn shell.

'Billy,' as Young Doug Fairbanks calls his wife, needs an ermine coat! No, silly, not for herself, but for her new picture, "Within the Law." Joan Crawford didn't want to risk wearing her own ermine wrap—canny girl! And after calling up every store in town, an emissary from the wardrobe department came in with two not very attractive coats over his arm. "Honest, Miss Crawford, there isn't an ermine wrap to be found in any Los Angeles store. They've all been rented for the opera!"

This year's opera season has been an especially distinguished one. The house was packed every night. Even Garbo broke her conventual calm and attended every performance. One evening she wore a soft ivory satin gown that fit her lithe body like the well-known glove. It had a graceful design in silver thread embroidered delicately over it, starting with long curling leaves, and reaching up from the hem to her creamy shoulders, which outlined in white fox seemed like frosted white flowers rising from a silvered calyx. A corsage of deep velvety red roses added a striking splash of gorgeous color.

With so many opera stars in pictures, the visiting operatic artists are getting swell entertainment. Lawrence Tibbett threw a marvelous party at his Beverly Hills home and Grace Moore plans one for Jeritza. Grace has a perfect place for entertaining: one of these disjointed houses, spreading in all directions and on different levels. It's perched on the top of a mountain, in an estate of seventy-five acres, with a view of the Pacific Ocean and Catalina-on-a-clear-day. Grace was to sail for Paris to sing in opera there as soon as "New Moon" was finished, but now Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer has lined up so many pictures for her that she has been persuaded to break her French engagement.

Mickey Mouse becomes immortal! Yes sir, Great Britain is giving Mickey the same recognition it accords to royalty and other distinguished personages! An official of Madame Tassaud's famous London museum of wax figures has cabled Walt Disney, creator of Mickey, asking permission to immortalize Mickey and Minnie, his sweetheart, in wax reproductions to stand alongside

of Mussolini, Napoleon, and Mary Queen of Scots! Mickey has accepted.

Meet Rita La Roy's new boy friend. We don't know who he is. He's not in pictures, that's certain. But he's teaching Rita to play golf. And when a man does that, he's either thinking of marrying the gal or he's on leave from a 'nut' factory.

Mary Pickford has lost her pants! Not really, just pictorially. In "Kiki," she plays a chorus girl and with the rest of her pals is all dressed up in men's evening clothes. On this occasion, Mary's best young man is 'out front.' She sees him and forgets everything. One of the girls gives her a jab in the ribs to get her into line. Mary takes her bow, accidentally her suspenders snap, and her trousers come down!

Bill Boyd's in the cattle business. 's fact! This well-muscled screen hero needed a decrepit mule to play the rôle of *Heliotrope* in his new film, "The Painted Desert." After galloping all over the little Colorado Trading Post, on the Indian reservation in Arizona, he found a moth-eaten specimen wandering outside of



Claire Luce's finger tips are colored to match her evening frock. She's holding the famous Nassak diamond, worth a half-million!



Now's the time for an ax to get down to the heart of the matter.



's futile! Nothing but a tidbit no larger than a withered prune.



No more swanky grub for me. Hey, waiter, a ham sandwich!

an Indian hogan—something like an Eskimo igloo, only made of mud. A suspicious old squaw refused to rent the beast for three dollars a day. "No, seven dollar," she repeated. "Seven dollars is too much for one day," Boyd replied amicably. "Not one day—gimme seven dollar—you take um," the squaw mouthed. "You mean you'll sell him for seven dollars for the rest of his life but you won't rent him for three dollars for one day?" The aged woman nodded. "All right, sister," said Bill shelling out seven bucks, "but Heaven knows what I'll do with the mule when the picture's finished." The squaw reflected: "You gimme seven more dollar, I take um back." Not such a dusty answer!

Young Doug and Joan and Ramon Novarro dropped in to say good-bye to the Jack Whittings the evening before they left for New York. Whiting just finished "Men in the Sky," playing opposite Irene Delroy, and is called to New York to fulfill a musical comedy engagement. Mrs. Whiting, you know, was Beth Sully Fairbanks, mother of young Doug. Novarro sang and played Mexican farewells until he had them laughing and crying at the same time.

with Richard Dix just for the fun of it! The chief has almost as much money as the movie stars, receiving a large income from his oil lands. Some years ago, it is said, when Geraldine Farrar was singing in Tulsa, she stopped at the Tulsa Hotel to speak to the Chief and his wife. In her friendly way, she put her hand on his arm. Bacon Rind's wife was furious and there was a hot time in the old tepee that night, for Indians are not demonstrative and rarely shake hands or anything like that. Wonder what Mrs. Bacon Rind will think—if she's still in the picture—of the free and easy ways of Hollywood!

It's "School Days" for Evelyn Knapp. When Warner Brothers closed down their studio, as they annually do to give their contract people a vacation, the holidays are spent in various ways. Evelyn spent hers in school. Yes, teacher. She went to the new Westwood University and took classes in French and English. Only one girl guessed who she was and was sworn over to secrecy. Miss Knapp hopes to work in French versions of pictures as well as in English ones. Warner Brothers are delighted with her and consider Evelyn a great find.



Chief Bacon Rind, one of Oklahoma's wealthiest Osage Indians, who has limousines, fine houses, and all sorts of fancy clothes, is playing in "Cimarron"

The last word in sports jewelry. Gwen Lee sports a pin formed from her own initials. New! Like it?

Lila Lee, from her desert retreat, writes that she is quite recovered from the serious illness which threatened her. In a few weeks she says she will be back in Hollywood ready for work, at which time she may play in "The Squaw Man," a Cecil De Mille picture, if her health continues to improve. The desert's a great healer all right, but folks are willing to bet that it's old Doc Happiness who has fixed Lila up. She is engaged to be married to John Farrow, the scenarist. The romance looked shaky for a while, but John won his way back by thoughtful attentions while Lila was ill and alone. Shortly, Lila expects to go to Europe to visit John's mother, after which the marriage will probably take place.

Hollywood is going Palm Beach and the Riviera one better when it comes to jaunty clothes. And Clara Bow is the *iniatrice*. Yes, filmland's latest craze, introduced by Clara, is white flannel trousers—for women. The other day Clara gave the (Continued on page 118)

YORKSHIRE SAUCE—Continued from page 51

vitality. She does not go in for cosmetics with the exception of powder and lipstick. While her hair is bobbed, she does not carry a comb to keep it in place but just tosses her head back and there it is.

When she works, she works hard and earnestly. Her gameness is a strong point in her character. During the filming of "Bright Lights" at the First National Studio she fell and sprained her ankle but insisted upon remaining and finishing the day's work. Then she went home and was laid up for two days.

She knows her limitations and is a good judge of stories. She knows what sort of rôle she can play. When studio officials wanted her to play the feminine lead in "The Bad Man" she refused, declaring that if the story were changed so that she would 'make' the "Bad Man" she would consider the rôle!

She fought with officials over a certain picture which was assigned to her and said it would be a 'flop' and she was right. She will tell you that "I went down on my hands and knees and begged for a rôle which was given to another star" and she will tell you that star's weak points when she played it and how *she* would have played it, and it all sounds quite logical. When a certain young director wanted to direct her in one of her vehicles she flatly refused, saying, "I'm afraid I'm not big enough for you to direct. When I'm a big star and can take risks I will be terribly happy to have you direct me. I can't afford to take the chance right now."

When the Mackaill left Hollywood several months ago she was depressed and worried about her future for the first time in her career. She was debonair about it, but she was worried. Her contract ended when she completed "The Office Wife." Then studio officials saw the picture and decided that they wanted her back. But to find Dot Mackaill was no easy matter. She was seeing Europe via the air; one day Paris, the next, Budapest, then Copenhagen, then Berlin, and so on until she had covered 2500 miles by plane. Finally, the studio emissary caught up with her and she was the possessor of a three-year starring contract.

Although there is evidence of a brilliant future, Miss Mackaill refuses to be dazzled. If everything goes well it will all be very fine. If she is given poor vehicles and sees her star wavering she will retire. She does not want to go the way of other film flesh and cling tenaciously to her spot on the screen when she is not wanted.

The money does not worry her. She has saved her money and made profitable investments. There have been reports that she will marry again. She does not deny or affirm these reports—she laughs them off.

After all, Dorothy Mackaill has been one of the most consistently successful screen stars in the jumping gelatines. Her intrepid career, begun at the adventuresome age of fifteen, has trailed from the little town of Hull to a dancing school in London, to a London musical show, then to America and past the Ziegfeld line of chorus girls on through the independent producers around New York and finally to screen stardom in Hollywood.

The Mackaill will amuse you when she recalls her migration to America and relates how she told her father she was promised a rôle in a Broadway musical show to win his consent. At New York she discovered that she could not get off the boat because she was under the required age and because a country-woman of hers had received the wrong information of her arrival and was not there to claim her. "I was just another emigrant," says Dorothy.

But it happened that she had made friends with the son of Gabriele D'Annunzio on board the boat, and because he was attracted by the fifteen-year-old Yorkshire girl he vouched for her stay in America. When she was recently in New York she received a telephone call from young D'Annunzio and had dinner with him in the captain's suite aboard one of the big liners in port, this being ten years after the great poet's son was first captivated by the little girl from Hull.

"When I came to America," Dorothy will tell you, "my accent was terribly English. It was worse than that, it was a combination of Scotch and Yorkshire dialect. It's a good thing the talkies had not come in then. I wouldn't have had a chance. And strangely enough, when my first talkies, 'The Barker,' 'His Captive Woman,' and other pictures, were shown in London, the British critics could not get over the miracle that Dorothy Mackaill had lost her accent and was speaking like a thorough Yankee who held the trenches at Bunker Hill. Perhaps that is because I lost no time taking out naturalization papers or what-have-you."

Her first job in America came when she was taken back-stage at the Century Theater by a girl friend. The debonair Mackaill exchanged characteristic banter with a gentleman who proved to be Lee Shu-

bert, and he was so surprised that he gave her a place in a revival of "Florodora." When that ended she made up her mind that she wanted to be glorified so she went to the offices high up in the New Amsterdam Theater and announced that "Dorothy Mackaill of London is here to see Mr. Florenz Ziegfeld." Mr. Ziegfeld was so surprised that he gave her an audience and also a job in "The Midnight Frolic."

"One night when Kathleen Martin was unable to appear," the Mackaill will tell you, "I was pushed on in her place with scarcely any rehearsal and sang a very syncopated American song in my own English manner, Scotch-Yorkshire dialect and all. There were three encores and I decided I was a hit. But I was a female 'Merton of the Movies.' They were rolling in their seats because my accent was so funny when put to American music."

It was when she was in "The Midnight Frolic" that Marshall Neilan saw her and gave her a rôle in a picture called "Bits of Life." Other rôles came. Some with Johnny Hines in comedies. Then better ones with Richard Barthelmess in "The Fighting Blade," "Twenty-One," "Ransom's Folly," and "Shore Leave." Then she was given a contract by First National Pictures and she has been with that organization ever since, except when she was twice loaned to another company. She played in a series of highly successful pictures with Jack Mulhall, then she became a star in her own right.

Her return to Hull this summer, ten years after living in America, was eventful in the sense that she received the welcome of a celluloid conqueror. The Mackaill prefers to tell you of the humorous side of her triumphant return.

"When I rang the bell of the old Mackaill Mansion," she says, "my father was out because I was not expected until the next day. I was welcomed by my step-mother and my six year old half-sister. My sister scurried out and told the kids that Dorothy was home and they cluttered up the front yard and the alley. Then my father came home and we had a visit."

"The news had spread and the theater manager in Hull appeared and told me that as I was not expected until tomorrow I would have to sneak out of the house and get in an automobile and make a grand entrance the next morning. When my father went out on the porch and told the multitude that I was not there my little sister ran out and screamed, 'She is, too! She is, too!' I had a grand time!"

NOT A PATTERN GIRL—Continued from page 34

then, it didn't take long for Fame to find her. Arthur Hopkins appearing in this rôle, saw her in "The Noose" and decided she was just the type for the girl lead in "Burlesque." Barbara got the part and was a Broadway star. And all because she didn't know her patterns—but her lines!

"Then," laughs Barbara, "came my big moment!"

No. It wasn't names in electric lights. It wasn't reviews or bouquets over the footlights. It was 'love' with big gilt capitals. Terpsichore and Euterpe having done their parts, Fate gave Cupid a shove. Cupid in this case in the guise of a peppy piano player in "Burlesque," who was a great friend of Frank Fay's. Frank at that time was at The Palace for an engagement and it was Cupid who carried messages, sweet nothings, tidbits and gossip from one to the other; who fanned the flame. And romance grew. It is two years

later and they are still living happily after.

Barbara is what they call a 'natural.' She never learned to act. Except coaching by Frank Fay, she will tell you. She also explains that she has only played one kind of rôle and that is the kind of girls she has actually known, but then she's modest! She used to have yearnings to do dramatic things in a big way. She used to watch Jeanne Eagels and then come away and think 'what's the use?' She feels the same way now when she sees Ann Harding.

She likes the movies, finds them interesting, feels she learns something from them, but the stage will always be 'home' to her.

She'd like to settle down, just she and Frank—and only come back to do something that interested her. She'd like to do a play with Frank, like Vilma Banky and Rod La Rocque are doing in New York, and then take the play to London. She'd

like to do different rôles, something she's never attempted. Maybe foreign parts full of accents and things. As it is now, practically her only equipment has been to learn to say 'ain't' and drop her g's, which is not such a good habit for polite society and one which Frank tries to correct.

She'd like to have a child now when she's young; she'd like to work with Frank, so they could be together, because they wouldn't be jealous of one another in their work.

She doesn't smoke—or at least she hasn't smoked in eighteen months because Frank doesn't want her to. Only when a scene calls for it, and then she doesn't cheat by taking more puffs than the script allows!

At present she is doing another girl that she knows, a taxi dancer in a dance hall who falls in love with the wrong man, but marries the right one when the curtain falls.

ASK ME

Continued from page 12

Ruth. Do I ever get tired of answering questions? That's just another one to answer! Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., was married to Joan Crawford on June 3, 1929. Doug's mother was Beth Sully before her marriage to Douglas, Sr. She is now the wife of Jack Whiting of stage fame. Alice White does not give her home address but her studio, Columbia, 1438 Gower Street, Hollywood, Calif., will be responsible for her fan mail. Her latest release is "Sweethearts on Parade" with Lloyd Hughes.

Carol Jean F. Are the stars as innocent as they look on the screen? I could actually break down and cry over that so we'll take up the subject later. Gary Cooper is in "The Spoilers" with Kay Johnson and Betty Compson. Gary is still a bachelor. Mary Brian's real name is Mary Louise Dantzler. She was born April 17, 1909, in Texas. She is 5 feet 2 inches tall, weighs 105 pounds and has naturally curly brown hair and hazel eyes. Not married or engaged as far as I know. Mary played with Jack Oakie and Skeets Gallagher in "The Social Lion."

Lorraine, Boston. So I give you many happy moments, do I? That's a line I love to catch and hold on to. Come again. Dolores Del Rio has jet black hair, beautiful brown eyes, is about 5 feet 5 inches tall and weighs 115 pounds. She was married on Aug. 6, 1930, to Cedric Gibbons, film art director. Clara Bow is 5 feet 3½ inches tall, weighs 110 pounds, and has red hair and brown eyes. Her latest offering is "Her Wedding Night."

Brown Eyes. You'd just die if you couldn't read my words of wisdom every month—you old book-worm, you! Jacqueline Logan was born Nov. 30, 1902, in San Antonio, Texas. She has auburn hair, gray eyes, is 5 feet 4 inches tall and weighs 115 pounds. At present she is making films in England. She appeared in "The Bachelor Girl" with Thelma Todd, William Collier Jr. and Edward Hearn. Norma Shearer is 26 years old. Her latest release is "Let Us Be Gay." She will be back on the screen soon.

C. G. of Chicago. I'm as proud as a buck private who has just been made a corporal when I read the grand things you fans say about my department. William Haines, known far and wide as Hollywood's champion wise-cracker, was born January 1, 1900, in Staunton, Va. He is 6 feet tall, weighs 165 pounds and has black hair and brown eyes. His hobby is playing practical jokes. As a part of his screen training, he also plays golf, football, baseball and polo. His next picture is "Remote Control."

Giggles. Where can you get hold of John Gilbert? Ah! John was born July 10, 1897, and has brown hair and eyes, is 5 feet 11 inches tall. His new picture is "Way For a Sailor," with Leila Hyams and Wallace Beery. Greta Garbo was born Sept. 18, 1906, in Stockholm, Sweden. Her latest release is "Romance," with Gavin Gordon and Lewis Stone. Zasu Pitts plays with Jeanette MacDonald and Jack Buchanan in "Monte Carlo." The song, *Beyond the Blue Horizon*, from the picture, is a good number.

Dorothy G., Cape Cod. John Mack Brown's first advent into pictures was with Marion Davies in "The Fair Co-Ed." His



A grand character actress, Marie Dressler, and one of filmland's best 'bad' men, Wallace Beery, as Min and Bill, their new picture, a drama of the water-front.

latest release is "Billy the Kid." John's wife is Cornelia Foster, a college 'sweetheart'. In "Slaves of Beauty" you saw Olive Tell, Margaret Livingston, Sue Carol, Holmes Herbert, Earle Foxe and Richard Walling. Clara Bow uses her own name in pictures.

Betty, San Francisco. You say you don't think anything of asking me a few questions—I don't think so much of it myself. Mary Astor plays with Ann Harding in "Holiday." Mary was born May 3, 1906, in Quincy, Ill. She has auburn hair, brown eyes, is 5 feet 5 inches tall and weighs 120 pounds. Dorothy Lee is in "Half Shot at Sunrise" with Bert Wheeler and Robert Woolsey. No, she is not related to Davey Lee or Lila Lee. Davey plays with Jack Holt and Dorothy Revier in "The Squealer."

A Constant Reader. Which one? Molly O'Day has reduced in weight to a mere 117 pounds and is appearing in a stage play called "Young Sinners." Molly was born in 1911 in Bayonne, N. J. She has dark

hazel eyes, brown hair and is 5 feet 2½ inches tall. Her real name is Suzanne Dobson Noonan.

Flo. Billie Dove is 5 feet 6 inches tall and weighs 119 pounds. Bebe Daniels weighs 120 pounds and is 5 feet 3 inches tall. Vilma Banky is 5 feet 6 inches tall, weighs 125 pounds. Colleen Moore, 5 feet 3 inches, weight, 105 pounds. Viola Dana is 4 feet 11½ inches, weight, 101 pounds. Dolores Costello Barrymore is 5 feet 4 inches tall and has blonde hair and blue eyes. Laura La Plante is 5 feet 3 inches, weighs 118 pounds and has blonde hair and blue eyes.

M. S., New York City. Here is a plea for movies from old-fashioned stories so all directors and producers please take notice. After that, you have practically seen several old-timers before you read this. Janet Gaynor's mother is not in pictures so you did not see her in "Street Angel." Janet has signed a new contract with Fox Studios and is to appear in a film with Charles Farrell, "The Man Who

Came Back." She was born Oct. 6, 1906, in Philadelphia, Pa. She has auburn hair, brown eyes, is 5 feet tall and weighs 100 pounds.

C. of Henderson, N. C. Your good wishes can come in loads, stacks and bundles and I'll receive them with open arms, so keep up the good work. Sue Carol was born Oct. 30, 1908, in Chicago, Ill. She has dark brown hair, brown eyes, is 5 feet 3 inches tall and weighs 108 pounds. She was married to Nick Stuart, July 28, 1929. She appears with Amos 'n' Andy in "Check and Double Check." Others in the picture are Irene Rich and Charles Morton and Kingfish!

Natalie K. What a world this would be without pictures, chick-a-dee golf, or Rudy Vallée's *Stein Song*. Lane Chandler was born June 4, 1901, in Culbertson, Mont. He is 6 feet 3 inches tall, weighs 185 pounds and has red hair and blue eyes. He has appeared in "Red Hair" with Clara Bow; "Love and Learn" with Esther Ralston; "The Big Killing" with Mary Brian, Wallace Beery and Raymond Hatton; "The First Kiss" with Fay Wray and Gary Cooper, and "The Wolf of Wall Street" with George Bancroft and Nancy Carroll. Lane is not married. Gloria Swanson was born in Chicago, Ill, March 29, 1898. She was educated in Chicago

schools, later in Key West, Fla., and in Porto Rico, where her father, Captain Swanson, served with the United States Army. Her first peep into pictures was in a mob scene with the old Essanay Studio in Chicago, after she had spent several years at various army posts with her father. She has been married three times, first to Wallace Beery when she was 16 years old, then to Herbert Somborn, and her last venture, the Marquis de la Falaise de la Coudray, from whom she is divorced. She has one daughter and an adopted son.

Dorrie. The song whistled so often in "Street Angel" was *Angela Mia*. Gloria Swanson played with the late Rudolph Valentino in "Beyond the Rocks," released in 1922. Gloria's latest picture is "What a Widow" with Owen Moore and Lew Cody. Ramon Novarro is 30 years old and is 5 feet 8 inches tall, weighs 155 pounds and has black hair and brown eyes.

Anne, Fresno. Welcome to our circle! Contract or backgammon? Since Maurice Chevalier has completed his new picture, "The Playboy of Paris," he has been vacationing in France. William Bakewell was born May 2, 1908, in Los Angeles, Cal. He was educated at the Harvard Military School and started his picture career as an extra soon after his graduation. He has

appeared in "West Point," "Mother," "Annapolis," "Battle of the Sexes," and "Hot Stuff." His work in "The Iron Mask" with Douglas Fairbanks, was an outstanding rôle for a youngster. He plays in "All Quiet on the Western Front." William is 5 feet 11 inches tall, weighs 143 pounds and has wavy brown hair and gray eyes. He lives with his mother in Hollywood.

Dorothy, Topeka, Kansas. I do not know of any players that hail from your town but Buster Keaton was born in Pickway. Charles Rogers in Olathe, Phyllis Haver in Douglas, Thelma Hill in Emporia and Claire Windsor in Cawker City. Good line-up for Kansas. Jack Oakie's real name is Lewis D. Offield. Richard Arlen is Richard Van Mattemore. Jean Arthur is Gladys Green. Helen Kane is Helen Schroeder in real life. Kay Francis was born about 28 years ago in Oklahoma City, Okla. Joan Crawford's given name is pronounced as one syllable and not Jo-an.

Betty J. You want to congratulate SCREENLAND for its good fortune in having such a finished "Ask Me" lady—what you mean, 'finished,' eh? Loretta Young was 18 years old on Jan. 6, 1930; Josephine Dunn was 23 on May 1, same year. Dixie Lee is about 20 years old. Grant Withers



Winnie Lightner, one of the brightest comedy lights of talking pictures, broadcasts to her thousands of fans from the luxurious divan in her own sitting room. Notice the trick pajamas and head-dress to match.



Ruth Mix, pretty daughter of her famous father, Tom Mix, is rehearsing for a western talker with Wally Wales for Universal.

is 26, Conrad Nagel is 33, David Rollins is 21 and Barry Norton is 25.

Somebody from Europe. Ramon Novarro's single blessedness has worried many a feminine fan but I have no solution to offer. Ramon's latest picture, "Call of the Flesh," was made under the title, "The Singer of Seville." Helen Kane was born in New York City, Aug. 4, 1908. She is 5 feet 2 inches tall, weighs 125 pounds and has brown hair and hazel eyes. David Manners' family name is Acklom. He was born April 30, 1902, in Halifax, Nova Scotia. He is 6 feet tall, weighs 160 pounds and has brown hair and gray eyes. His wife is Susanne Bushnell.

Georgia Belle. Your latest crush is on Scott Kolk, is it? He was a trap-drummer and a dancer with a jazz band before going into pictures. He appeared with Marion Davies and Lawrence Gray in "Marianne" and has a rôle in "All Quiet on the Western Front." Barbara Stanwyck, who created such a favorable impression on the fans in "Ladies of Leisure," was born July 16, 1907, in Brooklyn, N. Y. She is 5 feet 5 inches tall, weighs 118 pounds and has auburn hair and dark blue eyes. She is the wife of Frank Fay, who appeared in "Under a Texas Moon."

Dorrie of Montana. Listen! Brother Elks, Lions, Moose and Knights of The Round Table—Dorrie suggests you keep the "Ask Me" pages for reference—paste 'em in the hat, on the face, any old place so you can say to all inquirers, "I told you so." Dorothy Lee was a dancer with Fred Waring's Pennsylvanians and appeared in "Syncopation" with that band. She made such a decided hit that Radio Pictures signed her for the ingénue rôle in "Rio Rita." She has been featured with Bert Wheeler and Robert Woolsey in "The Cuckoos" and their latest release, "Half Shot at Sunrise."

Ranny from Winnipeg. You may consider yourself thanked for the sincere way you have in expressing your appreciation of this department. Your favorite, Marie Prevost, was not born in France but is a native of Sarnia, Ontario, Canada. She was born Nov. 6, 1898. She has very dark



Ann Harding, next month's Cover Girl, will be the first subject of our new numerology series. Watch for this feature in February SCREENLAND.

Send Birthday Greetings to These January Stars:

William Haines	January 1st.
Charles Bickford	January 1st.
Marion Davies	January 3rd.
Loretta Young	January 6th.
Stanley Smith	January 6th.
Matt Moore	January 6th.
Tom Mix	January 6th.
Vilma Banky	January 9th.
Monte Blue	January 11th.
Kay Francis	January 13th.
Norman Foster	January 13th.
Bebe Daniels	January 14th.
Nils Asther	January 17th.
Sally Starr	January 23rd.
Ralph Graves	January 23rd.
Joyce Compton	January 27th.
Noah Beery	January 29th.
Marcia Manners	January 31st.



Elissa Landi, Europe's new gift to movie-goers, will play opposite Charles Farrell in his new picture, "Squadrons."

brown hair, blue eyes, is 5 feet 4 inches tall and weighs 123 pounds. She began her screen career in two-reel Sennett comedies. Her first feature picture was with Charles Ray in "Old Swimmin' Hole." Her latest film is "War Nurse" with Anita Page and Robert Montgomery.

J. K., Manitoba. Constance Bennett is 23 years old. She has golden blonde hair and deep blue eyes. She was married at the age of 17 to Chester Morehead but the marriage was annulled. Her second husband was Phillip Plant, wealthy society man of New York, but she is divorced from him. Her latest film releases are "Common Clay" with Lew Ayres, and "Sin Takes a Holiday" with Kenneth MacKenna and Basil Rathbone.

Gerry D., Detroit. Madge Bellamy's room-mate in "Summer Bachelors" was Leila Hyams. Others in the cast were Matt Moore and Allan Forrest. Billie Burke, and not Billie Dove, is the wife of Flo Ziegfeld. Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., was born Dec. 7, 1907, in New York City. Three well-known sisters of the screen are Loretta Young, Sally Blane and Polly Ann Young.

June. Lloyd Hughes was born Oct. 21, 1897, in Bisbee, Arizona. He has gray eyes, brown hair, is 6 feet tall and weighs 160 pounds. His favorite sports are handball, boxing, golf and swimming. His wife is Gloria Hope and they have two children. Lloyd's first big screen success came as the male lead with Mary Pickford in "Tess of the Storm Country," in 1923. He appears with John Barrymore as his brother, *Derek*, in "Moby Dick."

Susette H. of Centralia, Ill. Crazy about my 'write-up,' are you? And I'm just as crazy to know that you are *that way* about me. Bebe Daniels was born Jan. 14, 1901. Clara Bow on July 29, 1905; and Colleen Moore on Aug. 8, 1904. Colleen is appearing on the stage this season in "On the Loose," a comedy-drama.

WRITE TO THE STARS AS FOLLOWS:

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

William Bakewell	Dorothy Jordan
Lionel Barrymore	Buster Keaton
Wallace Beery	Charles King
Charles Bickford	Gwen Lee
Edwina Booth	Barbara Leonard
John Mack Brown	Adolphe Menjou
Harry Carey	Robert Montgomery
Karl Dane	Conrad Nagel
Marion Davies	Ramon Novarro
Reginald Denny	Edward Nugent
Mary Doran	Anita Page
Cliff Edwards	Marie Prevost
Julia Faye	Duncan Renaldo
Greta Garbo	Norma Shearer
John Gilbert	Gus Shy
Gavin Gordon	Lawrence Tibbett
Ralph Graves	Lewis Stone
William Haines	Ernest Torrence
Hedda Hopper	Raquel Torres
Leila Hyams	Roland Young
Kay Johnson	

Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon Street, Hollywood, Cal.

Richard Arlen	Mitzi Green
Jean Arthur	Neil Hamilton
William Austin	Phillips Holmes
George Bancroft	Helen Kane
Clara Bow	Dennis King
Mary Brian	Carol Lombard
Clive Brook	Paul Lukas
Nancy Carroll	Jeanette MacDonald
Ruth Chatterton	Fredric March
Maurice Chevalier	Rosita Moreno
June Collyer	Barry Norton
Jackie Coogan	Jack Oakie
Claudette Colbert	Warner Oland
Gary Cooper	Zelma O'Neal
Frances Dee	Eugene Pallette
Marlene Dietrich	William Powell
Leon Errol	Charles Rogers
Stuart Erwin	Lillian Roth
Kay Francis	Regis Toomey
Skeet Gallagher	Fay Wray
Harry Green	

First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Richard Barthelmess	Dorothy Mackaill
Sidney Blackmer	David Manners
Joe E. Brown	Marilyn Miller
Bernice Claire	Ona Munson
Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.	James Rennie
Alexander Gray	Otis Skinner
Fred Kohler	Vivienne Segal
Laura Lee	Jack Whiting
Lila Lee	Loretta Young

Fox Studios, 1401 North Western Avenue, Hollywood, Cal.

Frank Albertson	Dixie Lee
Luana Alcaniz	Edmund Lowe
Robert Ames	Myrna Loy
Warner Baxter	Claire Luce
Rex Bell	Sharon Lynn
Humphrey Bogart	Farrell Macdonald
El Brendel	Kenneth MacKenna
Ilka Chase	Mona Maris
Marguerite Churchill	Victor McLaglen
Joyce Compton	Lois Moran
Fifi Dorsay	J. Harold Murray
Louise Dresser	George O'Brien
Charles Farrell	Maureen O'Sullivan
John Garrick	David Rollins
Janet Gaynor	Will Rogers
Warren Hymer	Lee Tracy
Richard Keene	Spencer Tracy
Jane Keith	John Wayne
J. M. Kerrigan	Marjorie White.

Radio Pictures Studio, 780 Gower Street, Hollywood, Cal.

Evelyn Brent	Everett Marshall
Sue Carol	Joel McCrea
Joseph Cawthorne	Jack Mulhall
June Clyde	Edna May Oliver
Betty Compson	Roberta Robinson
Bebe Daniels	Lowell Sherman
Richard Dix	Ned Sparks
Irene Dunne	Leni Stengel
Jobyna Howland	Hugh Trevor
Arthur Lake	Bert Wheeler
Ivan Lebedeff	Louis Wolheim
Dorothy Lee	Robert Woolsey

Warner Brothers Studio, 5842 Sunset Boulevard, Hollywood, Cal.

George Arliss	Lucien Littlefield
John Barrymore	Lotti Lodi
Monte Blue	Ben Lyon
Claudia Dell	Marian Nixon
Irene Delroy	Walter Pidgeon
Louise Fazenda	H. B. Warner
James Hall	Lois Wilson
Winnie Lightner	Grant Withers

Pathé Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Robert Armstrong	Ann Harding
Constance Bennett	Eddie Quillan
William Boyd	Fred Scott
James Gleason	Gloria Swanson
Russell Gleason	Helen Twelvetrees
Alan Hale	

Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.

Lewis Ayres	Barbara Kent
John Boles	Jeanette Loff
Kathryn Crawford	Mary Nolan
Robert Ellis	Eddie Phillips
Hoot Gibson	Joseph Schildkraut
Jean Hersholt	Genevieve Tobin
Dorothy Janis	Glenn Tryon
Raymond Keane	Lupe Velez
Myrna Kennedy	John Wray

Columbia Studios, 1438 Gower Street, Hollywood, Cal.

Joe Cook	Bert Lytell
Constance Cummings	Joan Peers
Richard Cromwell	Dorothy Revier
Jack Holt	Barbara Stanwyck
Buck Jones	

United Artists Studios, 1041 North Formosa Avenue, Hollywood, Cal.

Don Alvarado	John Holland
Joan Bennett	Eleanor Hunt
Eddie Cantor	Walter Huston
Charles Chaplin	Al Jolson
Virginia Cherill	Evelyn Laye
Ronald Colman	Una Merkel
Lily Damita	Chester Morris
Dolores Del Rio	Mary Pickford
Douglas Fairbanks	Gilbert Roland
William Farnum	Norma Talmadge

Hal Roach Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Charley Chase	Harry Langdon
Mickey Daniels	Stan Laurel
Oliver Hardy	Our Gang
Ed Kennedy	Thelma Todd
Mary Kornman	

Educational Studios, 7250 Santa Monica Boulevard, Hollywood, Cal.

Marjorie Beebe	Daphne Pollard
Ann Christy	Lincoln Stedman
Andy Clyde	Nick Stuart
Harry Gribbon	

Sono Art-World Wide, Metropolitan Studios, 1041 Las Palmas Street, Hollywood, Cal.

Ruth Roland	Edward Everett Horton
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William De Mille directing Kay Francis in a scene from "Passion Flower." Kay is popular and in demand—Metro borrowed her from Paramount for this film.

LETTERS FROM THE AUDIENCE—Continued from page 8

similar vaults be constructed to hold the finest films every company produces?

Pearl Moore,
864 Colorado Ave.,
Grand Junction, Colorado.

FOURTH PRIZE LETTER \$5.00

So far as I am concerned, the queen of fun has been crowned already. She is none other than Her Royal Highness, Marie (Dressler), Queen of Comedy Land.

Dressler was great in silent pictures but since the talkies arrived, there has been no one to approach her humor. Who but Marie Dressler could be in a picture with the alluring Garbo and come near walking away with first acting honors? Who else could steal from such capable performers as William Haines, Lillian Gish and Norma Shearer?

Marie isn't only a brilliant clown. She also has that underlying pathos which all great comedienness possess. Primarily she is a great actress, but she adds to that a lovably human quality and a deliciously individual manner of speaking. As she herself announced in "The Hollywood Revue": "I'm the Queen," and she is!

D. H. Chapman,
1337 Shatto Street,
Los Angeles, Cal.

Page Big Doug as a Producer, Please

Odd, isn't it, how the movies have a habit of overturning everybody's pet theories?

One of my favorite dramatic critics prophesied that the talkies would develop along lines of their own while the stage would retain all the plays which required thought and intelligence, brilliant dialogue, or an idea which could appeal only to a limited few.

That sounded reasonable. But along came "Holiday," with Philip Barry's clever lines and made a smash hit out of supposedly limited material. "Outward Bound" which was judged too fragile a play even to be sent on the road, is not quite the failure it was predicted on the screen. If an imaginative person like Fairbanks Senior

would produce "Death Takes a Holiday," pointed out as strictly 'stage goods,' I shouldn't be surprised to see it become a film success.

People once thought that action was 'out' in the talkies but now we have it both in westerns and in farce like Gloria Swanson's "What a Widow." They also said intimacy and charm were gone, but look at "Monte Carlo" and Maurice Chevalier.

Let theories come and go! We're looking ahead for clever material and good craftsmen, and chirping all the while, "What's next?"

Yours,

Louise Devon,
5049 Arch Street,
Philadelphia, Pa.

Get Your College Credits Through the Talkies!

Like a lot of other men trying to learn how to write, in order to create flesh and blood characters, I often have to refer to cumbersome reference books, and spend a lot of time weeding out real information from mediocre material.

But since the coming of talkies, a lot of this difficulty has been smoothed out. If I need atmosphere for a Chinese story, I see Dick Barthelmess in "Son of the Gods." Or if I need negro background, "Hallelujah" offers just what I need. So



William Powell's film followers set a new altitude record! "Bill's worst picture can't be less than fair," a friendly critic writes in.

ing "Anna Christie" to imagine Garbo wearing curls and playing in "Romance." But she is so versatile, I suppose it's all right. But I do prefer her not all dressed up. What a tremendous improvement in pictures since ten years ago when the pretty heroine stood around and twiddled her fingers!

The musical films thrill me, too. "The Vagabond King" and "The Rogue Song" are the height of artistry. Technicolor is a marvelous addition to such productions. And I think Tibbett and King are the best singers that the world of music has given us so far.

To save me, I can't think of a word of criticism. But, oh yes! Why didn't somebody teach Rudy Vallée how to act?

Grace Gray,
Vinal Haven,
Maine.

'Ray! 'Ray! We Want Internationality!

German people like American talking pictures very much but American taste is not always German taste. Lovers are often too 'sweetish.'

When a young couple fall in love and kiss for the first time, why are there always blooming trees, falling flowers, twittering birds and inevitably a full moon in the heaven? Do lovers never kiss in wintry weather? In "Sally" we saw such scenes of exaggerated sweetness so that this picture didn't have the success expected in Germany.

In "Flight," Lila Lee, in the rôle of a nurse, had the appearance and make-up of a sweet revue girl. And that in company of soldiers during a battle. It was so incongruous the spectators in Germany were forced to laugh.

This exaggerated sweetness is a very big fault, especially in talking pictures where it is not always possible to cut out mushy dialogue. Therefore, I should suggest that since we Germans are so fond of American talkies that you either let us have versions according to European taste, or give films more internationality in the original screening.

Otto Behrens,
12 Victoria Luiseplatz,
Berlin, W 30, Germany.



A fan says he learned about the Chinese from you, Dick Barthelmess. Is that a slam or a salvo?



Meet the new William Haines! No, not wisecracking Bill, but William who has been doing swell dramatic work lately.

that now I regard talking pictures as authoritative, along with encyclopedias and histories.

Albert C. Dewert,
3971 Kenkel Ave.,
Cincinnati, Ohio.

Compliments and Criticism

I have just seen and heard "Anna Christie." What a voice! The essence of all that Garbo really is!

I love "Anna Christie!" The poignant, gripping drama, which left me breathless. The barge, the sea, the fog—why I could almost smell the water.

All the characters were perfect. But Garbo reached the heights. I like everything about her. Her hair, her berets, her shabby clothes, her deep, husky voice, and her reserve. It is hard for me after see-

Something For Serious Consideration

What's the matter with the movie production chiefs who give us so many crime pictures? If they think they are doing their bit in helping to prove the folly of crime, they are sadly mistaken.

In this age of flaunting desires and movie vengeance, plays depicting vice in all its baffling, slow-moving stages, are nothing more than powerful incentives to our villain-worshipping youths.

For the price of a few admissions, the keen-witted, criminally-inclined individuals acquire the true technique of looting, safe-cracking, kidnapping, smuggling and fancy bumping off.

It costs them no more to make careful notations of seemingly disguised traps, particularly the one that brings the culprit to justice. They are intensely interested in one thing, and that one thing is how to get around the law. Do they learn how?

Yes. Because the major fault of these productions lies in the exposition of clues. Crime pictures are entirely too vivid, too painstakingly accurate in every detail.

Now that movies appeal to the eye as well as to the ear, it would be a boon to parents if producers would give us less criminal adventures.

Ottillie Troynar,
322 Tenth Street,
Santa Monica, Calif.

Parents Please Copy!

I have always enjoyed Jack Gilbert's pictures because of his peppy personality. In my estimation, Jack has never really had a human part to portray since "The Big Parade." Talkie voice or no, we are with him. If his future pictures must be silent, let 'em be silent. One good silent Gilbert picture is worth many silly ones with good voices and poor acting.

My husband and I feel that we owe a real debt to the movies. We are the parents of two rapidly developing young girls, thirteen and fifteen years of age, but we are not fearful of their future, neither are we resorting to old-fashioned discipline to enforce our ideas of character forming. Our way has been natural, easy, and enjoyable to both girls, to Dad and myself. We simply let them learn about life from the movies. From an early age they have attended pictures and have gathered from them many lessons which every girl should know if she is to stand squarely on both feet and rub shoulders with the world,

which is a good old world notwithstanding.

B. A. Brothers,
1516 Seaboard Avenue,
South Norfolk, Virginia.

A Boost For Billy

I have been watching a certain young actor for a long time and I feel that I know something of his ability. He's a great favorite with that part of the public who cherish the brighter side of life, and they give him a big hand every time he appears. This personable actor is Billy Haines!

This same play boy has been doing some swell dramatic work lately and the same public have started to sit up and wear that "Gee-I-knew-he-could-do-it" look.

I have but one appeal! Give the boy a real story and let Fred Niblo direct him. He understands Billy. "Way Out West" is sufficient proof. And make Billy act and love and suffer. There is nothing on earth more appealing than Haines when he is sad and hurt!

Tillie Shirley Kohes,
829 Winnebago Street,
Milwaukee, Wis.



*Who said crooks can't win?
El Brendel has been stealing pictures from stars and for this he has been rewarded—a new feature contract from Fox.*

Get the Flit Gun!

The talkies have produced a new species of pests. They are to be found in any movie theater at any time. But they seem to breed thickest during the showing of such fine pictures as "Song O' My Heart" and "Journey's End." Here are a few of the classifications:

The Peanut Bugs: Maddening and numerous. They crunch peanuts extracted from violently crackling, waxed paper bags, loudly and interminably.

The Bitter Bugs: Extremely exasperating. They titter and snicker at inappropriate moments, usually during tender love scenes.

The Wise-Cracking Bugs: Very annoying. They emit what they consider very smart quips and *bon mots* always during the most dramatic moments.

The In-A-Hurry Bugs: Only a few of these, but enough. They get up and make a dash for the exit during the final scene, while the lovers are being re-united or while the villain is meeting his fate. The picture will conclude in three minutes but they need those three moments.

Does anyone know a way to exterminate these pests? Chloroform might be effective!

Gertrude Westenberg,
334 Randolph Ave.,
Seattle, Wash.

Lyman Howe! To the Front!

For those of us who love the sights and sounds outside the door best of all, it is very encouraging to learn that several movie companies are planning a small percentage of silent productions.

I like the spoken picture and am one of its most consistent boosters. But what I do lament, however, is the loss of the scenics. We all remember Lyman Howe. His appearance at the neighborhood theater twice a year was always heralded with great joy and expectation. The antics of his one-man orchestra were alone worth the price of admission. Just now we are unable to see a good six or seven reel scenic, not because people consider them dry and not worth seeing, but because the audibles cannot, apparently, present natural beauty to the best possible degree. The ways of Mother Nature are often too sedate to lend enchantment to mechanical recording.

May the disciples of Walton, Burroughs, and Thoreau obtain satisfaction!

Earl J. Gagnon,
Ripley,
Hancock, Michigan.

SHARING IRENE RICH'S CHRISTMAS BOXES

Continued from page 91

her this when you're cramming for exams. Edam cheeses are nice to include in the boxes, since they look so pretty, are easy to send, and it is such fun to scoop out the cheese at an impromptu party. The Lulu Paste is my favorite spread for midnight sandwiches at home, and my youngsters love it at school. You can always keep crackers around, and with Lulu Paste, you've got what the swanky folks call a delightful savory.

"I believe in giving college boys and girls, and all hard-working young people generally, stimulating food, not the same dull things which they have been accustomed to from childhood. It takes a little care and thought but I much prefer going

to the trouble of packing boxes with food I have planned and helped to cook, to sending pocket money which is apt to be spent in any old fashion. Young men and young women need a variety of food and plenty of sweets.

"Now for the recipes—so that you can get your Christmas box on the college campus before the sun of Christmas Eve falls behind the stately college towers!"

DATE COOKIES

1 cup brown sugar
1 cup butter
1 cup buttermilk
3 cups oatmeal
1 teaspoon soda.

Flour enough to roll thin, cut out in rounds, put together with date filling, and press edges together.

FILLING FOR DATE COOKIES

1 pound dates
1 cup sugar
1 cup water

Cook dates in water, add sugar, then cook until smooth, and use for filling.

SALTED NUTS

Remove walnuts, pecans or whatever nut wished, from shells. Pour into a skillet in which pure olive oil is very hot. Turn rapidly to prevent scorching, remove nuts and salt well. Butter gives a better flavor than oil and is more healthful.

REVUETTES—Continued from page 6

Big Money. *Pathé.* What price easy money? Satisfactory comedy with Eddie Quillan, Miriam Seegar, Robert Armstrong and James Gleason.*

Those Three French Girls. *Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.* Ho-hum! This should have been funny but it wasn't. Fifi Dorsay, Reginald Denny, Yola D'Avril, Cliff Edwards, Sandra Ravel and Edward Brophy do their best.

Atlantic. *British International.* Gripping melodrama but dull in spots. All about a sinking ship. It's an English picture with an English cast.

Madam Satan. *Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.* A De Mille-ianaire production. All about a neglected wife who wins back hubby. Kay Johnson, Reginald Denny and Roland Young in the line-up.

The Santa Fé Trail. *Paramount.* Old-fashioned Western done in the modern mode with Richard Arlen as the cowboy. Mitzi Green steals the picture.

Playboy of Paris. *Paramount.* Maurice Chevalier corking as a French waiter who inherits a million francs. You'll be talking about Stuart Erwin's antics.

The Hot Heiress. *First National.* Romance between a society deb, Ona Munson, and a riveter, Ben Lyon. It's hokum but you'll like it.

The Life of the Party. *Warner Brothers.* Winnie Lightner and Irene Delroy have a hilarious time pretending they are rich widows and so does the audience.

Devil With Women. *For.* A typical McLaglen picture—he dates the dames but the other fellow gets them. Fair.

A Lady Surrenders. *Universal.* A very talkie drawing-room drama with Conrad Nagel, Rose Hobart and Genevieve Tobin representing the eternal triangle.

The Office Wife. *Warner Brothers.* Glorifying the American secretary with Dorothy Mackaill as the sec. and capable Lewis Stone as the employer who marries her.

Heads Up. *Paramount.* Just another musical comedy with Buddy Rogers as the only bright spot. Helen Kane doesn't click in this.

Borrowed Wives. *Tiffany.* The old yarn about the hero having to marry the girl before midnight or lose a fortune but done very amusingly, with Rex Lease, Vera Reynolds and Paul Hurst.

Reno. *Sono Art-World Wide.* Ruth Roland as the heroine of Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr.'s, novel of divorce. Fair entertainment.

Brothers. *Columbia.* Bert Lytell plays a dual rôle in the screen version of his stage success. The film has plenty of action and suspense. Dorothy Sebastian is a capable leading lady.

The Cat Creeps. *Universal.* A good mystery thriller with all the trimming including Helen Twelvetrees, Neil Hamilton, Lilyan Tashman and Raymond Hackett.

Once a Gentleman. *Sono Art-World Wide.* Edward Everett Horton gives a fine and humorous performance in a story about mistaken identities. Lois Wilson looks well and acts better.

East is West. *Universal.* A not so successful picture of a successful stage play despite the efforts of Lupe Velez, Lewis Ayres and Edward Robinson.

*Reviewed in this issue.

Short Subjects:

Below Zero. *Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.* A Laurel-Hardy victory. A riot—full of laughs and funny situations. See this.

Fashion Mirror. *Warner Brothers.* A comedy sketch with music and gorgeous gowns. Just the thing for your winter fashion tips.

Discontented Cowboys. *Universal.* The Charlie Murray-George Sidney combination with sure-fire comedy. A dude ranch and a couple of tenderfeet.

Our Nagging Wives. *Educational.* Should be called chiseling husbands. Ford Sterling is the head man; John T. Murray and Ethel Sykes assist.

Dogway Melody. *Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.* The clever dog stars cavort in a burlesque of "The Broadway Melody." Don't pass this by.

The Bluffer. *Mack Sennett Brevity.* Andy Clyde in a funny comedy with the aid of color—as if he needed it! Patsy O'Leary is the girl and Lincoln Stedman, the bluffer.

The Cuckoo Murder Mystery. *Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Cartoon.* A murder thriller with a grand idea and very well done. You'll enjoy this.

Parley Vous. *Universal.* Slim Summerville swell as a bugler in the army trying to make an impression on a French *cherie*, Pauline Garon. Many laughs in this.

The Stein Song. *Max Fleisher Cartoon.* Collegiate cartoon with Rudy Vallée singing the *Maine Stein Song*. Cleverly handled.

You're in the Navy Now. *Paramount.* Johnny Burke, a vaudeville favorite, does his stuff in this short film with a military background. Good gags. Good singing.

Divorced Sweethearts. *Educational.* One of Mack Sennett's best with Charles Irvin, Daphne Pollard, Marjorie Beebe and Ann Christy. A lot of laughter and marital mistakes.

People Born in October. *Fitzpatrick.* One of the ever-popular horoscope series. If October's your month, this is your meat. Good comedy touches.

Monkey Melodies. *Columbia.* A little gem of jungle love, with two monkeys as the lovers and an alligator as the 'menace.' A simian knock-out.

Hot and Bothered. *Columbia.* Eddie Buzzell rings the bell again in this miniature comedy of a movie-struck gal. The best one of the series so far.

The Patient. *Paramount.* This juggling novelty is provided with a swell plot, full of action, which makes it an unusual comedy success.

Don't Bite the Dentist. *Educational.* Andy Clyde as a local dentist gets himself into more trouble! But you'll like it. One of the funniest skits of the month!

Breakfast in Bed. *Pathé.* This comedy line-up, including Daphne Pollard and her two strong-armed sweethearts, ends in a riot of laughter. Franklin Pangborn wonderful!

The Twentieth Amendment. *Paramount.* Something new in the fun world. Twentieth Amendment specifies a man must have as many wives as he can support! Don't miss the fun.

See page 109 for Casts of Current Films; other reviews on pages 88-89; Reviews of the six best pictures awarded SCREENLAND'S seal of approval on pages 86-87.

THEY'RE NEW—HOT! WATCH THEM!—Marlene Dietrich

Continued from page 54

American business or professional woman disposes of this event amuses Miss Dietrich. "I think it is marvelous," she said smiling. "American women do things so easily—and they turn out just as well. We are much too serious in my country. When I think how careful I was of myself those times I must laugh. I wouldn't be in a room where people were smoking for fear the impure air would harm her. And I ate such nourishing things, such good soup and beer and everything that would make her grow. And after she came I was just as careful. Oh, I grew *that* fat!" she laughed delightedly and stretched her arms out as far as they would go. She never touched wines during that time, only beer, and after two years of abstinence she found she didn't like them, so unlike most foreigners, our so-called prohibition laws were no trial to her.

"I show you her picture," she said, extracting a little silver object from her purse which looked like a compact but opened, revealed two snapshots of a darling baby girl, about four years old.

In spite of the fact that she loves to work in America, Marlene is very homesick for her baby and her own fireside. It was a bitter blow to her when Paramount decided to have her make her second picture immediately. "But then I shall be home for Christmas. Oh, I never could stand being away for Christmas!"

"I make records for her. There is a marvelous place here which records the voice almost perfectly. That is the way I write my letters to her and she makes records and sends them to me. The other night I called her on the telephone. She asked me where I was and I told her I was in bed. She wanted to know why and whether I was ill. I told her that I was in bed because it was night. It was noon in Germany and she couldn't understand how it could be night where I was!"

"When I left home my family cried and the baby comforted them. 'Why do you cry?' she asked, 'Mama will come back. People who go must always come back.' What a happy philosophy! Happy for me, too, because if she had made a fuss I never would have left her.

"I was so different. When I first went

to school I used to cry so hard the man at the door would telephone my mother at recess and she would come and comfort me. Imagine! Only two blocks away from home and homesick! That is why it is hard for me to make new friends here. It is just my nature. I used to go to school crying and singing a song that started with these words, 'He is happy who forgets all that he cannot change.' Six years old and I sang that!"



"Are You There?" We'll say Paula Lenglen is! Paula, by the way, is the little dancer who has a rôle in Beatrice Lillie's new talker, "Are You There?"

Twice before, Hollywood tried to lure Miss Dietrich and twice she refused. When Paramount, through Josef Von Sternberg, offered her a contract she accepted. She had appeared in a picture in Germany under his direction and opposite Emil Jannings, called "The Blue Angel." She had confidence in von Sternberg and he had told

her so much about the marvelous studios in Hollywood that she was eager to work in them. "Here there is everything to make a fine picture. If I am not good, then better I never try again.

"In silent pictures it was hard for me. My nose was always something the matter with it, or my chin was wrong or my cheek or something!" she laughed. "In talking pictures those things are not as important as they used to be.

"When I am working I am always very happy. I never care how many hours I am in the studio. Everything is interesting to me. It is only when I am not working that I am unhappy. I used to go to parties when I first came out here; everyone was so very kind to me. But at parties no one seems to be having a really good time. There is much laughter, beautiful women and handsome men, but the laughter doesn't seem to come from the heart. Or maybe it is because I am out of tune; anyhow, I stay home now.

"I brought with me my maid from home and in the evening we sit together and turn on the radio and read and I feel like a very old lady. Sometimes on Sundays we have a picnic. Because I cannot bear to stay at home on Sundays. We go to the beach and swim and lie on the sand. But without my family and friends it isn't fun. It makes me miss them more because I want them to enjoy it with me.

"When I come back after Christmas, though, I know I shall be happier. Things out here will be familiar and I won't feel as if I were coming to a strange land. When I am really transplanted I shall make friends, perhaps. I don't do that quickly," she said with her shy look.

Now you may not like La Dietrich when you see her in "Morocco," but the bets are in her favor out here, and the wise boys have been trained to anticipate what the public will like. She is often compared to Garbo, a fact that upsets her very much. "How can they say so? We are not at all alike. Garbo is a great artist." She doesn't realize that some people think she is one, too.

Garbo is her favorite actress and she has as much hero worship for the Swedish siren as her own fans have for her.

THEY'RE NEW—HOT! WATCH THEM!—John Wayne

Continued from page 55

I said 'all right.' I didn't hear any more for ten days, when Mr. Walsh came over one morning and said: 'You'd better get your clothes packed, we're leaving tomorrow for Arizona.' They'd given me the lead in "The Big Trail" and I had never acted in my life.

"We left the next day and covered nearly every state in the extreme west—Arizona, California, Montana, Oregon, Colorado—for locations. It's a swell picture of covered wagon days, made entirely outdoors except for one shack and one saloon sequence. We used a thousand buffalo, a lot of elks, more horses and cows than I ever saw before, Indians, horse wranglers, dogs, cats, birds, and a flock of long-haired girls. There's a lot of fighting in it, a rainstorm, a sandstorm, and a great scene where everybody spills into the Snake River. And about the nicest thing about this picture is, nobody was killed. In every big film, usually one or two men are killed, but we didn't even kill a horse."

John loves to fight better than anything. After that, he likes to eat. "I like meat.

Plenty of it. Almost raw," he said. "It seems I can never get enough to fill up this big carcass of mine. I'm crazy about swimming, too. I spend all my free time on Malibu Beach, just in a pair of trunks. I'm a real sun baby. I enjoy riding and watching all kinds of sports, particularly football. I used to play a little on the California team," he explained shyly. "I like girls, too. In fact, I'm just getting to the age where I like 'em all. But when I get married, the first thing I'm going to look for in a girl is a sense of humor. I hate 'em thick."

"Had you ever had any picture experience before?" I asked.

"Not a bit. And I never was so scared in my life as when I made my first entrance. If Mr. Walsh had made me act, I would have been lost. But he didn't. He just said, 'Go on and do it like you were home.'

"My first speech was the longest one I had to make in the whole film. I'm scared to death of cameras, anyway, and when I went on the set, there were eight of them.

To make it worse, my first entrance was on horseback. And in addition to speaking my piece, I had to keep that horse absolutely still in one spot so he wouldn't get out of focus! I'd been kind of sick, too. A lot of us had. Stomach on the Fritz from change in food and water. I was so frightened I'd be too ill to work that it made me sicker. But I got on the horse somehow and here I am.

"But don't let's talk about me any more. Let's talk about New York. This is my first trip here. First time I ever saw the Atlantic Ocean. And, gee, when I looked up at that Empire State Building—you know, the one where the Waldorf-Astoria used to be—well, honest, I haven't got any words. It's so tall I had to take off my hat to see it."

"What are you going to do next when you get back to California?"

"I don't know what film I'll make. They haven't decided. But I'll tell you one thing I'm going to do. I'm going to keep practising throwing knives," he laughed—"if I ever get married—I'll be prepared."

COMPLETE CASTS OF FILMS REVIEWED IN THIS ISSUE

"A LADY'S MORALS." *Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.* From the story by Dorothy Farnum. Directed by Sidney Franklin. The cast: *Jenny Lind*, Grace Moore; *Paul Brandt*, Reginald Denny; *Barnum*, Wallace Beery; *Olaf*, Gus Shy; *Josephine*, Jobyna Howland; *Broughm*, Gilbert Emery; *Inn Keeper*, George F. Marion; *Martetti*, Paul Porcasi; *Zerga*, Giovanni Martino; *Inn Keeper's Wife*, Bodil Rosing; *Louise*, Joan Standing; *Selma*, Mavis Villiers; *Rosatti*, Judith Vosselli.

"BIG MONEY." *Pathé.* From the story by Walter de Leon. Directed by Russell Mack. The cast: *Eddie*, Eddie Quillan; *Ace*, Robert Armstrong; *Tom*, James Gleason; *Joan McCall*, Miriam Seegar; *Mae*, Margaret Livingston; *Mr. McCall*, Robert Edeson; *Leila*, Dorothy Christy; *Smiley*, G. Pat Collins; *Durkin*, Morgan Wallace; *Flora*, Myrtis Crinley; *Monk*, Robert Glecker; *Bradley*, Charles Sellon; *Lefty*, Kit Guard; *Weejee*, Johnny Morris; *Waiters*, Frank Sabini and Harry Semles; *Society Woman*, Clara Palmer; *Detective*, Ed Deering; *Elevator Boy*, Spec O'Donnell; *Maid*, Mona Rica; *Izzy*, Murray Smith; *Wendell*, Harry Tyler; *Butler*, Jack MacDonald; *Michael*, Zita Moulton; *Office Boy*, Jack Hanlon; *Detroit Dan*, Richard Cramer; *Lewis Wilder*, Maurice Black.

"BILLY THE KID." *Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.* From the book, "The Saga of Billy the Kid," published by Doubleday Page Company in 1927. Adapted by Walter Noble Burnes. Directed by King Vidor. The cast: *Billy*, John Mack Brown; *Garrett*, Wallace Beery; *Claire*, Kay Johnson; *Swenson*, Karl Dane; *Tunstun*, Wyndham Standing; *McSween*, Russell Simpson; *Mrs. McSween*, Blanche Frederici; *Old Stuff*, Rosco Ates; *Ballinger*, Warner P. Richmond; *Donovan*, James Marcus; *Hatfield*, Nelson McDowell; *Brewer*, Jack Carlyle; *Butterworth*, John Beck; *Santiago*, Chris Martin; *Nocky Whoosis*, Marguerita Padula; *Mrs. Hatfield*, Aggie Herring.

"CHECK AND DOUBLE CHECK." *A Radio Picture.* Story, music and lyrics by Bert Kalmar and Harry Ruby. Directed by Melville Brown. The cast: *Amos*, Freeman F. Gosden; *Andy*, Charles J. Correll; *Jean Blair*, Sue Carol; *Richard Williams*, Charles Morton; *Ralph Crawford*, Ralf Harold; *John Blair*, Edward Martindel; *Mrs. Blair*, Irene Rich; *Elinor Crawford*, Rita La Roy; *Kingfish*, Russell Powell.

"FEET FIRST." *Paramount.* From the story by John Gray, Clyde Bruckman and Alex. Neal. Directed by Clyde Bruckman. The cast: *Harold Horne*, Harold Lloyd; *John Tanner*, Robert McWade; *Mrs. Tanner*, Lillian Leighton; *Mary*, Barbara Kent; *Old Timer*, Alec Francis; *Ship's Officer*, Noah Young.

"HALF SHOT AT SUNRISE." *A Radio picture.* From the story by James A. Creelman, Jr. Directed by Paul Sloane. The cast: *Tommy*, Bert Wheeler; *Gilbert*, Robert Woolsey; *M. P. Sergeant*, John Rutherford; *Colonel Marshall*, George MacFarlane; *Eileen*, Roberta Robinson; *Olga*, Leni Stengel; *Annette*, Dorothy Lee; *Lieut. Jim Reed*, Hugh Trevor; *Mrs. Marshall*, Edna May Oliver; *Military Police-*

man, Eddie de Lange; *General Hale*, E. H. Calvert; *Captain Jones*, Alan Roscoe.

"KISMET." *First National.* From the play by Edward Knoblock. Adapted by Howard Estabrook. Directed by John Francis Dillon. The cast: *Hajj*, Otis Skinner; *Marsinah*, Loretta Young; *Caliph Abdallah*, David Manners; *Wazir Mansur*, Sidney Blackmer; *Zeleekeha*, Mary Duncan; *Jailer*, Montagu Love; *Amru*, Ford Sterling; *The guide Nazir*, Theodore von Eltz; *Imam Mahmud*, John Sainpolis; *Jawan*, Edmund Breese.

"LITTLE CAESAR." *First National.* From the novel by W. R. Burnett. Adapted by Francis Edwards Faragon. Directed by Mervyn Le Roy. The cast: *"Rico" Bandello*, Edward G. Robinson; *Joe Massara*, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.; *Olga Strassof*, Glenda Farrell; *The "Big Boy"*, Sidney Blackmer; *Police Sgt. Flaherty*, Thomas Jackson; *Pete Montana*, Ralph Ince; *Tony Passa*, Win. Collier, Jr.; *Arnie Lorch*, Maurice Black; *Sam Vettori*, Stanley Fields; *Otero*, George E. Stone.

"MAYBE IT'S LOVE." *Warner Brothers.* From the story by Mark Canfield. Adapted by Joseph Jackson. Directed by William Wellman. The cast: *Nan Sheffield*, Joan Bennett; *Speed Hanson*, Joe E. Brown; *Tommy Nelson*, James Hall; *Betty*, Laura Lee; *Mr. Nelson*, Anders Randolph; *Whiskers*, Sumner Getchell; *President Sheffield*, George Irving; *Professor*, George Bickel; *Coach Bob Brown and his team*, Coach Howard Jones and the All American Football Team.

"SCOTLAND YARD." *Fox.* From the play, "Scotland Yard" by Dennison Clift. Adapted by Garrett Fort. Directed by William K. Howard. The cast: *Sir John Lasher*, Edmund Lowe; *Dakin Barrolles*, Edmund Lowe; *Xandra—Lady Lasher*, Joan Bennett; *Charles Fox*, Donald Crisp; *Doctor Deon*, George Renevant; *Doctor Remur*, Carroll Naish; *Sir Clive Heathcote*, Lumsden Hare; *Captain Graves*, David Torrence; *Nurse Cecelia*, Barbara Leonard; *Lord St. Arran*, Halliwell Hobbes; *McKillop*, Arnold Lucy.

"SINNER'S HOLIDAY." *Warner Brothers.* From the play, "Penny Arcade" by Marie Baumer. Adapted by Harvey Thew. Directed by John Adolphi. The cast: *Angel Harrigan*, Grant Withers; *Jennie*, Evelyn Knapp; *Harry*, James Cagney; *Myrtle*, Joan Blondell; *Ma Delano*, Lucille La Verne; *Buck*, Noel Madison; *George*, Otto Hoffman; *Mitch McKane*, Warren Hymer; *Sikes*, Purnell B. Pratt; *Joe*, Ray Gallagher; *Happy*, Hank Mann.

"THE BIG TRAIL." *Fox.* From the story by Hal Evarts. Directed by Raoul Walsh. The cast: *Breck Coleman*, John Wayne; *Ruth Cameron*, Marguerite Churchill; *Gussie*, El Brendel; *Zeke*, Tully Marshall; *Red Flack*, Tyrone Power; *Dave Cameron*, David Rollins; *Bill Thorpe*, Ian Keith; *Pa Bascom*, Frederick Burton; *Windy Bill*, Russ Powell; *Lopez*, Charles Stevens; *Gussie's Mother-in-law*, Louise Carver; *Wellmore*, William V. Mong; *Abigail*, Dodo Newton; *Sid Bascom*, Ward Bond; *Mrs. Riggs*, Marcia Harris; *Mary Riggs*, Marjorie Leet; *Sairey*, Emslie Emerson; *Ohio Man*, Frank Rainboth; *Ohio Man's Son*, Andy Shufford; *Honey Girl*, Helen Parrish.

"THE LADY OF THE LAKE." *A Fitzpatrick Picture.* From the poem by Sir Walter Scott. Adapted and directed by James A. Fitzpatrick. The cast: *James FitzJames*, Percy Marmont; *The Lady of the Lake*, Benita Hume; *Roderick Dhu*, Lawson Butt; *Lord Moray*, James Carewe; *Malcolm Graeme*, Haddon Mason; *Margaret*, Hedda Bartlett; *Allan Bayne*, Leo Dryden; *Blanche of Devon*, Sara Francis; *Douglas*, James Douglas.

"THE SILVER HORDE." *A Radio Picture.* From the novel by Rex Beach. Adapted by Wallace Smith. Directed by George Archainbaud. The cast: *Cherry Malotte*, Evelyn Brent; *George Balt*, Louis Wolheim; *Boyd Emerson*, Joel McCrea; *Fraser*, Raymond Hatton; *Mildred Wayland*, Jean Arthur; *Fred Marsh*, Gavin Gordon; *Queenie*, Blanche Sweet; *Wayne Wayland*, Purnell Pratt; *Thomas Hilliard*, William Davidson; *Swenson*, Ivan Linow.

"THE VIRTUOUS SIN." *Paramount.* From the play by Lajos Zilahy. Adapted by Martin Brown. Directed by Louis Gasnier and George Cukor. The cast: *Gen. Gregori Platoff*, Walter Huston; *Marya Ivanovna*, Kay Francis; *Lt. Victor Sablin*, Kenneth MacKenna; *Alexander Stroganov*, Jobyna Howland; *Captain Orloff*, Paul Cavanagh; *Lt. Glinka*, Eric Kalkhust; *Maj. Ivanoff*, Oscar Apfel; *Col. Nikitin*, Gordon McLeod; *Captain Sobakin*, Youcca Troubetzkoy; *Sentry*, Victor Potel.

"UP THE RIVER." *Fox.* From the story by Maurine Watkins. Directed by John Ford. The cast: *St. Louis*, Spencer Tracy; *Judy*, Claire Luce; *Dannemora Dan*, Warren Hymers; *Steve*, Humphrey Bogart; *Pop*, William Collier, Sr.; *Jesup*, George MacFarlane; *Morris*, Gaylord Pendleton; *Kit*, Goodee Montgomery; *The Warden*, Robert F. O'Connor; *Jean*, Joan Lawes; *Sophie*, Noel Francis; *Mrs. Massey*, Louise Mackintosh; *Frosby*, Morgan Wallace; *Mrs. Jordan*, Edythe Chapman; *Cynthia*, Althea Henly; *May and June*, Keating Sisters; *Whitley*, Wilbur Mack; *Beauchamp*, Pat Somerset; *Nash*, Harvey Clark; *Daisy Elmore*, Carol Wines; *Edith Laverne*, Sharon Lynn; *Minnie*, Adele Windsor; *Annie*, Mildred Vincent; *Happy the tramp*, Johnnie Mack; *Deputy Warden*, Joe Brown; *Dick the Dip*, Richard Keene; *Slim*, Robert Burns; *Clem*, John Swor.

"WAR NURSE." *Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.* From a novel published anonymously by Cosmopolitan Book Publishing Company. Also appeared in Hearst's International Cosmopolitan Magazine of 1930. Adapted by Becky Gardiner. Director, Edgar Selwyn. The cast: *Wally*, Robert Montgomery; *Robin*, Robert Ames; *Babs*, June Walker; *Joy*, Anita Page; *Cushie*, Zasu Pitts; *Rosalie*, Marie Prevost; *Kansas*, Helen Jerome Eddy; *Matron*, Hedda Hopper; *Frank*, Edward Nugent; *Helen*, Martha Sleeper; *Doctor*, Michael Vavitch.

"WAY FOR A SAILOR." *Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.* From the novel by Albert Richard Wetjen, published by Century Company in 1928. Adapted by Laurence Stallings, W. L. River, and Charles MacArthur. Directed by Sam Wood. The cast: *Jack*, John Gilbert; *Tripod*, Wallace Beery; *Joan*, Leila Hyams; *Ginger*, Jim Tully; *Polly*, Polly Moran; *Flossy*, Doris Lloyd.

THE STAGE IN REVIEW—Continued from page 93

yearn and yearn to see Peru before you die—well, that's "Nina Rosa," the best melodramatic, the peppiest musical show since "New Moon."

Jake and Lee, *muchas gracias!*

And—hear! hear!—the story holds you: all about *Nina Rosa* (both a mine and a girl) that Chicago-New York Jack battles for with drunken, licorice-eyed *Pablo*, a great cognac Peruvian Bark, played by Leonard Ceeley, who gets Medal A for this show both in acting and singing.

And, *Mon Dieu!*—little Armida of the movies as *Corinna!* I'm no critic before her. She's my It!

Ethelind Terry as *Nina Rosa*, the bone of contention, is equatorial and warblingly seductive. Guy Robertson and Jack Sheehan and some others are all active and peppy.

"A FAREWELL TO ARMS"

This play, "A Farewell to Arms," made from the Hemingway novel by Laurence Stallings, is a powerful, beautiful play. It puts Eros above Mars. It is pathetic, romantic, realistic and lyrical.

An American lieutenant in the Italian army falls in love—war-love—with an English nurse. It becomes, on both sides, passionate, almost mystical adoration. During the great disaster of Caporetto, when a million Italians run panic-stricken before the Austrians, the girl dies of childbirth, and the baby also dies. Outside we hear the colossal retreat. The Lieutenant falls over his beloved's body—farewell to arms—to hell with the war!—let the Austrians come! The one thing worth while has gone out of his life.

The gold medal of the drama goes to Wilbur Crane as an Italian officer, drinking, laughing, self-sacrificing, who loves his American friend, the lieutenant, more than he does his own girl, who happens to be the nurse. A most human and tear-compelling portrayal by a man who can act greatly.

Glenn Anders as the American lieutenant still has that sob-sister voice. When he asks for a cigarette you think he's going to cry. Elissa Landi, as the English nurse, was exceptionally good. All the smaller parts were capitally done. A somber but interesting tragedy. Its Broadway run was brief but Paramount has bought the play for pictures. And the leading lady, Miss Landi, has been signed by Fox.

"MR. GILHOOLEY"

Mr. Gilhooley is an aging Dubliner, a man-about-town, a quiet, simple, single-tracked, up-and-up fellow who takes a wandering girl into his boarding-house one night out of pity. She, out of sheer gratefulness—well, anyhow three months after, they are still living together.

The girl has had a former lover. She resurrects him. The simple soul of *Mr. Gilhooley* runs all the gamut of jealousy and forgiveness until in a great scene he strangles her to death and shoots himself. That's all. But it is a great play.

It is by Liam O'Flaherty, done for the stage by Frank B. Elser. Jed Harris put it on, and Mr. Harris goes up once again to the forefront of those who are trying to keep the theater as one of the civilized arts.

A great cast: Arthur Sinclair as *Mr. Gilhooley* is restrained, vital and convincing. He acts when he is not acting—he is such a great artist. Helen Hayes as the girl is at her best. She keeps her charm.

"BAD GIRL"

Vina Delmar is the little girl who one day and all of a sudden leaped from a

typewriter to the splendor of the Neckers' Olympus. So give the little girl a hand!

Of course, you've read the book. Not to have done so means you belong to the High Hatty Intelligentsia. *Racca!*

Well, the play is about *Dot* and *Eddie* and the baby. *Dot* isn't a 'bad girl' at all. As a matter of fact, the title is a come-on. Not that there aren't some bright and pathetic patches. But, on the whole, Sylvia Sydney is the draw. Here is a real little actress. Paul Kelly is comic and manly as *Eddie*.



That handsome Warner Baxter will be a member of the French Foreign Legion in his latest Movietone, "Renegade."

"THE GREEKS HAD A WORD FOR IT"

Zoë Akins hath done this thing. It isn't a play, but a series of human and static luxury sets.

Three chisellers, gold-diggers, gimleters, or what have you? Money, wine, jewels, bankers, a pianist. These three chisellers—or what have you?—roil and broil about, sometimes calling one another names, sometimes acting up pretty.

No special plot. Just a night-club, a music-room of a musical genius (ah, Linda, these stage musical geniuses!), a suite in Central Park West—and presto—the Ambassador Hotel!

Muriel Kirkland, the girl in "Strictly Dishonorable," is *Polaire*, a charming digger. Dorothy Hall and Veree Teasdale are good.

I passed a fairly amusing evening waiting to find out what the Greeks had a word for that would describe this show. Could it be bulldiker?

"STEPDAUGHTERS OF WAR"

Femininity in undress. Stripped to the bone (psychically I mean, Hedda). Well, the girls did their bit Over There. Why shouldn't they have a little "Journey's End" of their own?

Kenyon Nicholson's "Stepdaughters of War," from Helen Smith's novel, is full of naughty talk. But, remember, these girls are in the British Ambulance Corps, where a man is a man, and even the women are, too.

Katherine Alexander plays the lead. The play is splendidly produced. (If we can't end war, let's end the war-plays. I'm fed up.)

"SYMPHONY IN TWO FLATS"

This is an all-English two-plays-in-one that have absoluteley no relation to one another.

Ivor Novello is a kind of Noel Coward: he wrote the play, acts in it, a sentimental I'm-a-blind-composer part; sings and does everything but mix cocktails and throw dice. Gets his sight just in time to find that his wife and another—but you have seen it in the pre-Bunny screen era.

In the flat below, a widow tries to marry off her daughter and herself by some heavy English comedy tricks that only provoke laughter by the real comedy of Miss Baird as a mannish artist who performs on the bars and goes around smeared up like Rembrandt on a souse. She is really funny.

Two English beauties, Lillian Braithwaite and Benita Hume do the comic widow and the tragic blind man's wife respectively with some degree of delight. Mr. Novello, the English matinée idol, and well-known to American screen audiences, pleases his faithful followers.

"MRS. MOONLIGHT"

We all wept.

Strong men who have stood in the trenches with Pershing, men who have taken it on the chin in many a speakeasy, women who look as cynical as one of Goya's witches, critics as hardened as Percy Hammond and myself, wept and blew our trumps at *Mrs. Moonlight*, who could never look more than nineteen, who disappeared one *Godey's Lady's Book* night in 1881, to come back in 1898 and 1928, always looking young. No one ever recognized her! She dies with her ninety-year-old husband.

Some spell had been put on her, you see (see Wilkie Collins, Bertha M. Clay, "Peter Pan" and "Mary Rose"). The husband (dear old Guy Standing), marries *Mrs. Moonlight's* sister. The rest of the whole thing is—I weep—unintelligible. It's molasses for infants. Benn W. Levy concocted it.

But the acting of that curiously diaphanous beauty, Edith Barrett, as *Mrs. Moonlight*, is what brought us all to the tear-compound. She's a Barrie creature in an imitation Barrie-show. Haidée Wright, an old servant, In the Know (whatever it is), lays on the Scotch burr overmuch. But Leo G. Carroll, as a boob of a lover and later as the husband of *Mrs. Moonlight's* daughter, does one of the finest characterizations ever seen on Broadway.

Yes, Linda, tears are in style again. Maybe the vapors aren't very far away!

"TWELFTH NIGHT"

Kenneth Macgowan and Joseph Verner Reed put on the most charming and scenically unique version of Shakespeare's "Twelfth Night" that I have ever seen.

Here is a lot of foolishness—an old-fashioned love story and a piece of claptrap melodrama—transmuted under the fairywand of Big Will (and Macgowan and Reed) to a play that has made immortal at least two characters—*Sir Toby Belch*, grand old ale-sack, and *Malvolio*, the pe-dantic peacock of *Lady Olivia's* household.

These two rôles in the hands of Walter Kingsford and Leon Quartermaine are played as I have never seen them played before. Go to see "Twelfth Night" to see *Sir Toby Belch* and *Malvolio* in person.

Jane Cowl as *Viola* does not impress me. She seems to be reciting and pantomiming the part instead of acting it. But she is grand to look upon.

MR. AND MRS. HOLLYWOOD ENTERTAIN

Continued from page 59

and Frank Fay winning tennis, and Billy Bakewell distinguishing himself at ping-pong.

"I can ping, all right," remarked Elsie Janis, "but I never can pong!"

The party had been an afternoon affair, and the sun was setting as we bade our cordial hosts adieu and wished them many happy returns.

Louise Dresser reminded Mrs. Gleason that her next anniversary would be a silver wedding, and Mrs. Gleason responded that she knew it and that silver was her favorite kind of jewelry!

"Married twenty-four years and glad of it!" exclaimed Patsy as we left. "I think that's awfully nice, especially in these days when you can get a divorce if your mate sneezes out of turn."

"**M**RS. OSCAR STRAUS is giving one of her lovely evening garden parties, and I wouldn't miss it for worlds. Mrs. Straus always trusts the California and Beverly Hills climate to behave nicely, and it just has to live up to her belief, I guess. Anyway, I'm sure if Mrs. Straus is giving an evening garden party, it will be entirely nice. Reginald Sharland is our escort."

We three drove over to the Straus home in Beverly Hills, which had been chosen as much for its beauty of grounds as for its charming mansion, I'm sure. It had the added attraction, too, of a little studio building in the back garden, where young Irvin Straus could write and practise in peace.

Though only nineteen, young Straus has written an operetta which is a success in Vienna.

Mrs. Straus was lovely in a white satin gown, and she and Oscar Straus, her famous husband, greeted us in their cordial, cheerful manner, Mr. Straus, as usual, drifting about in his inconspicuous way, being nice to all his guests in turn and always saying the right thing.

Ramon Novarro was almost the first person we saw among the guests, and he was looking as handsome and was as charming as ever.

He had brought that highly interesting personage, Florence Barnes, the famous aviatrix, who is a large, strong woman, unpossessed, apparently, of a single nerve. She makes you feel as if everything is all right, so cheerful, radiant and reasonable is she.

We found that Ramon himself had flown an airship almost the first time he went up.

Speaking of Ramon reminds me of the party Lawrence Tibbett, the opera singer, gave at his Beverly Hills mansion, where Elsie Janis came out the worse of a little friendly bout with Novarro.

Elsie is a great cut-up, but she only sits on gentlemen's stomachs on Thursdays—no other days. But let Miss Janis tell how it happened:

"Ramon and I were sitting on a piano bench in Lawrence and Grace Tibbett's home during a party the other night. Ramon made some little remarks and I said: 'Aw, go on home,' and gave him a little push. Then he gave me a little push. I pushed him back and the first thing you know we were at it hot and heavy.

"We fell off the piano bench and I had him down, too, and was sitting very effectually on his stomach. The victory seemed mine, but he played dead, drat him, and when I was off guard he 'oomped' his stomach—you know, he sort of undulated—and I fell off on my shoulder. Even then

it wouldn't have been so bad. But I wouldn't say I was hurt, so he kept on pummeling me until my shoulder was completely dislocated.

"I didn't tell anybody, although it hurt like the dickens. I just waved goodbye to everybody with my left hand—it was my right shoulder—and went home. But the next day I had to have a doctor and so now everybody knows about it.

"I hate to tell this on Ramon because he wouldn't hurt anybody, really. Ramon isn't a big bruiser. He's a gentleman. He just didn't know I was hurt and I was too stubborn to tell him."

"**O**H, Louise Fazenda is giving a house-warming party and a celebration for her husband's birthday!" chirruped Patsy who is always ripe for a party. Her husband is Hal Wallis, the producer, you know. But as for the house warming, she won't have to warm the whole house—just the new, built-on part!

The party was to be given at Louise's Malibu Beach house, and there Patsy and I found our hosts welcoming their guests that Sunday afternoon. Hal told us comically that he was just twenty-six years old—a baby director!

Jack Warner was there with his lovely wife, Irma Warner, and their fifteen-year-old son, Jack, Jr., who is a manly little fellow. He has been working in all departments, from financial to acting, at the First National Studios, earning fifteen dollars a week, and was so entranced with his job that he wanted to keep right on working all during his vacation; but his dad bribed him to take some recreation and stay at Malibu, promising him his fifteen dollars a week just the same, so Jack, Jr., was persuaded.

Walter Huston was among the guests, and there were Darryl Zanuck and his wife, Bobby North and his wife, Stella Maury; Mr. and Mrs. Jerome Kern, Laura La Plante and William Seiter, Blanche Sweet, Mr. and Mrs. Reginald Denny, Larry Darmour, Mr. and Mrs. William K. Howard, Mrs. Fazenda, Louise's sweet mother; Minna Wallis, Mervyn Le Roy and Edna Murphy, his wife; Hedda Hopper, Mr. and Mrs. Ned Marin, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Irwin, Inez Courtney, and many others.

We had a little chat with Walter Huston, who played Abraham Lincoln, you know. He declared that he hadn't found Lincoln so hard to play: "You see there it was, a wonderful story and a wonderful character, and they just played themselves," he said modestly.

Then he told us some of the funny criticisms of the picture that had been made. One teacher wrote that she should on no account take her pupils to see "Abraham Lincoln," "because," she said, "he is shown loving one woman and marrying another!"

Numbers of the guests went in swimming, including young Jack Warner, Edna Murphy, Mervyn Le Roy and Reginald Denny.

Coming in to sit down on the warm sand, Edna Murphy showed us some of the bruises she had on her arms and legs, acquired playing in what she called the black-and-blue drama—serials.

And Louise said comically that, although she had been so many years in slap-stick comedy, she found she still bruised!

Louise and Hal were preparing to go to Europe, and Louise told us that she had learned to ask "How much?" in five different languages.

As it grew cold, we went into the house,

and had a look at the upper story, which is the new part of the house, which a lot of the guests were admiring. There are two big bedrooms and a library, with wide windows overlooking the sea, and as Louise has a big collection of books, even at the beach, the library is most inviting.

There were cards and dancing within doors, too, or if you wished, you could sit out on the wide, sheltered veranda, and chat.

Supper was served at little tables, and we found that our hostess had cooked everything herself, even the spaghetti and the cakes! Her prune cake is especially delicious, and before supper was over she had promised almost every woman guest present to bake one for her, until at last she said she didn't know whether she would get to Europe or not!

Characteristically, Louise had generously cooked more food than her guests could possibly eat, so when they left, she loaded them down with cake, chicken and potato salad; so that Edna Murphy went home bearing a whole roast chicken and a quarter of a cake; Virginia Foxe had a big helping of potato salad; and Irma Warner bore away half a prune cake, while Patsy brought up the rear with quantities of cake and spaghetti.

Hal's birthday cake turned out to be an imposing structure—as good to taste as to look at.

Even though we had lingered long, we found it hard to tear ourselves away, but finally did, wishing Hal many happy returns, and both Louise and Hal a glad journey and safe return.

All the feminine guests were telling Louise what to take on the trip and what not to take, and Irma Warner especially advised her to carry some American silk stockings over to a certain Parisian dressmaker, since such a gift, in Paris, where the French stockings are so bad, insures one the very best attention from a modiste.

Suddenly, as we were bidding our last adieus, an uproar arose in the yard. It turned out to be a fight between Louise's Sealyham and Hal's Scotty. The Sealyham is an angelic blonde, like those in the Bertha M. Clay stories, while the Scotty is a brunette, also like the Clay villainesses, and when Hal had separated the combatants, he explained that the Sealyham stood just so much every time from the badgering Scotty, and then turned and defended herself.

Once more we said goodbye, and were on our way.

"**I** LOVE going to yachting clubs," remarked Patsy, "they make you feel as if you were somewhere. And Louise Dresser and Jack Gardner are giving a nice speed-boat and supper party at Lido Isle. Won't it be fun! Lido Isle is that nice little island in the land-locked bay not far from San Pedro, where a lot of film people are building their homes, and where Louise and Jack have a new summer home."

We crossed to the isle, after our drive down the lovely coast, on a speed-boat ferry, which took about five minutes, and no sooner had we landed than Jack and Louise said, "There's time for a speed-boat trip around the bay and out to sea if we hurry! Come into the yacht house and put on your bathing suits, because you'll need them and your coats, too!"

It was a glorious ride, and we were drenched with the wind-blown spray, but didn't mind it at all.

We came back and dressed and had dinner in the Club Patio, the tables being lighted with candles, while a huge fireplace threw out a cheerful glow and the warmth was not unwelcome.

We hadn't, it seemed, had enough yet of the sea, and as Patsy rightly put it, what's a yacht club for, anyway, if you don't yacht?

There was a tempting full moon in the sky, lighting the bay wonderfully, and after we had greeted the other guests and dined, we hopped into a huge motor boat,

the yacht club orchestra music floating out across the water.

David Butler and his wife were there, and there were William Courtney and his wife, Al Cooke and Mrs. Cooke, Mr. and Mrs. Lambert Hillyer, Mr. and Mrs. John Sainpolis, Mr. and Mrs. William Thorner, Mr. and Mrs. Reginald Barker, Ralph and Vera Lewis, and others.

David Butler, jauntily wearing his sailor cap, which he had bought from a sailor on the spot because he took a fancy to it, elected to do some back seat captaining, as

it were. He shouted instructions to the pilot, but soon came to the end of his nautical vocabulary and had to resort to remarks like "Action! Now, sailor, downstage! Searchlights! Kill 'em!" which nearly drove us onto the rocks, whereupon his wife made him desist.

Louise Dresser is delighted with her new home, since she has still-water swimming now at her very door without bothering with a swimming pool.

"A great party!" we voted it as we sped homeward just as the moon was setting.

HAIR RAISING HOLLYWOOD—Continued from page 33

accorded recognition by the seven Sutherland sisters who were famous some years ago when every woman wanted her hair to sweep the floor.

To go from long to short, there is Kay Francis. Why did she grow her hair longer? Her head is finely molded, her hair grows with the 'widow's peak,' that unusual little dip in the center of the forehead, and was brushed back beautifully from the forehead, smooth and gleaming. Kay Francis has the nose for it, too. Noses have a great deal to do with bobs as a great many of us discovered when the bobbing first began. No hair at the back of the head makes the nose prominent in profile and if it is a poor nose, a snub nose, a Roman nose or a 'lumpy' one, the damage is done. Now Kay Francis has gone fluffy like the rest of the world instead of being her own individual self.

Only the Garbo can change her hair and become more Garbo than ever. Other people change their type while Greta simply becomes more typical.

Janet Gaynor has the small face and coquettishness that go with curls. Her hair is fluffy and as full of life as her laugh and her eyes. This is the bob that is careless and collegiate. If hair is naturally wavy, life will be easy. If it has to be marcelled, difficulties will be paramount. If it is permanently waved all is well till the wave has grown out. It's the sort of bob that peeks out from the small hats that slip half way over the head, and Janet Gaynor recommends it highly.

When hair is worn on the neck a little mirror measuring should be done. Short necks and wide flowing curls should never get together. Better make it a bun in the back or attach the coronet braids that are

being used for evening affairs. If the neckline is medium or long, then curls at the back à la Garbo or a figure-eight bun like the Harding head-dress is good. Coiffures, too, should go by ages and weights. Those who have excess avoidupois should pause before they decide to be fluffy. Under twenty-one, almost anything can be done and it's becoming.

Ruth Chatterton has an 'over-the-sides' bob that is longer and has a soft effect around the face. She's brushing it back and over the sides so that one hardly detects the shortness from the front.

June Collyer leads the younger coiffure styles in the parted in-the-middle-line, short enough on the sides to show the ear and rolled low in the back of the neck. There are hundreds of these at every college prom due, no doubt, to the charming June.

Hollywood in general has gone fluffy but not fuzzy. Curls are of the fish hook or circular type and pressed against the head. Waves are wide and flat. Here and there heads go natural as does Barbara Stanwyck's. Long hair can be worn straight or nearly straight so much easier than when bobbed. Then, too, all sorts of things are added to the coiffure besides the 'transformation.' There are combs, sparkling clips, even little ostrich feather tips worn over the ear, and bandeaux in the Greek fashion that bind the hair back. Night life is going to be romantic again with gentlemen picking up fans—and hair pins.

Helen Twelvetrees goes feminine in a doll-like fashion. Her 'short-long' hair is curled and not restrained by pins or combs. It's loose, tempting and tantalizing. Did she do it to lose the certain Gishian resemblance that has been so much attached to her? The length of her hair is about

right for wear under a hat and yet it is long enough to be worn in a small roll in the back.

The thing that makes hair-growing most universal is the fact that at last and at least a dozen things can be done with it. It's rather fun to feel it on the shoulder. It's interesting to arrange it and catch a glance in the mirror from profile and from the back. For those who have had a bob for a long time, it's practically discovering hair all over again and welcoming it home.

Almost everyone agrees in and outside of Hollywood that there should be a complete exposure of the forehead no matter if the brow is high or low. The only daring exceptions who have bangs seem to be Colleen Moore, and Ilka Chase, who has a sort of gay-ninety side pompadour that hangs low over one brow. The only thing usually allowed on the great open spaces is a curl or a swirl right in the middle of the forehead, or perhaps on the temple. If hair can't be spared for 'spit curls' then a very small detachable one can be held in place by an invisible hair pin.

Most long, long hair has to be thinned or it will not be manageable for the present down-the-back styles. For instance, Lady Godiva, when she took her famous horseback ride with nothing around her but her beautiful long tresses, was well covered, according to report. Few American women in or out of Hollywood could take her part without a wig.

As time goes on and hair gets longer and thicker, we predict that our low style of hairdress will give way to high effects.

If you want to see its first suggestion—watch the hair raising adventures of Hollywood closely!

ACCENT YOUR PERSONALITY WITH PERFUMES—Continued from page 85

fume of the same brand and odor. The toilet water can be used in many refreshing, stimulating ways: on pads wet in cold water, it is a solace for aching heads. Sprayed on the body after the bath, it is a quick revitalizer. And as a tonic for dispirited hair, it is almost unequalled. Therefore, don't overlook having all your toilet accessories match your perfume for in this manner you will be certain of emanating a soft, blended sweetness wherever you go.

Many women, and not old-fashioned ones either, prefer sachet to perfume. A good sachet is restrained in odor but it cleaves to your clothes. Take for instance the lavender blossom tablets in compressed form, put out by the English firm which features this lovely fragrance in their long line of toilet indispensables. This is one of the most popular.

We have scented cleansing creams, as I have said before; hand lotions, perfumed with almond, rose or lemon; and brilliantine, also, comes in striking exotic odors. Therefore, there are countless ways of bringing fragrance into a dreary

day. For instance, all face powders now are exquisitely scented. In addition to their new smart shadings, there are off-shades for every possible diversity of coloring. Also special powder preparations to enhance the beauty of the neck, shoulders and arms.

The best powders are lightly scented. If you like lilac, I know one of wonderful quality and consistency, which blends gracefully with any type of skin. It comes in a lilac box and is silver-lined.

When you go beauty-shopping, do you see so many products you don't know what to buy? Do you find yourself confused as to creams, rouges, lipsticks and hair lotions, all of which are announced as perfection? Would you like to be sure of which product was best, of which would most suit your personal taste, of the price of each?

Beginning next month you will find all of this information in SCREENLAND. Mary Lee, the famous beauty advisor, will tell you, without fear or favor, of each new beauty product as it comes on the market. Watch for Miss Lee's page "The Truth About Cosmetics" and never buy the wrong article again. In the February SCREENLAND on sale January 1st.

Its lilac puff is separated from the powder by a narrow strip of silver cardboard. A delightful bit of variety for any dressing table.

It is the oriental who recognizes the true emotional power which lies in perfume, and for generations they have taken their scents seriously. But it has remained for the French woman to get the most romantic and practicable use out of scent. So now is your chance to do something for your country. Learn not only to choose but to use your perfumes as your Gallic sister does. Use it as a painter uses his highlights—to accent the form and substance of his masterpiece. A woman's body is her masterpiece and she should consider no point too trifling to help her highlight the points with which she was born. For it is not the qualities with which we were born that bring us success. It is how we develop these qualities, in spite of our inherited handicaps, that puts us on the 'big time' map. To help you reach the 'big time' circuit, I shall be glad to advise you. Write to me!

Paris... knows the way to keep that schoolgirl complexion

Massé tells how Parisian beauties have adopted this olive and palm oil method of cleansing . . . advised by more than 20,000 beauty specialists the world over.



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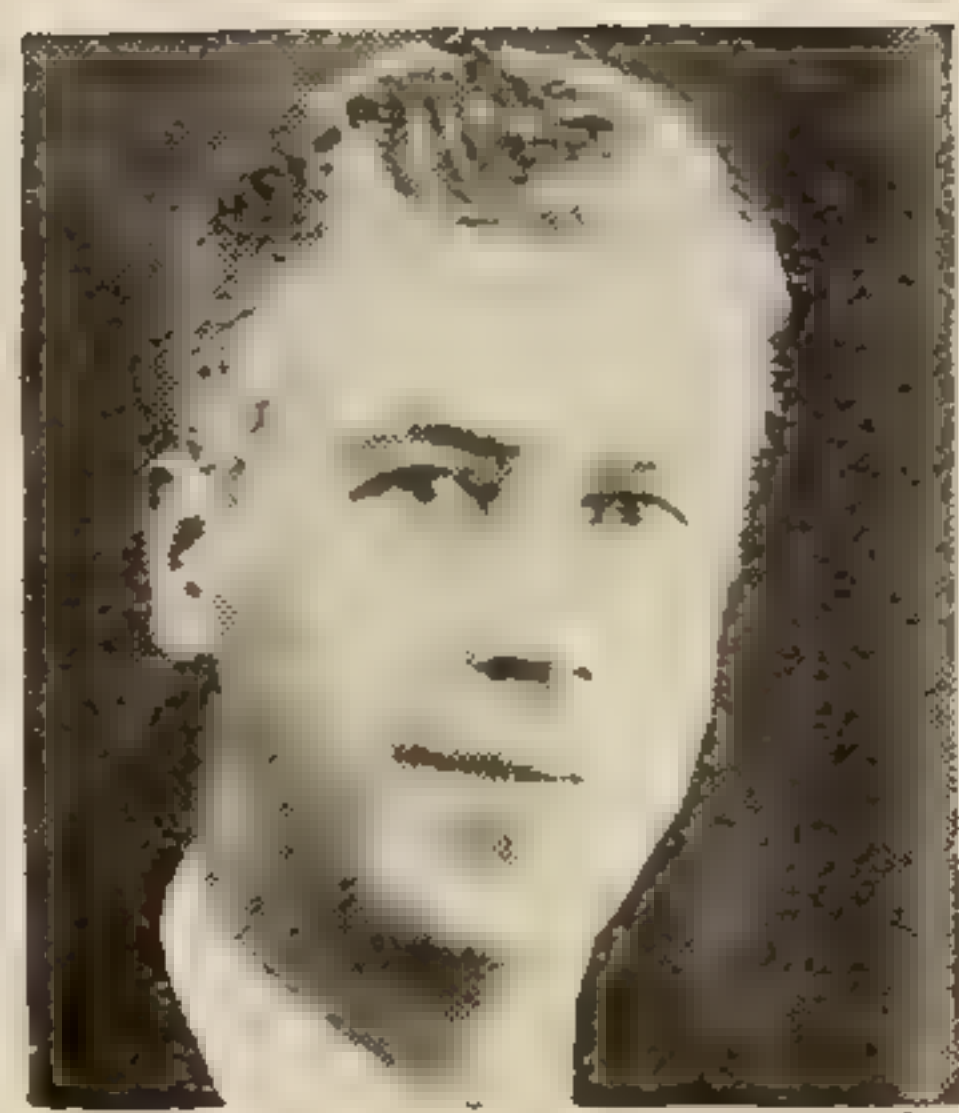


ECHTEN,
of Budapest

who advises two daily cleansings with a lather of Palmolive Soap.

JACOBSON
of London

warns against soaps not made of olive and palm oils—and therefore approves most heartily of Palmolive.



PEZZA, of Naples
says that soap and water cleanliness is essential to beauty.



Aid your beauty expert by using Palmolive. "I advise all my clients," says Massé, "Never use any soap except Palmolive. And those who follow that advice show the greatest improvement as a result of our own treatments."

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The exquisite "schoolgirl complexion" of the smart Parisienne is due, in great measure, to daily home treatments with Palmolive.

In the beautiful environment of the Place Vendôme, Masse maintains his famous salon de beauté. To his establishment come Parisian women of distinction for beauty counsel and for treatment.

MASSÉ . . . the famous Massé . . . and all his well-known Parisian colleagues, too, for that matter . . . has helped Paris find the way "to keep that schoolgirl complexion."

Paris, where lovely ladies seem even lovelier because the whole atmosphere is charged with beauty! Paris, where experts like Massé actually receive visits from reigning queens. Where royal ladies, aristocrats, world renowned artists of opera and the theatre ask: How can I keep my beauty? What can I do, when I leave beauty-wise Paris, to keep my skin lovely?

Here, of all places, beauty experts are in demand. Experts like Massé, who is invited often to attend royalty; who once journeyed all the way to Cairo to give a beauty treatment to a well-known American lady; who has won prize after prize for his artful beauty treatments.

This home treatment

What Massé advises is an ever-so-easy home treatment. You may know it. All Paris does.

Paris says it's the way "to keep that schoolgirl complexion." First, make a lather of Palmolive Soap and warm water (not hot, that may redden the skin). Second, with your finger tips massage this into face and throat, working the impurities out of the pores. Third, rinse off the soap with warm water . . . gradually colder and colder. There! Isn't that cleanliness delightful? And isn't your skin refreshingly smooth, rich in color?

The popularity of this home beauty treatment has made Palmolive one of the two largest selling toilet soaps in France.

You know, there are—all told—more than 20,000 experts who advise Palmolive. They prefer Palmolive because of its unique vegetable oil content. So will you. Use it for the bath, as well. It costs but 10 cents a cake.



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Keep that Schoolgirl Complexion

JOAN GOES TO JAIL!—Continued from page 63

and I remarked that Joan was naturally slender and didn't have to worry about the calories.

"You're all wrong," Joan wailed. "I have to watch myself like a hawk. Everything I eat turns to fat and sometimes I am so hungry I could die. When I see Kay Johnson eat meat and potatoes and gravy and anything in the world she wants to eat for lunch and never gain an ounce I could shriek with envy. For five years I haven't touched potatoes, butter, cream, bread, olive oil, starchy foods or sugar. I found I couldn't go without lunch when I was working and have been educating myself to drink buttermilk at noon. It is a hard job. I don't like it."

That is one of the prices an actress has to pay for fame.

We were sitting on a wooden bench at the side of the set—Joan in a trick little black fur vest over a white silk shirt waist, and black velvet skirt. The scene was some time after Joan left prison serving on a false charge of theft. Fate, evidently deciding that enough hard luck had come her way, gave her a break and she was now very well off. The girl who put the stolen goods in Joan's locker to cover her own guilt applies for a job at Joan's apartment, not knowing who the lady of the house is.

You can imagine what a sweet scene that would be! Joan faces her down, and when she tries to run away, strikes her back into the chair. Isabel Withers plays the part of the other girl and the poor kid took plenty of punishment that day. It made it harder because Joan was afraid to hit her too hard. It didn't look convincing

at rehearsals so it had to be done over and over again. "Oh, Isabel, I'm so sorry. Did I hurt you?" Joan kept saying, and each time left the scene shaking like a leaf.

Once Isabel dodged up sooner than usual and got such a wallop on her jaw that she forgot her lines—just flopped back and stared at Joan. Director Wood called "Cut" and everyone laughed at Isabel's startled expression—including Isabel. "That was a good one," she said, but poor Joan was speechless. "Oh, Isabel," she cried. "Why, it's all right, Joan. I'm not hurt a bit—just surprised me, that's all," Isabel comforted her. But Joan was all upset and ordered a case of cocoa cola brought from the commissary and treated everyone on the stage.

A boy from the wardrobe department appeared with two costumes, one of which Joan was to wear in next day's scene. She tried them on, asked her director's advice and made her choice. A short recess had been declared to give Isabel a chance to get her breath, and during it, Joan and I took a walk around the lot for fresh air.

"I suppose you'll go to the opera—everyone seems to be taking it in," I said.

Joan gave an enraptured gasp. "Oh, I do want to," she cried and took a skipping step or two. "But do you know, I am so tired by the time I get home that I can hardly drag myself to bed. It is almost unbelievable, because you know we don't work all the time. We have to sit about while they are changing sets and all that. Maybe it is because I am taking this part

rather hard. I find that when you put yourself in the mood of a character that is suffering, you suffer with that character. I'm depressed and restless most of the time and I don't dare try to snap out of it for fear it will affect my work.

"The other night something special was going on at the Ambassador that both Douglas and I wanted to attend. I didn't get home until nearly eight and by the time we got to the hotel it was after nine. I was sure I was going to faint. I know people who saw me thought the worst about me. My eyes were only half open and I stammered like anything. After trying for an hour to be a good sport I gave up and Douglas took me home.

"Mind you, I am not crabbing. I adore this part and would have cried my heart out if it hadn't been given me. Doing it is the most interesting experience in my career and I'm surprised myself at some of the things I find myself doing. I still have a lot to learn in rôles of this kind but this is a start, anyway, and I only hope the fans will like me in it."

Joan doesn't expect to desert her old type of pictures entirely. Metro will probably put her right back in them for many months for Joan is still very young.

I was surprised when I heard Joan speak her lines. It wasn't the girlish voice I had been accustomed to hear from her. It was tense and low, with a depth and richness you would never suspect. And a new Joan from the dashing flapper we have watched flash across the screen appeared in the poised, dramatic little figure with such a weight of tragedy in her eyes.

IS BUDDY ROGERS IN REVOLT?—Continued from page 53

saying that from now on their Mr. Rogers would be officially billed and referred to as 'Charles.' No more Buddy—except on peoples' tongues.

Try to make folks call Fairbanks 'Douglas' instead of Doug; Chaplin 'Charles Spencer' instead of Charlie—and you'll have some idea of what the Rogers boy is up against.

But it was a definite assertion. He insisted upon it. Rebelling a little—daring to say 'No!'

And—he came back to New York. He had to make personal appearances in the east. Made a picture, too—"Heads Up."

And first thing we knew, he and Claire Windsor were flitting hither and thither together. To see "Once in a Lifetime." They sat in the front row, and a handsome couple they made, too. Richard Barthelmess and his stunning wife, Jessica, were in the audience that same night, but young Rogers, with the flashing smile and the beautiful blonde on his arm, attracted all the attention.

And then at the Casino, that smart restaurant in Central Park which is a little bit of Paris in Manhattan. Screen stars rush to it when they're in town. It's the place to go to dine and to dance—to see and to be seen. Virginia Valli, with Winston Guest, famous polo player. (Before Virginia went back to Hollywood to marry Charlie Farrell.) And—Charles Ex-Buddy Rogers, with Claire Windsor.

They looked very happy together. People said: "Oh, that was all over, long ago." Maybe. But they make a grand couple, just the same. Just old friends, just good pals, perhaps. But—they look well together; they laugh and have a good time together.

It's Broadway gossip that Buddy is besieged by Park Avenue debutantes whenever he is in town. But he chose to

take Claire to the Casino.

Why shouldn't Ex-Buddy and his ex-adorée Claire, dine together? What of it? Nothing—except that Charles Rogers can't go anywhere these days without being spotted and stared at; without letting himself in for speculation. He must know it. Yet he picks Claire Windsor out of all the girls to dine and dance and theater with. Nothing—except that platonic friendship is just something that we don't expect to find among Hollywood stars, that's all.

Buddy doesn't want to get married, he

says to interviewers. He hasn't found the Right Girl. And here, right at his elbow, is Claire. Will he look once more into her lovely long-lashed sapphire eyes and stage a little revolt all his own?

Perhaps if he did turn defiant he would be a bigger and a better actor.

Even Jackie Coogan is growing up. And Charles Rogers has decided he won't be Buddy any longer. He can't smile his way forever through his films. Right now all he needs to do is to croon a little, smile a little, act a little—and, if the script calls for it, sing a little or play the sax. But the day of the musical comedy movie seems to be over.

Charles Rogers will have to be a different star from Buddy. There will be more mature stories for him to act. He'll have to learn other roads to peoples' hearts if he wants to retain as a man the fame he won as a boy. He'll have, in other words, to grow up. And it looks to us as if he is starting to do it. He isn't afraid of what people will say if he appears as Claire's escort. He wants to be himself. And it's a much more interesting self than Buddy.

By the time you read this he will be in Europe, with his mother, Mrs. Bert Rogers. He's being a nice boy, taking his mother along on his first long trip since stardom. Still in the 'Buddy' tradition. — But the sights and sounds and scents of the Old World may help him to grow up a little more. We hope so.

We feel there's a lot more to Charles Rogers than just this Buddy business; just this sax appeal. He has a spark which, when fanned, may lead him on to big things—real things. He hasn't these glowing, deep brown eyes for nothing but close-ups. Is it his fault they are screened by long curling lashes?

He smoked his first screen cigarette in "Heads Up." A good sign!



Since Lillian Roth has made such a hit in talkers, her sister Anne has decided to try her screen luck. Anne made a good beginning playing a small rôle in "Madame Satan."

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TELLING ON TIBBETT!—Continued from page 57

that little knowledge will have for them. It is so easy to acquire when one is young and so hard later. How many remorseful singers have told me how they battled with their fond mothers who would try to oblige them to practise when children and how much they would give to have the chance over again. Alas! it is too late unless one is willing to put forth almost superhuman efforts. Life is going on, other duties demand attention, the musical mind is no longer so sensitive as it was and what have we—failures, only because they refused to devote a little time to music when it would have been so easy.

After this sensational performance was over and he was still in a daze from all the curtain calls, I went with him and Mrs. Tibbett to a restaurant across the street from the Metropolitan. Most people would have made such a momentous event in their lives the occasion for a celebration and would have indulged in nothing less than a banquet. Not so, this young man. He ordered his customary glass of milk and bowl of cornflakes. He made it a rule not to eat a heavy meal after a performance and he saw no reason to break it. I told him:

"Lawrence, tonight you are famous in New York City. Tomorrow you will be famous all over the country." But he did not seem to realize what had happened. He remained preoccupied and said almost nothing. I suppose that he slept very little that night and got up early next morning to buy the papers. Hunting among the critical columns he saw nothing about himself and concluded it had all been a dream until Mrs. Tibbett caught a headline on the front page. The story had made the front page instead of the inside!

After that the deluge! Telegrams, telephone calls, visitors, photographers, reporters, besieged the little apartment for days and still he could not quite make out what it was all about. Such a triumph often has bad effects as it is almost impossible to live up to it, and it seemed then that nothing could ever exceed it. But in all honor to this young genius, be it said

that each step has been an advance over past achievements.

An amusing incident occurred sometime after this event which indicated the extent of his preoccupation. I was invited with Mr. and Mrs. Tibbett one evening to a small dinner party, given by some friends. Tibbett rushed home from a late rehearsal, changed clothes and appeared just in time to sit down to dinner. After dinner we adjourned to the salon when suddenly there was a hearty laugh from Tibbett. Everyone looked inquiringly in his direction to ascertain what could cause such an outburst.

As we looked the laugh became general. In his preoccupation and haste, Tibbett had forgotten to change footwear and was wearing a pair of bright tan shoes with his dinner suit!

I think I mentioned before, and it is a noteworthy fact about this surprising American, that the popularity which has come his way has not turned his head. He is determined to be himself at all costs. In seeing him on the street without knowing his identity, you might easily assume that he worked in a bank or in a bond house. No mannerisms, affectations, or storied earmarks of the musician are his. Nor is he the least bit temperamental. Sincere, unusually sympathetic, considerate of the other fellow, just in his dealings, firm in his convictions—these are some of his outstanding traits.

An indication of this last was shown on an occasion when he was making his first picture. He was singing into the microphone with his usual abandon and that sensitive little instrument was apparently finding itself overtaxed in handling the unaccustomed volume of sound. Finally one of the technical men sought to advise him and said, "Mr. Tibbett, you must croon into the mike."

Tibbett drew up to his full height and replied, "Croon? Hell! I sing."

And sing he did as all will attest who heard him in "The Rogue Song." The 'mike' was removed to a safe distance to

insure adequate recording. But to imagine Tibbett crooning is to laugh. Tone to him is an expression of the emotion in all of its manifestations. It may convey heroism, whimsicality, braggadocio, archness, tenderness, shades of feeling without number. It would be unthinkable to confine all of these tonal variations to a croon, suitable chiefly for a lullaby. I am glad that he broke away from the croon, for as he implied, crooning is not singing either in the sound film or over the radio. Sound pictures will only begin to realize their amazing possibilities when singers actually sing for them.

I have already spoken of the way in which Tibbett concentrates in preparing a part. After he has mastered the technical details, he starts to round out his own conception of the part and that is an engrossing occupation. He reads all he can find on the character he is depicting and the customs prevailing at the time of action. He looks into the matter of costumes. Then he puts himself into the rôle.

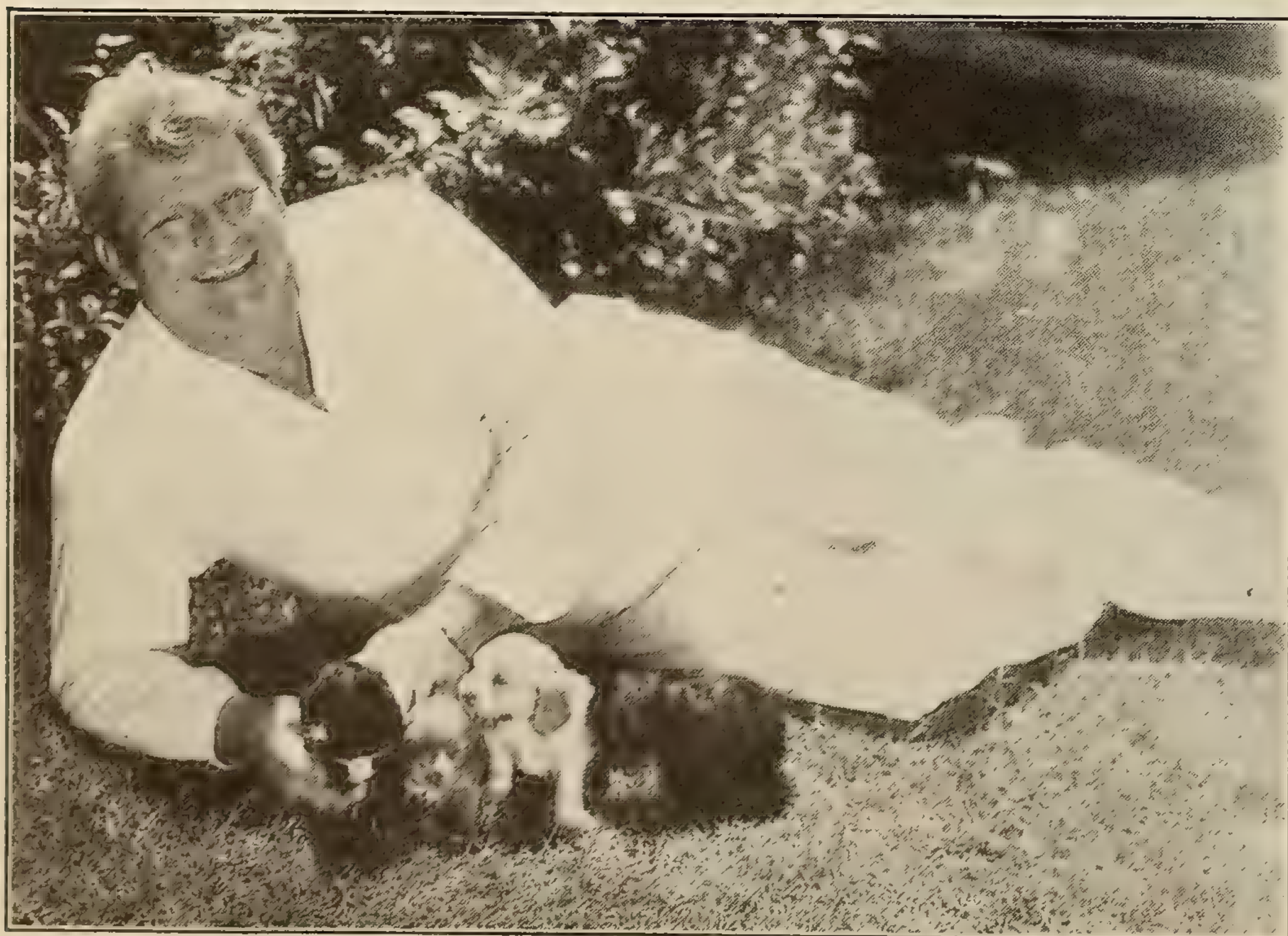
He never desires to lose contact with the life and people about him because they are all so useful as material for his laboratory of human emotion and reaction. Then finally comes the presentation of the part and those who have followed his career are usually aware of a refreshing originality in everything that he does. He succeeds in bringing something decidedly his own to his work.

In the Tibbett household there is a tacit agreement that work comes first. But after that, he is ready for almost anything, a game with the twins, a day at the beach. He loves to fish, hunt, hike and swim, and takes the first opportunity presented to indulge in any of these. Life in the deep woods is particularly enjoyable to both Mr. and Mrs. Tibbett. During the busy winter season when he cannot spend so much time in the open as during the summer, he goes to the gymnasium regularly after rehearsal for his daily workout.

Both of the twins show some of their father's traits. Richard loves to read and Lawrence, Jr., is developing an inclination to act. They are encouraged by their father and mother. When a youth, Tibbett had an insatiable desire to read everything within reach and proceeded to devour books until the danger of undermining his health forced him out into the open. He still finds much pleasure in reading which accounts for his ability to talk on a wide variety of subjects totally unrelated to his work.

Mr. and Mrs. Tibbett have worked hand in hand from the first, facing the hardships with fortitude and the successes with equanimity. They are still lovers as when they started on the great adventure. Mrs. Tibbett, who is a woman of much talent and originality, writes beautiful poems and has dedicated more than one of her lines "to Lawrence." There is one in particular which I have recently set to music and which Tibbett has been singing. It is called "Far Away."

Far away you are,
Beloved—
But in the heart of me
You are always near.
The lighted city
Twinkles like a stream of tears
Across the world.
Oh! I have loved you
A thousand years.



A 'good egg' at heart. Fred Kohler, screen villain, would rather have a ramble with his Pekingese pups than fire a machine gun any old day.

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5. Contest closes on midnight of January 10th. SILVER SCREEN assumes no responsibility for manuscripts submitted, but the editors will be very glad to answer any questions regarding the contest.
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SCREEN NEWS

Continued from page 99

boulevardiers a completely new sartorial thrill when she walked down the street in a white beret, white sweater, white flannel trousers, smartly creased, and topped it all off with—you'll never guess—white kid shoes with dashing red heels. Somebody page Carmen, please!

Marlene Dietrich also has her own modish ideas. Her favorite costume is a manish hat, white silk shirt with a long black string tie, a short skirt, a jacket of dark tweed, severely tailored, and neat, low-heeled black shoes. Only a beauty can get away with it!

A he-man star who used to be much loved seems to be going all wet. Recently in the seclusion of a crowded restaurant, he said: "I can only hope my boy will not be handicapped in life by the realization of what a great man his father is." This is the same John Doe who repeated to himself in the privacy of a packed screen lot: "The whole country is John Doe conscious. The whole country is John Doe conscious!" Frank Harris says "Toleration of the faults of others is the first step in the religion of humanity." But a screen star with an inflated ego soon finds the way to the box office gate.

Other news, not so pleasant, is that Renée Adorée, who looked blooming when she came back from the sanitarium in Monrovia, was not quite careful enough of herself and had a relapse. A jinx has haunted Renée for a long time but perhaps a three-months' rest in the desert will not only shake her illness but also her bad luck.

The Come On Inn, run for eleven years by Betty and Hatty, is an eating place in Hollywood which refuses to change. The same welcome and the same good food is its slogan, which Ralph Graves always appreciated, but there was one thing that got his goat—the squeak in the front door. However, Hatty ignored his complaints about it—it was a great help to her since, when she was cooking in the kitchen, she could always hear if anybody came in the front. But one day she saw how much it was annoying Edward Everett Horton and decided it would have to be fixed. The next time Graves ate there, he kept looking around strangely. He knew something was wrong but couldn't tell what it was. By the time the coffee had cleared his brain, he shouted: "Betty! After all these eleven years, you've taken the squeak out of that front door!"

Wedding bells ring out for Viola Dana and James Thompson just as we go to press. James is twenty-one years old and the golf 'pro' at the swanky Broadmoor Country Club, in Colorado. This is Jimmie's first and Viola's third attempt.

Richard Dix has taken on an entirely new personality for *Yancey Cravat* in "Cimarron." He began by letting his coal-black hair grow into long locks to suit the period. Then, through the preparatory weeks, he let the magnetic, colorful personality of the brilliant pioneer soak into

his own. When Richard is himself he is quick-moving, lithe, slender. As *Yancey* he has taken on weight; the broad shoulders look more powerful, his movements are slow, leisurely. Pichard seems to have submerged himself completely into this brilliant erratic character and will probably give a fine performance.

Estelle Taylor and Jack Dempsey are building a home in Ensenada, Mexico, right on the beach. The loveliest beach, they say, on the Pacific Coast. Estelle has gone to a deal of trouble to make the place attractive. She shopped in California and old Mexico for the furnishings and pottery, and was delighted to find, about one hundred miles in the interior of Mexico, a *metate* which, translated, means a corn grinder made of stone with a hole through which a stone pestle mashes the grain into a paste. There are very few in existence, as they are not used now, and this one is probably over two hundred years old.

The mural decorations for the house have been painted by the celebrated Mexican artist Ramos Martinez. Estelle posed for a portrait he did which hangs in the new Hotel Ensenada in which Jack is financially interested.

The wrought-iron gates used for the patios of both the house and the hotel are very beautiful and hundreds of years old. Estelle has been collecting them for months through agents who have worked with professional wreckers of old Mexican homes.

At the opening of the Fox Theater in an Arizona city Polly Moran was to be mistress of ceremonies. Perhaps you can feature the surprise of Bill Newbery who acted as her manager for the Metro studios



It looks like Phillips Holmes has told Regis Toomey a secret. But maybe it's something "Not Fit to Print." Now, don't get excited—that's just the name of Toomey's new picture.

when Polly appeared for the state occasion in full evening regalia and red felt carpet slippers!

"Now don't look at me like that," said Polly. "This desert weather has blown up my airedales like balloons, and it's either carpet slippers or an Isadora Duncan for Polly."

John Miljan was slated to play *English Eddy* in "Within the Law." He was disappointed about this because he was keen to play *Burke*, the slick detective.

It sometimes happens that an actor is asked to cue another actor who is to make a test for a part. John was asked to do this one day as he was leaving the restaurant and the part he was asked to read happened to be that of *Burke*, the detective. (Cueing means reading the last line preceding another actor's speech.)

When the test was thrown on the screen Mr. Thalberg and Mr. Louis B. Mayer almost forgot about the actor whose test they had asked for in their interest in John Miljan reading the detective's lines. Both men turned and said simultaneously, "Miljan is the man we ought to get to play *Burke*!"

So John got his wish without asking for it.

Speaking of "Within the Law," I don't think any of Joan Crawford's fans would envy her the day's work we saw! It was a prison kitchen scene. Such a kitchen, and what a plight the lovely Joan was in. Scraping plates into a garbage can and with the help of another girl dumping the can into a huge steaming pit in the center of the kitchen! Sulphur fumes were burning all around to create a smoky atmosphere for the cameras. The garbage had been deodorized by Lysol, which has a sturdy smell of its own, but the stench of the steam through the refuse and the burnings fumes was horrible. That is the first set we were glad to get off of!

It seems that just before we arrived on the scene there had been great excitement because of a disconnected steam pipe. In a second the stage became an opaque mass of hissing steam and screaming women. To add further to the pandemonium which broke loose, Joan became entangled in the rubber cables that form a perfect network on a studio floor.

The day before had been thrilling, too. The women prisoners were shown, discreetly, of course, taking showers. Through some accident the electric cables charged the water and the girls got a decided shock. They did not know what was the matter at first; the water stung them like needles and every time they touched each other they felt a shock. There was quite a merry time until the cause of the trouble was located.

Do you remember Eileen Percy? The lovely blonde who starred in Fox pictures for several years? Well, Eileen has joined the profession of writers. She scouts about Hollywood every day for news and writes a jolly column for a newspaper syndicate. She looked very stunning in a dark amber sports suit and smart felt hat the other day at the Metro Studio. She says she likes her job a lot.

IS A MOVIE MOTHER A
HELP OR A HANDICAP?*Continued from page 27*

sent me to New York to make my next picture. They thought if I could get away from mama for a few weeks I could put a real punch into my work. I can, too, for my nerves aren't all tied up. Oh," she sighed, "you'll never know the relief of being alone. For the first time in twenty-four years, I'm free to draw my breath, wipe my nose, take a taxi, or stay out all night—if I wanted to. And sometimes," she ended laughing, "I think I really will stay out all night, even if I have to ride the subways to keep awake—just to prove to myself that I am a grown-up, responsible person. Not one of these curly-headed, perpetual adolescents that mothers adore and producers despise."

I left the Ritz with my head so full of this mother-daughter problem that I began going over all the screen mothers I had known. Some were handicaps—decidedly. But Mary Pickford's mother, Mrs. Charlotte Smith, came to my mind. I remembered Mary telling how in her childhood when the Gishes and the Smiths lived together, that her mother was the man of the family. She looked after Mary, Lottie and Jack, cooked and cleaned, handled the money, made a dime carry a dollar's burden, and provided generally the iron work for the entire wavering Smith structure.

We are all products of our ancestors and Mary inherited from her mother, not only her tremendous business ability, but also the metal of balance and poise which have made her, in addition to a cinema queen, one of the foremost social personages in this country. Mary's mother taught her that a woman can rise only so high as the sinews of her character are strong. Without this inheritance, despite Mary's talent and beauty, she might today be just the kind of girl an audience forgets. But Mrs. Smith provided rung for rung, the stout, sure ladder by which Mary Smith, unknown, transformed herself into the status of Mary Pickford, probably the world's best loved star player.

'Ma' Janis was another famous dramatic mother of history whose recent death saddened us all. Elsie and 'Ma' were fellow troupers. And they trouped behind the curtain of the cruellest drama existence has ever known—behind the bleeding front line trenches of the world war. When Elsie grew weak, 'Ma' forgot her own weakness. When Elsie was discouraged, 'Ma' had to look the word up in a dictionary to find out what it meant. When tears touched Elsie's eyes, 'Ma' could always reach down into some inner recess of her big, broad body and cough up a laugh to change the color of a gray day.

This pair of women have been more misunderstood than any single mother-daughter combination. A bitter short story—later made into a play—supposedly based on their lives, perhaps helped to spread this illusion. But did you ever take a look at Elsie's chin? If a woman with a chin like that made up her mind to marry a man, you might just as well try to take a bear cub away from a mother bear as to try to get such a person to give up such an idea. Elsie knows what she wants—and goes after it. Just now, she is a production expert on the Paramount lot in California, doing some scenario and short story writing as well.

Last New Year's Eve, 'Ma' sensed that she was not to be here long, and

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Dorothy Shepherd

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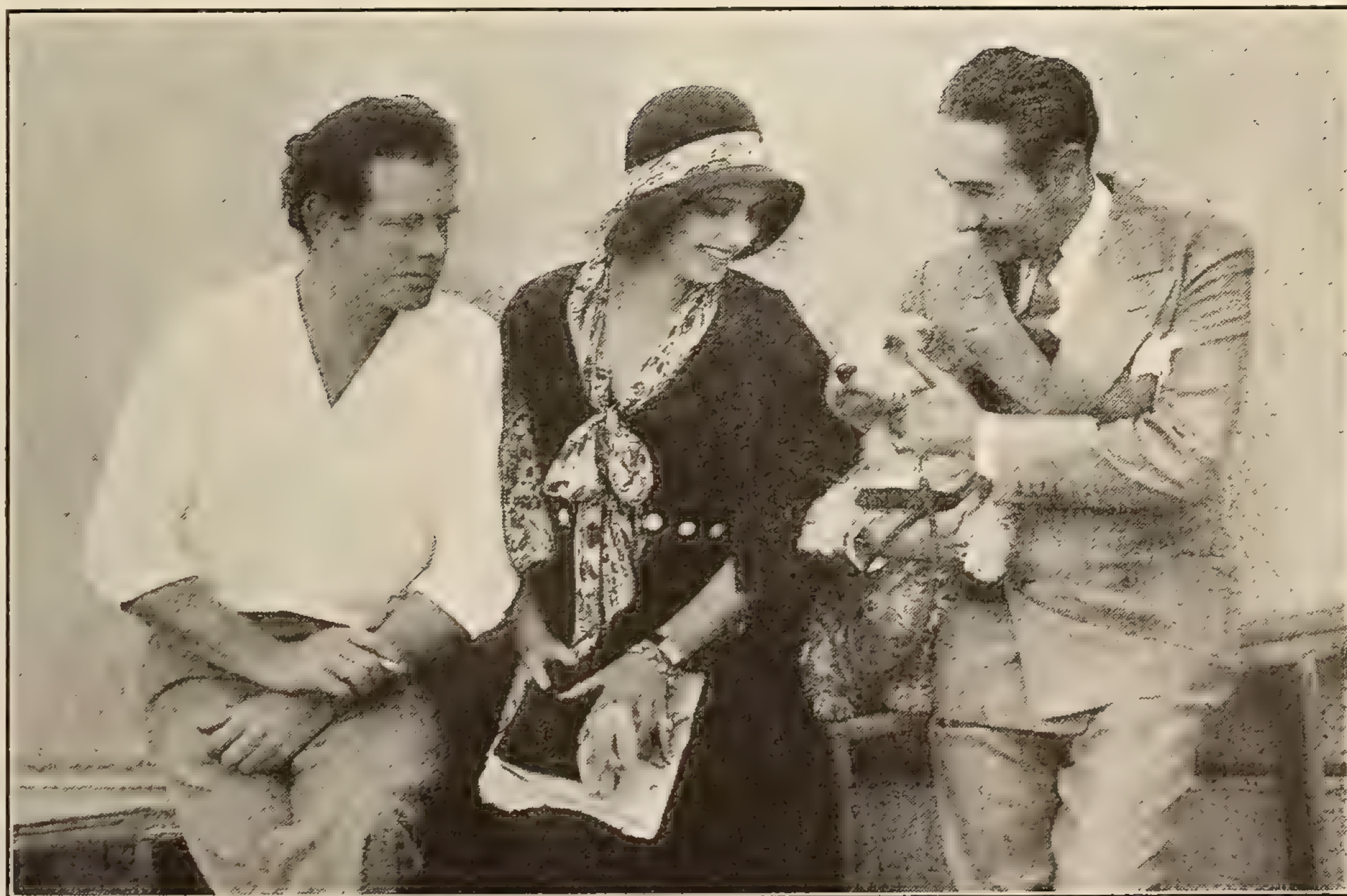
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wrote her daughter a letter, confiding it to a friend until after her death. One sentence stands out: "I hope you do not feel I have interfered. Life has been fifty-fifty for us. Do not grieve for me."

Elsie hasn't grieved openly. The day after her mother's funeral she went back to work. And you can judge whether her mother taught her strength, philosophy, understanding, from a little conversation Miss Janis had with the studio officials on that day. Quite simply she

said: "Let me direct Clara Bow in a picture. That girl needs somebody to befriend her. And I need—somebody to befriend."

Other marvelous mothers come before me: 'Peg' Talmadge, perhaps the strongest personality in Hollywood, who has helped make Norma, Constance and Natalie what they are today. And take Billie Dove! What has made her a success? Nobody can truthfully say she is a great actress. She is glorious looking.



Film stars are never too busy to play with a dog. Kay Francis, Adolphe Menjou and Charles Bickford admiring 'Dolphe's' new terrier.

When you write to advertisers please mention SCREENLAND.

But that's not enough. Billie is a star because of a sweetness, a certain softness which other stars often lose once they get in the bitter, competitive film fight. And that same softness and sweetness came to Billie direct from her mother. Look at the picture of them both and see if it doesn't.

Then take Dorothy Mackaill. There is a lusty, likable quality about Dorothy which makes her a continuous comedy hit. If she doesn't get that straight from her mother, I'm no judge of human beings. Jeanette MacDonald is another who has been substantially aided in her career because of inheriting this same trait from her jolly mother.



A pretty girl looking forward to a picture career! Noel Francis, a recent addition to screen ranks, has done good work in "Lightnin'."

June Collyer's mother, Mrs. Heermance, is a splendid exhibit of helpfulness. "I taught June her way around when she was a little girl," Mrs. Heermance told me, one day when I was lunching with her, "and now that June is grown up, she must live along her own lines. My responsibilities keep me here in New York, June's work keeps her in Hollywood. If I trained June right as a child, she will carry on right. If I've failed, then it's too late now to mend it. My daughter must rise or fall on her own judgment."

How different the world would look to thousands of girls if mothers generally would only take a leaf from Mrs. Heermance's book!

Leila Hyams had a lucky start in life, being as she is, the daughter of that famous vaudeville team, McIntyre and Hyams. If there's anything to this hereditary business, and the best people say there is, then Leila was bound to be a success. But she didn't get into pictures on her parents' reputation. The gal went out cold into the picture game and brought home the bacon—sizzling hot!

And now we come to those girls who have made a success in films because of a quality, a little *je ne sais quoi* which for the lack of a better name, we will call distinction. Joan and Constance Bennett stand out from the herd because of the distinction which they inherited from their mother, Adrienne Morrison, formerly a well-known actress. To say nothing of what they derive from their handsome, debonaire father, Richard

Bennett, the famous actor. Claudette Colbert received much of this same quality from her mother, who, to this day, is a Gallic beauty, with stunning iron-gray hair and brilliant black eyes.

Ilka Chase, whose comedy rôles have made a great hit lately, is the most individual player I ever met. And why wouldn't she be with a mother who is Editor-in-Chief of Paris-London-New York *Vogue*? Ilka is herself a *vogue*. What she says, the way she wears her hair, what she eats, and how she dresses, are eagerly copied by the Park Avenue and Long Island debutantes. She has only begun her screen career but, given a chance, she will develop into another brilliant player of the Lilyan Tashman class, or I don't know my cinematic oysters.

There are other mothers, and sometimes grandmothers, who have been swell sources for their daughters' careers. We can't mention them all but we'll touch a few: Bebe Daniels' mother, and grandmother as well; Marceline and Alice Day can't complain either of the feminine parent they drew in the hereditary grab bag. Nor can the Young girls, Loretta, Sally Blane, and young Polly Ann Young.

However, there are two or three mothers, who perhaps with the best of intentions in the world, have not seemed to help their daughters' success. Take Mrs. Corbin, mother of Virginia Lee Corbin. What a beauty Virginia was, and may still be. We haven't seen her for a few years now. And she was a pretty competent little actress, too. But where is she? Fusses, unpleasant publicity, ar-

guments about contracts, ill advice which some say came from her mother—all these have tended to thrust Virginia into the limbo of forgotten film stars.

And again we have Alma Rubens' mother. No mother ever loved a daughter more than Alma's mother loved her. No mother was ever more regular, either. Sharing her last cent with Alma. Following her through good and evil. But sometimes I think Alma's mother loved her too much. Perhaps a little more discipline, a little more iron, might have saved that beautiful, pansy-eyed star from the misfortunes which overtook her, but from which she is making such a brave effort to rise.

Still another mother is Lois Moran's. And I hardly know how to approach her for I understand so well how Mrs. Moran felt. One of my clearest and loveliest pictorial memories is the child Lois was when she made her startling hit in "Stella Dallas." I have never seen a more beautiful and moving translation of young girlhood. If I had been Mrs. Moran, I should have fought to the last ditch to keep Lois the sweet young person she was in this picture. And perhaps that is what Mrs. Moran did—I don't know. Perhaps that was the reason Lois didn't rise as fast as we who loved her would like to have seen. She was kept in long-haired, girlish parts too long, I believe. But then she cut her hair and developed into quite a dashing individual. But somewhere in the transition, our Lois was lost. The Lois that thousands learned to love in "Stella Dallas," and the Lois that we believe will come to us some day from the talking screen.



Another Ronald Colman? Maybe! Jameson Thomas, one of the handsomest and most talented British film actors, starts an Anglo-American alliance by playing opposite June Collyer in "Extravagance."

COVERING THE
WHITE HOUSE FOR
NEWSREELS

Continued from page 31

the heads of government to the clean-up men around the place, is the law. Mr. Akerson says what shall be done, but it is up to Dick to say how it shall be done. The safety of the President's person is his concern and he looks after it in his own way and would disregard Mr. Hoover himself, if in his opinion the facts warranted it. Needless to say, President Hoover leaves the matter entirely in Dick's capable hands.

When making pictures of the Chief Executive, at home or afield, everyone must divulge their plans to Mr. Jarvis. He in turn tells his staff operatives the plans. Woe betides a false step! Mr. Jarvis and his men take no chances and if you find yourself and camera dumped unceremoniously in a heap, it's because you're not following your agreement.

Although it may seem far-fetched, it is a fact that a strange cameraman has never been able to take a real close-up of a President of the United States. Anyone directing a lens or anything else at the President from close quarters must be known, or they haven't a chance.

Mr. Jarvis has been assigned to Presidents since William Howard Taft and naturally is a fount of stories. Most of his stories are about the movie men. To hear him talk one would think there were no other news gatherers around the White House.

His favorite tale had its origin in the Coolidge era when the President was summering at Black Hills, South Dakota. Ex-Governor McKelvie, of Nebraska, had invited Mr. Coolidge and his party to visit his camp on a mountain top, close to the Summer White House. Inviting a President anywhere means inviting his whole entourage: family, secretaries, secret service men, newspapermen, photographers, motion picture men, and whoever else happens to be in the party.

According to Jarvis, the expedition of about fifty persons set out. It was a steep climb and there were only two buckboard wagons. One of these was reserved for the President and Mrs. Coolidge, the other for the baggage of the party. Every two hundred yards the party would have to stop to let the mules rest.

The movie photographers with their clumsy equipment were in a tough spot. They made the start of the climb and then consigned their cameras to the baggage wagon, hoping to rescue them near the top of the hill to make a scene showing the ascent. About three quarters of the way up one of those incidents that could happen only to President Coolidge, occurred. The mules just couldn't budge the carts any further. To lighten the pull President Coolidge got out. Even that didn't help, so he put his shoulder to the back of the cart and helped push.

All the photographers with one exception, J. C. Brown, now associate editor of Fox Hearst Corporation, were wilting a bit back of the party. Brown, who despite a pleasingly plump figure is a most tireless worker, had gone ahead of the party to get a shot showing the ascent. He was the only picture maker of any species around, when Cal put his shoulder to the wheel. As the cavalcade approached with the

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President of the United States giving the mules a little help, 'Brownie' beamed. What a break! Although he had consigned his heavy equipment to the truck he still carried a little hand camera. He pushed the button and got the scene. The long shot wouldn't definitely establish the fact that it was the President at the rear so he rushed to Dick Jarvis who was doing his best to help the President help the mules and asked:

"Dick, let me on the wagon a minute so I can get a close-up!"

As Jarvis explains it, he was so surprised at the request he assented. The President was so busy at his task he didn't notice, and aboard the buckboard, before the astonished First Lady, clambered Brown and his 200 pounds.

He gave the button a twist and got the shot and hopped off. He had a great picture. The other photographers were wild but they had no kick. He made his own breaks at the cost of a few pounds he could well afford.

When the feast was set at the top of the hill, however, it was noticed that 'Brownie' was missing. Jarvis mentioned it to the President, who, without cracking a smile, said:

"Well, Jarvis, I suppose he melted and ran down the hill."

Wherever a President goes a retinue of news gatherers go with him as part of the official party. The news gatherers include the movie men, one or two from each newsreel; still photographers, one from each of the big still agencies; reporters, one from each of the news associations, and special writers from the big daily papers.

In most instances a man from the Secret Service White House detail goes ahead of the party to make arrangements for the

comfort of the President and his party. As a rule a movie man, because of the cumbersome outfits, goes with him to pick sites for making the field pictures. Col. Edward Starling, second in command of the White House Secret Service detail, is the advance man for the President. I have often accompanied him on his trips and have marvelled at the precautions taken to insure the complete comfort of the party. Every member of the party must be taken care of in style befitting the dignity of being a member of the President's official party. Usually when a President is coming to town the place to be visited is very much excited and hotels and private homes are crowded by people wanting to see the Chief Executive. But the best in every city must be held for the President and his party.

Travelling with the President is violent work for the motion picture makers. They must be 'set up' to make pictures wherever the President appears, and in advance of him. As the President usually moves about with the speed of the wind, it is no easy job to be everywhere ahead of him. We do it, but at the expense of a lot of extra heavy heart beats.

On President-Elect Hoover's Good Will Tour of South America an incident happened to me which added a few years to my life in a few minutes. En route from Palo Alto to San Pedro to board the U. S. S. Maryland, the presidential train stopped at Santa Barbara where there were thousands of people lined up to greet the President-Elect. Whenever we approached a railroad station the motion picture makers would have their cameras set up at the exit of Mr. Hoover's car and, as the train came into the station, usually at a speed of between fifteen and twenty miles an hour, we would jump off while the train was in motion and rush to the rear platform of the presidential car. This was done so that the people wouldn't close in on us when the train came to a stop, thereby eliminating any possibility of our passage being cut off. After making the close-ups of the ceremonies at the station all the cameramen rushed to some nearby location to get high and long shots showing the people in the foreground and the President-Elect's train in the back, for an establishing scene.

On this occasion, I was set on the roof of the railroad station grinding away as the people cheered and President-Elect and Mrs. Hoover waved, when all of a sudden I noticed the train pulling out of the station. What a calamity, I thought, as I grabbed my camera and fought my way through the crowds. All this time the train was gradually gaining speed. I finally got down to the railroad tracks only to see the rear end of the train a hundred yards ahead of me. With my camera, weighing over one hundred pounds, I started in pursuit.

What a figure I cut! The crowd spied me and in good and bad Spanish cheered me on. The attention of Mr. and Mrs. Hoover, who, thank God, were on the observation platform, waving goodbye to the populace, was finally attracted to me. Up the tracks I was pounding, every minute expecting to pitch over on my head, the train every moment putting a greater distance between me and it. I was figuring how I would ever catch up with the party again when Mr. Hoover pulled the emergency cord and brought the train to a standstill.

Imagine the excitement caused on the train by the sudden stop. Secret Service men of all nations piled off bristling with excitement and ready for emergencies. What a relief when they saw the poor miserable cause of it all! And how they



Marie Prevost—a modern Eve—stealing figs, not apples, from a tree on the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer lot

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'rode' me for it. I caught up with the train, but in such an exhausted condition I could hardly climb on the platform. The President-Elect helped me aboard, as one of the Secret Service men took my camera from me. I recall this incident to show that while 'covering the President' is a most enviable job it has two sides to it, like everything else.

In the course of our work, the great and near great of the world are continually parading before our cameras. Some we like, some we don't. When we don't like them it doesn't follow they are bad fellows, but simply not good motion picture subjects.

Speak a word against Premier Ramsay MacDonald in the presence of White House photographers and you will be in danger of getting your block knocked off, in the language of a cameraman. Of all the great men to visit our Nation's capital he, more than any other, completely captivated the news gatherers, and the motion picture men particularly. Ishbel, his daughter, likewise left behind her a group of photographers who would attack an army which would dare to say she wasn't the loveliest of all women.

With a kindly graciousness and understanding that was unaffected and natural, the father and daughter made it possible for the motion picture men to record one of the great events in history with a completeness that will make a most valuable document in years to come. It is history when a Premier of Great Britain calls on the President of the United States to discuss ways to insure the peace of the world. And that a record of the event is complete in sound and picture is due to the thoughtfulness of the great Scotch Labor leader.

Premier MacDonald, entering the White House to confer with President Hoover on one occasion, left the side of the President who was talking to him, to heed a cry from a photographer who was late in getting 'set up' and who missed the reception scene. As President Hoover turned to enter the White House he discovered he had been talking to himself, as the Premier of Great Britain was twenty-five yards back of him, trying to catch his eye. When he looked Mr. MacDonald beckoned



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him back. This he did smilingly and the boys all got another shot of the two on the White House steps.

The little photographer who had caused the fuss, however, got a lot of unkind looks from the Secret Service detail for holding up the arrangements. These men want things to move according to plans and do not like any deviations. They know that the President's moments are priceless and that he needs every one of them. When one appointment is over there is another starting. A minute's delay can cause endless confusion and embarrassment. Visitors must not pass entering and leaving.

It is a million to one shot that an embarrassing meeting could occur on the White House steps. Such a thing, however, could have far-reaching effects, and the million to one shot is guarded against. The ruler of a great nation must not be exposed to embarrassment from any source, and the White House Secret Service detail is, in a great measure, responsible in this connection.



John Wayne and Marguerite Churchill didn't need to be told to smile when this picture was shot for they were just leaving the Fox office after having been complimented on their fine work in "The Big Trail."

The late Chief Justice William Howard Taft, one time President himself, was another figure beloved by the present day crop of cameramen. He never called on the President but that he allowed the boys to get a good picture. He was truly mourned by the White House photographers.

*The French they are a funny race
They will not let us mug their face
Hinky dinky, parley vous!*

is the White House photographers' song. Frenchmen, diplomats and officials, with the exception of the present Ambassador, Paul Claudel, are as a rule strenuous objectors to being photographed. It was the French Ambassador, Jules Jusserand, dean of the diplomatic corps when he was here, who was responsible for the State Department rule which forbids the accosting of anyone in the corridors of the department's building. In fact, it seems that all non-English speaking dignitaries are more or less shy of the camera. It is probably because they fear standing up before a group of men all talking in a foreign tongue such terms as: "Still, now," "Smile," "Shake hands with him," "The microphone is above you, Mr. Ambassador, will you talk up," and a thousand other bewildering requests. They all submit to it, however, but it's easy to see they are immensely glad when it is over. I have no doubt that an American delegation in China would be a little frightened if they were besieged by a band of fifty Chinese, all carrying queer little boxes and shouting unintelligible commands and requests. Of course, great bands of cameramen are an exclusive Americana.

The Japanese visitors to Washington are second only to the Britishers in their graciousness to cameramen. The recent Japanese delegation to the London Naval Conference, headed by R. Wakatsuki, went out of their way time and again to pose for us.

There is an unwritten White House precedent which says that there must be no individual pictures of any of the attachés, and for this reason a number of very interesting personalities are lost to the American motion picture theater-going public. President Hoover's secretaries were a subject at the start of his administration because there were three of them, a precedent maker in itself.

Dick Jarvis is one of the best subjects in Washington, but as long as he is attached to the President we must pass him up. Then there is the White House chef—what the ladies of the land wouldn't give to get an earful from him on what's going on in the President's kitchen, with some domestic footnotes about Mrs. Hoover as a manager. When these two had been immortalized in celluloid we would then go to Rudolph Foster, executive clerk of the White House, the man who has run the White House for the last thirty years. Changes of administration mean nothing to Mr. Foster. He is the only one who knows how to run the White House from receiving a foreign ruler to checking up on the grocery bills. Everybody, from the President down, depends on Mr. Foster to give them the right steer.

After Mr. Foster, we would introduce one of the President's guardian angels, the youngest of the Secret Service detail, Russell Wood, the boy who was detailed to go through Amherst College with John Coolidge. Russell could tell us some interesting stories about John, how he is a wonderfully regular fellow, a great saxophone player, and so on.

And there is Russell Young, dean of White House correspondents; George Durno, youthful reporter for all the Hearst

papers and International news service; Tom Howard, still man of many adventures, and the rumored maker of the famous Ruth Snyder death house chair picture.

But, being attached to the White House, according to the precedent of ancient lineage, we must pass them up as motion picture subjects. They may get into pictures with the President, but never alone or as individuals with an interesting story to tell.

President Coolidge was always considerate of the photographers and would go out of his way for them, even at the risk of some sly smiles from motion picture theater audiences. In the Black Hills he knew beforehand the comment his Indian head dress and cowboy costume pictures would create, but he donned them in order to give the picture boys a 'break.'

An example of his consideration is told by George Dorsey, Hearst Metrotone cameraman. Visiting the Corcoran Art Gallery in Washington to see some widely advertised exhibit, President Coolidge found the movie men lined up outside the Gallery to make a picture of his entrance. It was raining. Dick Jarvis, who always rides with the President, jumped out when the car stopped and opened an umbrella. The President saw the photographers lined up to 'shoot' him and turning to Jarvis said:

"Close the umbrella, Jarvis—how do you expect the boys to get a picture with that thing closing out all the light?"

Down came the umbrella and the boys got their picture, but to do so the President of the United States got wet!

During his presidential term President Coolidge became an expert motion picture camera operator and knew just what to do to make a complete newsreel subject. Indoors he knew just where to sit in order to give the picture makers the full benefit of whatever light there was.

Film facts about White House residents are numerous.

Without exception, every occupant of the White House since Theodore Roosevelt's large family romped on the lawn, has been a movie fan.

It was President Roosevelt who threw out the old stereopticon projector and in its stead installed a motion picture projection machine.

All the Roosevelts knew how to operate a motion picture camera, being among the first amateur movie makers. 'Teddy' Roosevelt, Jr., is an expert, and it was at the White House that he developed the skill which has stood him in good stead on his many expeditions to far countries.

All of the last six First Ladies of the Land, including the incumbent, Mrs. Hoover, were and are enthusiastic amateur motion picture photographers.

Jim Lillis, who covered the White House for the old Fox News, ran out of film while making an important story out at Cedar Rapids Lodge, the Coolidge Summer White House one year, and Mrs. Coolidge discovering his predicament turned her hand camera over to him to complete his picture. She also let him have a thousand feet of film to tide him over until a delayed shipment of negative arrived.

Mrs. Hoover frequently gets in the line with the cameramen to get a shot of important events for her own film library.

All of the people with whom we deal, such as Mr. Akerson, Mr. Jarvis and the other men of the Secret Service detail are splendid amateur movie operators. And many a time a Secret Service man has set up and focused for an exhausted newsreel operator.

All in all, covering the White House is great fun, a wonderful experience, and a lot of hard work. We all like it!



HOW OBSERVING ARE YOU?



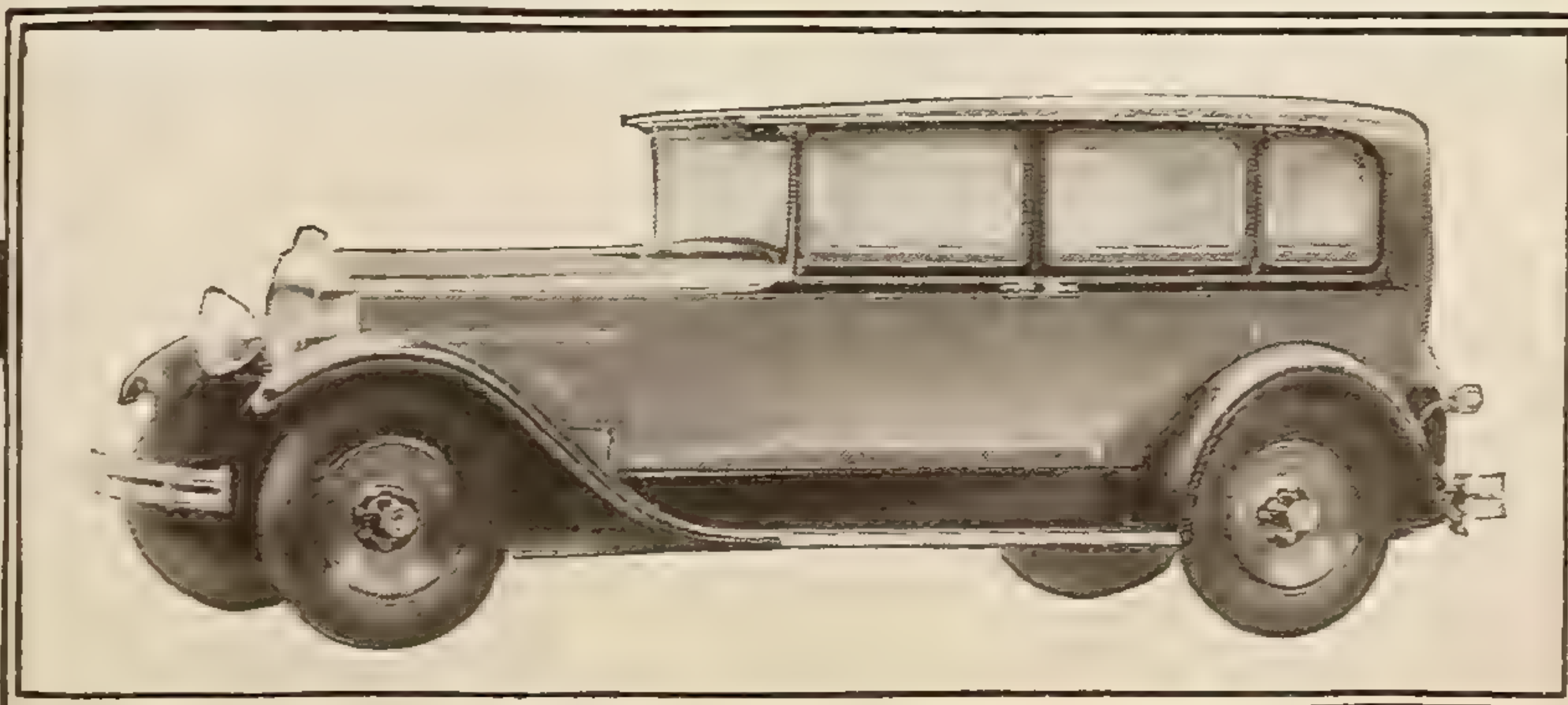
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IN what is perhaps the most unusual advertising offer ever presented to the public we are going to award dozens of bounteous prizes totaling over \$7,500.00 in value. The first prize is \$2,085.00 (or the Packard Sedan shown below) and there is an additional prize of \$415.00 to be added to the first prize on the proof of promptness.

As the qualification for the opportunity to win this \$2,500.00 we present this difficult test of observation. There is absolutely no charge to you for trying for these prizes which will be given according to the contestants' standings when the final decision is made.

Here is the test. Pictured above is the Viking ship of two courageous brothers, Eric, the Fearless, and Olaf, the Stalwart. They are stationed among the crew, their shields showing plainly over the sides, the same as those of others of the fiery band. They can be distinguished from the others in that their shields are the only two exactly alike. In battle they would be at the head of their band fighting fiercely, but can you find them now just by their shields, which are identical in every detail? All of the shields look different at first glance, yet the shields of these two brothers are identical in design, in size and shape, in every line.

Look carefully. If you think you have found the twin shields, send the numbers of them on a post card or in a letter. Duplicate prizes will be awarded in case of ties. Answers will not be accepted from persons living outside U. S. A. or in Chicago. JOHN W. GENZ, Dept. 143, 500 N. Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.



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It doesn't require a shrewd analyst of circulation and advertising statistics to appraise SCREENLAND's merit as a medium for 1931.

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John Gilbert

HOLLYWOOD SCREEN EXCHANGE
Drawer V-1, Dept. F Hollywood, Calif., U. S. A.
Dealers Wanted

ANOTHER CHANCE FOR CLARA BOW?

Continued from page 19

sailed right up into the blue of stardom! But it was too late. Her mother was dead. A great part of Clara's light had gone out!

But being young, beautiful, rich, and famous has its virtues. Some people take to drink when life has given them a shot too many. Clara didn't. She tried swearing. Dyeing her hair various colors. Using her emotional powers at off-stage moments on the boy friends. Donald Keith was one of the first. In 1926, her engagement was announced to him. Donald was a little embarrassed because it seems he



Leon Janney, popular young player in "Father's Son," is laying down the law to one of his Pekingese.

was already betrothed to another girl. But Clara didn't mind that. She said it was a mistake, Gilbert Roland was to play the leading and lasting rôle in her life. Gilbert Roland's real name is Luis Alonzo. He's one of these temperamental Mexican boys, and the chemical admixture of his tempestuousness and Clara's fizzed a bit too high, ran over the glass, and was wasted.

Then Robert Savage, a young society man, went blotto over Clara and proved his unselfish affection for her by slashing his wrists open and trying to commit suicide. Nice boy. Nice break. And before this unpleasant publicity had a chance to die down, Clara's engagement was announced to Victor Fleming, her director. Fleming was considerably older than she, and one night, when it is said Clara stepped out with Gary Cooper, Victor was camping on the doorstep when she got home—for which Victor got the gate.

Lupe Velez saved Clara the trouble of

'scrapping' Gary. Then Clara met Morley Drury, then Captain of the University of Southern California's football team. But Drury's coach had other plans for him and made him keep his eye on the ball. Sitting Bull, screenland's one hundred percent American, next beat the Indian drums under Clara's balcony window. But he didn't last long. Into the picture dashed another Lothario. Who was rapidly followed by Bela Lugosi, a Hungarian character actor.

But these men were no more than withered leaves in a big November storm when the great moment of Clara's life came,—her *grande passion* for Harry Richman. Like a ton of bricks, Clara fell, and Richman, the shrinking violet, was not adverse to basking in the white light which always floods around Clara's curly head.

After the marriage had been postponed five times, with fusses, recriminations, on both sides, this great emotional blister burst, leaving Harry facing a breach of promise suit from one of his other girls. And some months later, Clara found herself in an even worse jam. But this time, it wasn't a love affair, it was a little gambling drama, staged at Calneva, Nevada, to the music of thirteen thousand, nine hundred good clinking silver dollars.

There seems to be a little controversy as to just what happened there. Reports say that Clara, in company with Will Rogers and some others, decided to take a little flier with the chips at a casino at Calneva. At the end of a pleasant evening, Miss Bow found herself over thirteen hundred dollars out and gave her check for that amount. But the next day, it is asserted, Clara figured she had been 'done,' and accounts declare that she stopped payment on her check.

I asked Clara just exactly what happened. She replied:

"I was at a casino at Calneva. I did play. They gave me a stack of chips and I thought they were worth a dollar each. At the end of the evening, they told me each chip was worth a hundred dollars. I gave my check to cover it. Then when I got home, I decided to stop payment on the check for I felt I had been 'done.'"

Just at that moment Clara was interrupted by Mr. Helprin, who was looking after her publicity while she was in New York. "The studio has settled the matter," he declared. And with that gentle hit, I subsided.

Whichever account is correct, it's a good story. Such a good story that Paramount has decided to star Clara in a 'no-limit' gambling picture. And it was for the purpose of making the New York shots of this film that she arrived in the Big Town, tired, baffled and discouraged.

Clara is an intense kid. She has never learned life's first lesson—that for a gal to get ahead she must keep a hot heart but a cool head. But if we chalk up her white points against her black ones, we find the white scoring by at least fifty percent. What Clara needs is a friend. And since there doesn't seem to be anybody handy to help her help herself, it's up to us. We've enjoyed her pictures for seven years. She's made us laugh and forget our own emotional disappointments. Let's help her forget hers. Give her a boost.

Right or wrong, we're for her. She's mostly right and we believe in this year of 1931, she's going to slough off her foolishness and give herself, and incidentally, her public, a nice big break. So let's send her a telegram: "All is forgiven, Clara. Please come home!"

A New Contest!

Let us know what you think of the editorial contents of SCREENLAND—constructive criticism is welcome. Give us your sincere opinions; the briefer the better. For the best letter commenting on SCREENLAND we offer \$20.00, first prize; \$15.00, second prize; \$10.00, third prize; and \$5.00, fourth prize.

Every advertisement in SCREENLAND is guaranteed.

HOLLYWOOD'S 'GONE' ON THE LUCE!

Continued from page 66

Born in Syracuse, New York, if that matters, she moved around from town to town until she was eleven. She was poor. Her family was poor. Then she came to Rochester. She wanted to learn to dance. That would be the gateway to having things like the other girls. She had to have thirty dollars to join the Denishawn school there, so between school periods she worked, running errands, minding the baby, picking berries until she had enough. Then Mrs. Florence Colbrook Powers, who had charge of the Denishawn school, took an interest



A smile that was felt around the world—Maurice Chevalier and his famous Gallic grin.

in her and adopted her. After that her main interest was dancing. She planned to be a famous high stepper.

Impatient for fortune, she ran away at thirteen with a Russian Grand Opera Troupe. It sounded wonderful to be billed as 'premiere danseuse.' She got as far as Cleveland with the troupe and then was brought back. Content this time to study until the ripe old age of sixteen or so, with the help of 'Mimi,' as she called her dancing mother, she made her debut on Broadway in "Little Jesse James."

She gratefully eulogizes 'Mimi' as the one "I owe all to." Tells of how she helped her through the first tight places, sent her money to tide her over. Now she has a wealthy and devoted husband, Clifford Smith—and a contract with Fox.

She's a trifle bewildered by the talkies. She finds them very different. "It isn't like the stage," she says. "There every night you can do your part better than the time before. But in the movies you never know which scene they are going to use. And once it's in the can, it's just too bad! You do the scene several times, that's true, but not until the preview do you know which ones are on the cutting room floor. And when you do see it," she wails, "you think 'if I'd only done this and hadn't done that! If I had only known this was to be the scene.' But it's too late then!"

She'd like to do ingenue leads. She was disappointed in "Up The River," for this, although it was originally intended as one of those series of prison stories which everyone is doing now, turned out to be almost a farce, and anyway, it's a man's picture, directed by a man's director, John Ford. She has more hope of "Luxury," which will be directed by Guthrie McClintic, whom she designates as a woman's

director. He understands women! Isn't Katherine Cornell, the gorgeous, Mrs. McClintic?—and the story is about a woman who sold her soul for a gown or something like that.

Miss Luce likes to divide her time between dramatic work and dancing. Terpsichore was her first love. She'll never lose her interest in waltzes and ballets. Why, when she was traveling in Budapest she spent her time looking up some interesting old Hungarian dances and choosing the most beautiful of costumes for them. She adores Paris and likes New York but hates to live there. Hollywood is almost too beautiful. It's like having your cake—all the time, and eating it, too. It's too much—for all of the time! She likes London, likes to travel.

She wants to keep up her study of dancing. She'd like to give a ballet and dance recital at The Music Box Theater. She loves to work out beautiful dance effects. Nothing is too much trouble. She studied hours with Michio Ito before doing her famous cat dance to get the sinuous arm movements just right. She wanted to do an 'ostrich dance' in the Ziegfeld Follies, she remembers, with gorgeous ostrich feather fans. At 'Mimi's' suggestion she planned to have a trained ostrich carry her on the stage. Poor Ziggy was days tearing his hair, combing the town for a trained ostrich, but he finally found one.

She has a home in Beverly Hills, like everyone else, Spanish, with a patio. She has a pair of wire-haired terriers, General Crack and Diamond Lil. But she'd like to name Lil, 'Greta Garbo,' because of her long eyelashes and Cupid's bow mouth (that is, Lil's, of course). Lil and the General are a happily married couple and everyone is all agog to know what the next generation will look like.

She likes outdoor sports, tennis and horseback riding—and for indoor sports—she's intrigued with a new game which she and her husband are trying to introduce to Hollywood, called 'Navy Chess.' She's crazy about flying and hopes to get a license.



Raymond Hatton and Joel McCrea, glad to be back home from Alaska, where they made "The Silver Horde."



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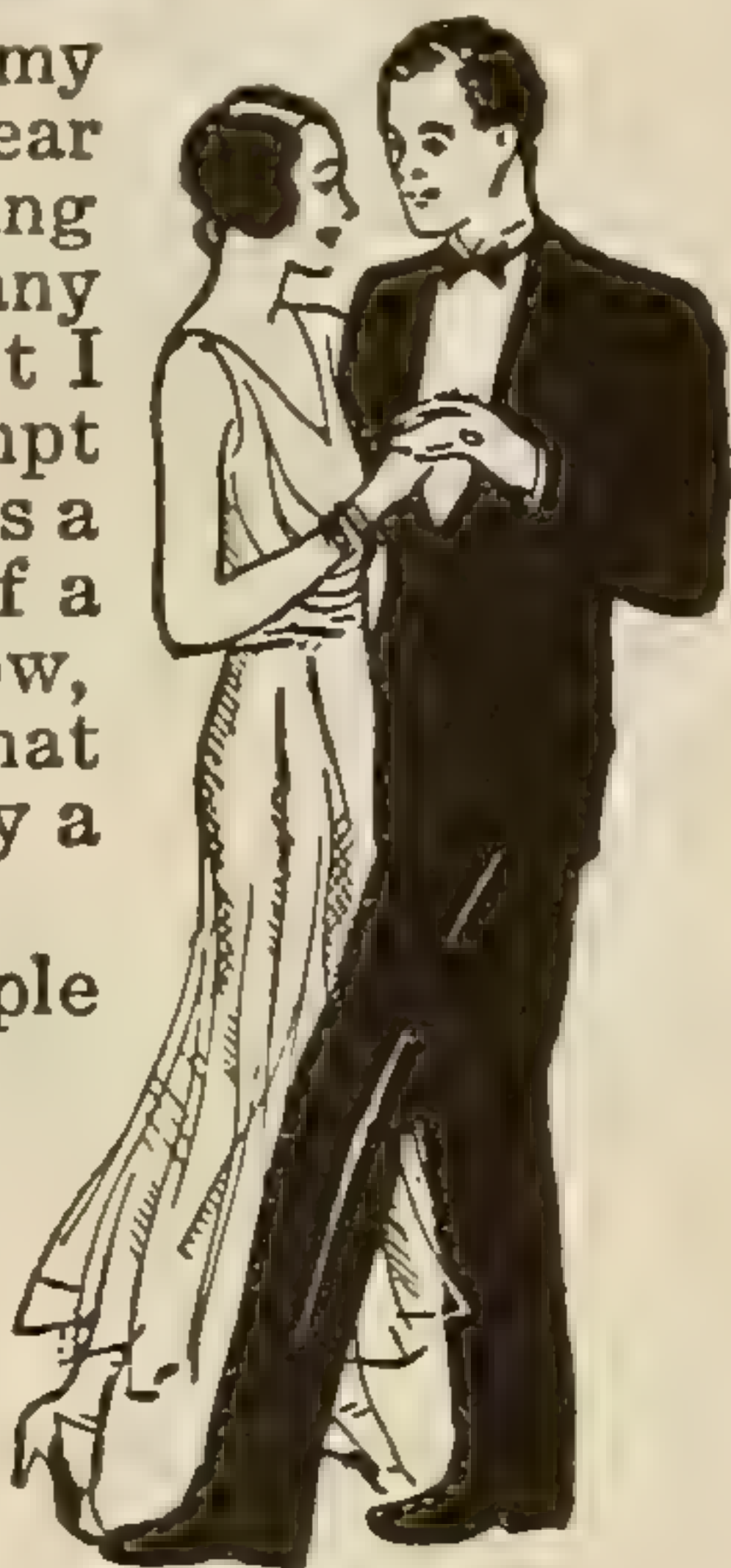
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This is the way people write us after ridding themselves of rupture by using STUART'S ADHESIF PLAPAO-PADS. Stacks of sworn to endorsements report success—without delay from work.

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Anita Institute, A-69 Anita Bldg., Newark, N.J.

HE RÔLES HIS OWN—Continued from page 83

When he comes in to see the district attorney, *Brady* questions him. He says:

"What's your name, kid?"

"Bob."

"Bob, huh? Well, what's it all about, Bob? Tell me about it."

"Right away you sense the kind of man this *Brady* is. He isn't hard-boiled, nor tough. He doesn't start in to bulldoze the youngster. He's human and kindly. He's sorry for the kid. If he'd been hard-boiled he wouldn't have asked the kid his name in that way. So there's only one way to say those lines. Any other way would be entirely out of keeping and would sound wrong. So it doesn't take imagination nor interpretation to do a rôle. The part plays itself."

"But 'The Bad Man.' Surely that takes—a little—well, imagination?" I asked.

"Even 'The Bad Man' is a part you can thoroughly understand," insists Huston. "Perhaps it does take a little imagination. But here is a man who would take the law into his own hands. We all would like to, if we had the nerve. He says: 'I keel mans, evil mans. I feel good.' Well, I might see a man strike a kid out here on the street and if I went out and knocked him down I'd feel better about it. So I can understand how the 'bad man' felt about a 'good deed well done.'"

The talkies to Walter Huston are fascinating. But he feels they are still handicapped by their mechanics. Perhaps because the sound men are mechanics first, and stage men afterwards. They are more interested in the words as words that five thousand people in a theater in Peoria will hear—than in words that mean something.

He hopes still to play parts on the stage. He feels that on the stage you can get little nuances that you miss entirely in the talkies; and yet in the talkies you act more naturally, for the microphone is right there beside you. In a way the audience

is right there with you. On the stage you can have an intimate conversation with someone else in a low key and get the audience's keen attention, make them lean forward in their seats to hear you—but not in the talkies.

He feels the public wants human, real stories. That this change in taste has come about by the talkies. Just movies won't do anymore. He believes the talkies have brought more spontaneity to acting. He believes it best, and there need be but few rehearsals, if everyone knew his part and its relation to the play as a whole. When Griffith was directing "Abraham Lincoln" he used to gather the cast together and just talk to them for five minutes about the scene and generally there were only two or three 'takes.'

Acting to Huston is an art, yet a business. He fails to understand those who would make a display of fame and stardom. In New York an actor was just like someone who sold bonds. He wasn't a goldfish. Fan letters he thinks are fun—at first. Some of them are of interest to him, but many of them want to know if Mr. Huston will correspond with them and that amazes him.

He's had a long career on the stage. At the age of eighteen he first started his Thespian career, left for matrimony and the business world, but was later lured back and for fifteen years was an entertainer on the vaudeville circuit. His first starring rôle was in a play called "Mr. Pitt," and since then life has been just one rôle after another.

When not acting he is sailing in the yacht he owns with Richard Arlen. It is the apple of his eye, and the slightest excuse will start him talking about it. He can talk about art and artists, too, but that is something else again.

OUR 1931 CATALOGUE OF BACHELORS

Continued from page 65

youthful, glance at the following:

Lewis Ayres, hero of "All Quiet on the Western Front." Lew has played with Greta Garbo, Constance Bennett and Lupe Velez and still looks as if he were waiting for his first kiss.

Arthur Lake, from the Blue Grass State, who is the ideal puppy-lover on the screen, and more usually than not in love with somebody off it.

William Janney, who was Mary Pickford's brother in "Coquette," who owns a chicken ranch and would rather hunt eggs than go out with girls. But give him time. He'll get around to that later.

Russell Gleason, heir to Jimmy and Lucile, who can't stand giggling girls, but isn't a bit hard to please otherwise.

Eddie Quillan, one of a family of nine, who loves jazz and jokes, and his family, and golf, and playing moanin' music.

Billy Bakewell, military school graduate, who prefers 'feminine women' and names Joan Crawford and Gloria Swanson as his favorite types.

Frank Albertson, who made a hit in "Wild Company," but that isn't the kind he keeps.

Then we have a special number—a Cinderella Man—very choice indeed:

John Wayne, whom you will see in "The Big Trail," said to be the big picture of the year. John was working as property boy on the Fox lot, when Raoul Walsh saw him walk across the set, called him for a test, and assigned him the lead in his epic. The young actor

has dark brown hair and gray eyes and is over 6 feet two inches tall.

If you are the sort of maiden who likes 'em strong, how about these?

George O'Brien, who can wrestle, box, ride, rope and swim, and who held the light heavyweight championship of the Pacific Fleet while he was a gob.

Rex Bell, who can roll and light a cigarette with one hand, excels in sports, owns three horses, a dog, two cars and a shack, and once sold newspapers in Los Angeles. Clara Bow had her eye on him once. But he got away.

The following models may not be in our catalogue long:

Hugh Trevor, who stepped in to sell Richard Dix insurance and stepped out as a screen player. He's said to be 'that way' about Betty Compson.

William Collier, Jr., who once advertised for a wife, and now seems devoted to Marie Prevost.

We also have, among others, such bargains as:

Fred Scott, the golden-voiced songster at Pathé; George Duryea, who has the deepest dimples and shyest smile in this brazen town; Gavin Gordon, who keeps to himself severely, in spite of looking almost intolerably romantic and having a rumored, unrequited passion for Greta Garbo.

No matter what your taste, one of the above must suit you. So look them over carefully. Order now—and try and get one!

HELP PICK THE NEW STARS!

Continued from page 23

Richard Cromwell—real name, Roy Radabaugh, an art student with no previous screen experience, was selected to play the rôle of "Tol'able David" in the talking version of the Richard Barthelmess silent hit. The new Richard is just twenty, and Barthelmess says he shows great promise. *Columbia*.

Maureen O'Sullivan has suffered no setback in her American screen career just because Janet Gaynor came back to pictures. She's no second Gaynor but a first O'Sullivan. This pert and piquant Irish kid, born in Dublin, May 17, 1911, with no stage or screen training, scored in "Song o' My Heart." Her new pictures are "The Princess and the Plumber," with Charlie Farrell, "Just Imagine," and "A Connecticut Yankee." *Fox*.

Thank Kansas City for Evelyn Knapp. Born in 1909, she made her way through road shows to Broadway where she played in "Broadway." Her screen début occurred in shorts but she was soon promoted to features. See her in "Sinner's Holiday," and other Warner features. A blonde of a new type, Evelyn is not only alluring but slightly cerebral. But don't let that scare you. She has a sense of humor, too. *Warners*.

You can read all about Barbara Stanwyck in the story on Page 34 of this issue. She's a great big bet. *Columbia*.

Joan Marsh is a baby veteran. The daughter of Charles Rosher, the camera artist who photographed many of Mary Pickford's best films, Joan made her movie bow at nine months in "Hearts Aflame." Slightly older now, she's to be seen in "The Little Accident." Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer has signed her—smart of them. Joan was born in Porterville, California. She looks like star-dust to us. *Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer*.

We have been watching William Baxwell for a long time. He seems due for big things in 1931. Born in Los Angeles on May 2, 1908, educated at Harvard Military School, Billy was an extra for a time but soon won real rôles. You saw him in "All Quiet on the Western Front." He's one of Hollywood's best-liked youngsters. *Universal*.

Lovely Evelyn Laye is one of the most famous ladies on the musical comedy stage today, both in London and in New York. Her film début for Samuel Goldwyn, variously entitled "Lili," "Escapade" and now, "Indiscretion," will win the screen audience too. She is not married now. *Samuel Goldwyn-United Artists*.

David Manners, cousin of Lady Diana Manners, is a handsome quiet newcomer you'll like in "Kismet" and "Mothers Cry." *First National*.

Barbara Weeks—known as Bobbe in New York musical comedy circles—was born July 4, 1913, in, of all places, Boston, Mass. She screen-debuted in "Whoopee." Warners plan big things for her. Not married or engaged and much too young to think about it. *Warners*.

Barbara Leonard is the pretty little girl who is never out of a job in Hollywood. There may be other girls as pretty but not many who, like Barbara, can speak five languages. You'll see her as a French nurse in "Scotland Yard." *Free-lance*.

Una Merkel used to be a 'stand-in' for Lillian Gish. But she was new to screen audiences when Griffith cast her as *Ann Rutledge* in "Abraham Lincoln." Her latest is "The Bat Whispers" with Chester Morris. *United Artists*.

John Garrick, real name Reginald Dandy, was born in Brighton, England. He played in drama and musical comedy on the stage before Fox signed him. You liked him in "The Sky Hawk." See him in "Just Imagine." Married not so long ago to Harriet Bennett. *Fox*.

Miriam Hopkins is one of the most popular young actresses on the New York stage. She gave up her part in "Lysistrata" to make pictures. Her first is "Fast and Loose." Miriam is married to Austin Parker, who writes short stories and scenarios. *Paramount*.

Dorothy Lee is a California girl who made good in New York first. Born in Los Angeles May 29, 1911, she was in vaudeville before singing for pictures. "Half Shot at Sunrise" her latest. Engaged to Jimmy Fidler, Hollywood publicist. *Radio Pictures*.

Rosita Moreno, who looks so much like Dolores Del Rio, is a Spanish girl, born in Madrid. She is a dancer turned actress. See her in "The Santa Fe Trail." *Paramount*.

Arthur Lake is the kid veteran of movies. Born in Corbin, Kentucky, in 1905, he began in pictures eight years ago. Now he's the collegiate hero of "She's My Weakness" and other films. *Radio Pictures*.

Edwina Booth is the sloop-eyed blonde who stepped from the extra ranks to play the rôle of the siren in "Trader Horn," the African adventure film. *Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer*.

Regis Toomey died his way to fame in "Alibi." He was a stage actor. Born in Pittsburgh. Happily married. Next film, "Unfit to Print." *Paramount*.

Irene Delroy is the popular musical comedy star who is a screen success too. See her in "Nancy from Naples" and the "Life of the Party." *Warner Brothers*.

Juliet Compton is a Georgia girl who won stage fame in London, England. Back in her homeland, she's making pictures in Hollywood now. "Morocco" is her next. *Paramount*.

Leni Stengel, flashing brunette in "Half Shot at Sunrise," would be interesting even if she couldn't sing in seven different languages! *Radio Pictures*.

Ona Munson is another musical comedy girl who has scored on the screen. See her in "The Hot Heiress." She's married to Eddie Buzzell of Broadway and Hollywood. *First National*.

Mary Lawlor played in "Good News" on both stage and screen. Born in Utica, N. Y. *Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer*.

Irene Dunne, a Louisville, Kentucky, girl, came from musical comedy. You saw her in "Leathernecking." Next will be "Cimarron," with Richard Dix. *Radio Pictures*.

Joel McCrea is one of the boys Hollywood is watching. Born in Los Angeles, November 5, 1905, he played extra rôles. Now in "The Silver Horde." Not married but awfully popular. *Radio Pictures*.



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The next issue of
SCREENLAND
Will be on sale Jan. 1

A LOOK at the MOVIES!

I SUPPOSE I should dedicate this first Publisher's Page to all the wonderful new plans which are seething under my Stetson for SCREENLAND. But I have an irresistible urge to talk about the movies themselves!

What frequently amazes me is that an industry which has made such startling strides in so short a time—which has done so much to entertain the world—which has projected itself into the lives of almost every civilized person—so often is scorned, reproached, ridiculed by thousands who, nevertheless, always seem to be well posted on the latest picture and the most recent movie news.

"They do it in the movies!"

"It makes me sick, the kind of truck the movies foist on us."

"Haven't time to waste on the movies. There are too many interesting things to do!"

And so saying, the particular nit-wit intelligentsia I am quoting settle down to an uplifting, *interesting* evening with a discussion of the latest sex philosophy and a healthy supply of 'sidcars.'

Frequent as are such remarks—common as is such opinion—prevalent as is the grand old custom of slamming—the Motion Picture Industry pays little or no attention to it and moves on with a serenity which has elements of grandeur.

Probably there is no other industry about which every group of people—from the dozen waiting for mail in a small town post office to the dinner party on Park Avenue—feels a perfect liberty to air opinions, likes and dislikes and their unquestionably perfect analysis of "What's wrong with the movies."

And, being human, their opinions *are* usually about "What's wrong."

For a moment, stop and consider what this movie industry has done.

Thirty-five years ago it did not exist!

Compared with most industries, it has not even the evolution of development. It was born suddenly. Almost immediately it sprang to an unbelievable size, with an unbelievable amount of money being put into it and an unbelievable acceptance and a world of new problems to work out.

The motion picture industry had no precedent—no background—no established foundation. It had to peer into a world of blankness and guess what was the right thing to do—what would be acceptable—popular—and profitable.

When criticism was hurled at it, the industry pondered and tried another angle in its effort to find the right attitude. It never stopped to grumble back. It went right on experimenting.

If it turned out pictures which could justify the ridicule of those who pride themselves on their artistic appreciation, it certainly turned out pictures which demanded their praise.

To keep to present history, take "Anna Christie."

The picture "Anna Christie" was a piece of life—and a work of art!

Greta Garbo *was* Anna Christie. Marie Dressler *was* Marthy. George Marion *was* Chris Christophan. Charles Bickford *was* that roaring Irishman. "Anna Christie" was a great picture—not a false note in it. It was neither over-



"Anna Christie" was a piece of life and a work of art! With Garbo and Marie Dressler.

acted nor underacted. It was reality—a beautiful product of a new art.

Take "Whoopee"—Its unmitigated foolishness! Its light-heartedness! its ridiculous gaiety! Its gorgeous color!

If the fineness of the touch which created "Whoopee" is not discernible to those who love to find fault, they had better look within themselves to their oft-boasted powers of artistic appreciation.

And I could mention scores of other pictures, some dating back many years, but I want to get back to the industry as such.

One of the things that thrills me about the picture industry is the bigness of its vision, the magnitude of its colossal gestures.

Three years ago, murmurs began to go around about an innovation—an apparatus, whereby the movies could talk.

An innovation of similar magnitude offered to *any* other industry—building, heating, transportation, printing, or what you will—might have been listened to attentively, even *sympathetically*; but it would have taken a generation for the new idea to have overthrown the old.

To the Motion Picture Industry, the voice meant a complete revolution—scrapping of millions of dollars worth of machinery—loss of revenue from reel upon reel of silent film, a complete upheaval in the methods of work and of the stars whose very names were worth fortunes.

In return, it meant a long period of experimentation. Investing of a tremendous amount of money into changes. And harsh, unattractive productions. A chaotic, unhappy condition among the artists. Howls of disapproval from the public!

Why make the change?

Others would have claimed "We're running a successful business. Why turn it upside down for something else—something that is not even proved—which might not 'take'—which might be a flop!"

They probably would have been justified according to best business policies.

Yet—the Industry maligned for its lack of intelligence, for its appeal to morons, for the sappiness of its efforts, did not bat an eye. It saw progress in the Talkies. And that settled it!

What of a few millions here and there?

What of the loss of a few priceless stars?

What of the months of chaos and revolution?

What if this new thing was terrible to listen to? It held promise.

There was no hemming and hawing. The Industry decided.

Such an Industry is not touched by those "who haven't time to waste on the movies." The Motion Picture Industry is too busy being a terrific, living, moving force in the lives of millions who are content to take what's good and tolerantly overlook the rest. It is too inexorable in its steady oncoming flood to take note of the pebbles in its path.

But this is an epic subject to confine to a page. It deserves a volume. I am no crusader, but I had to raise my salute to the challenging majesty of the Motion Picture Industry itself.

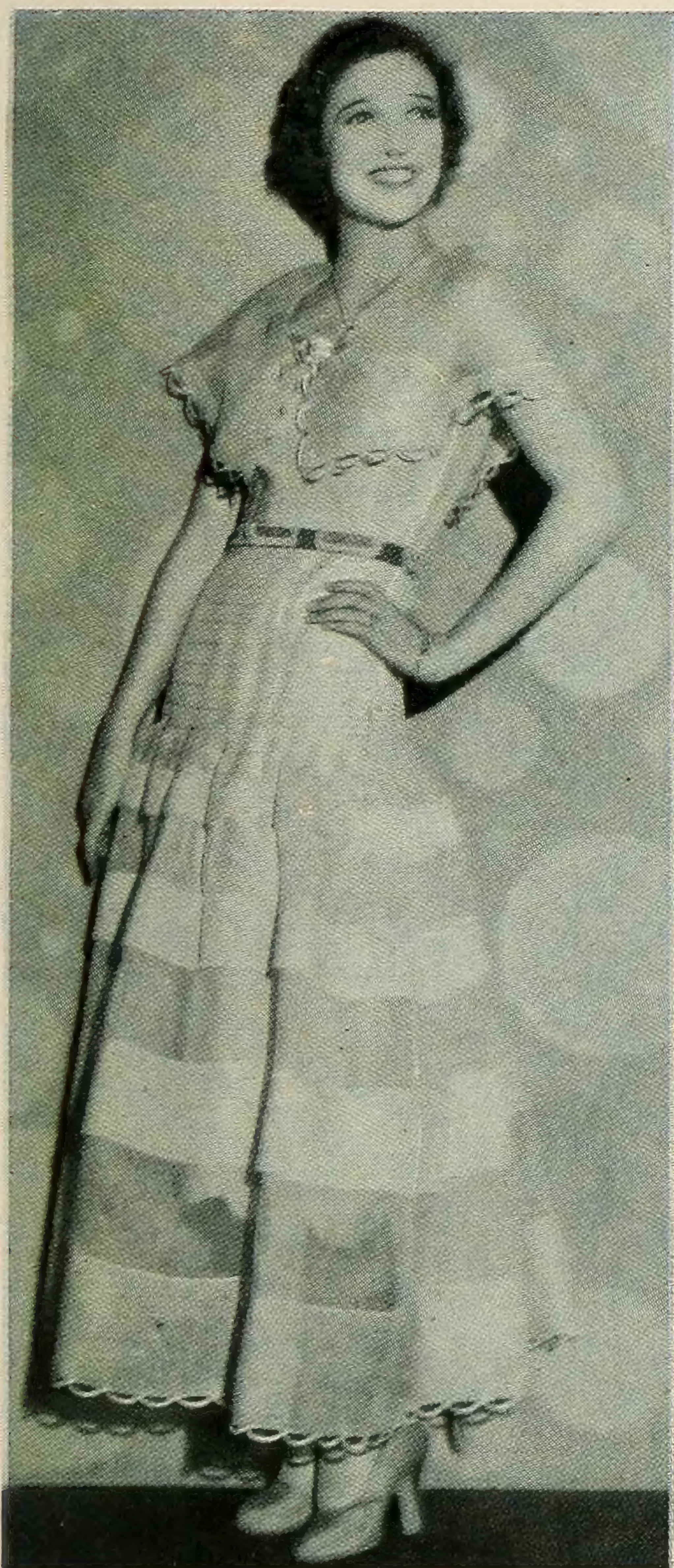
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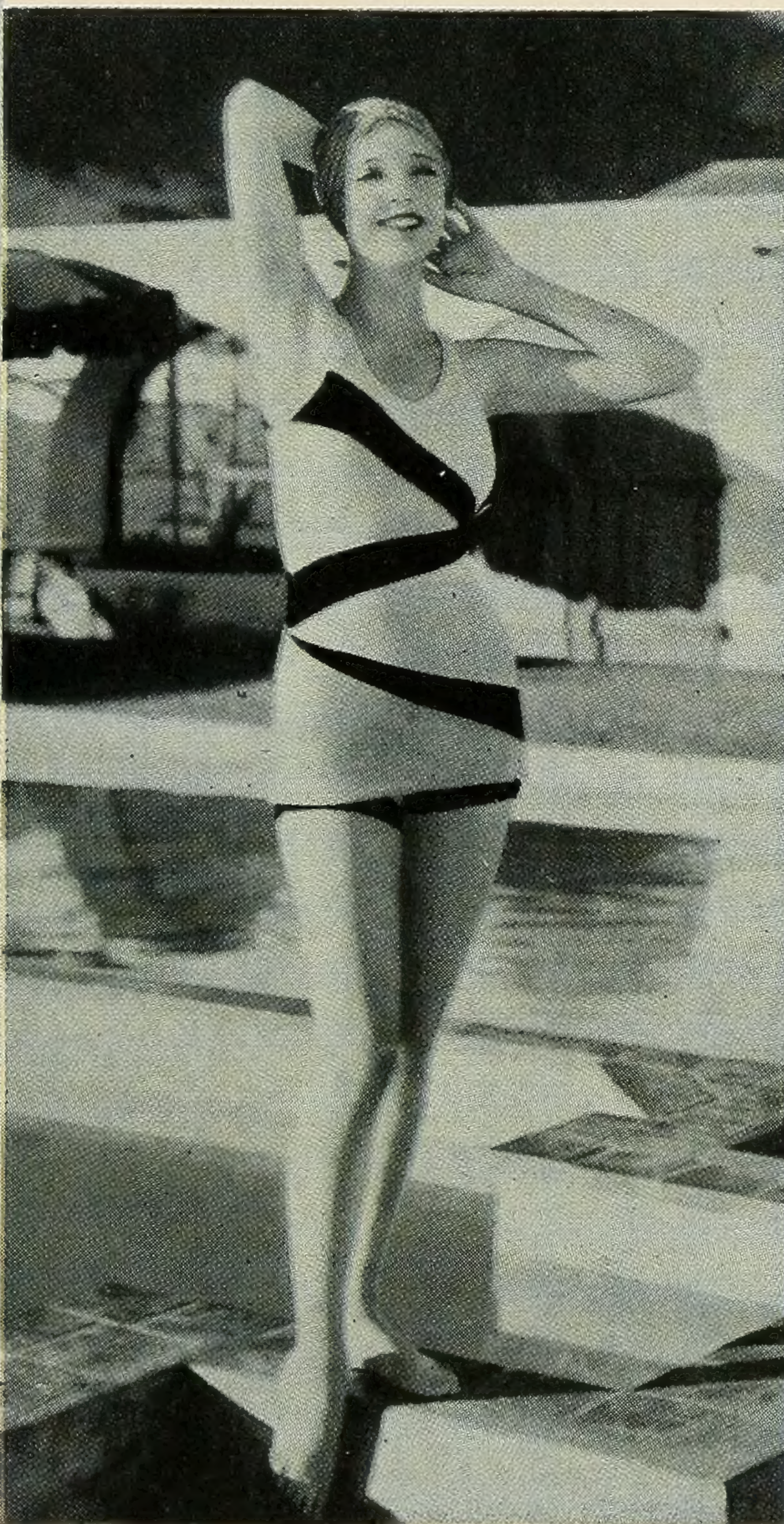
"Whoopee" has gaiety—light-heartedness—gorgeous color! Eddie Cantor, with Ethel Shutta.

FASHIONS NEW NOTE

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